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PARISH PSALMODY.

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A COLLECTION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP:

CONTAINING

DR. WATTS'S VERSIFICATION OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID, ENTIRE,
A LARGE PORTION OF DR. WATTS'S HYMNS, AND
PSALMS AND HYMNS BY OTHER AUTHORS,
SELECTED AND ORIGINAL.

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED,

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH

AND

SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA.

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PREFACE.

THE versification of the Psalms by Dr. Watts, to which he gave the title, descriptive of its character, *The Psalms of David imitated in the Language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian State and Worship*—a work which has rendered his memory dear to a large portion of the church—is presented, in this volume, entire, and without alteration, except in the few instances of national allusion inappropriate to our country. Versifications by Dwight, Montgomery, and others, of the Psalms omitted by Dr. Watts, and of a few besides, have been inserted.

Of Dr. Watts's Hymns, nearly two hundred are to be found in this collection; the design has been to omit only those which are rarely used in public worship. Those standard productions of Doddridge, Cowper, Charles Wesley, Newton, Mrs. Steele, and others, which are precious to every pious heart, have also been carefully retained. For the remainder of the selection, a laborious examination has been made of a large number of Hymn-Books, and other volumes of religious poetry, British and American, with a view to meeting, as fully as possible, the demands of worshiping assemblies, particularly in reference to special occasions. The hymns which have been written for this collection are designated as original.

Alterations in language have been very sparingly allowed, especially in well known, standard hymns; and the abridgment of such hymns has been avoided with similar caution.

It is proper to add that this compilation has not been prepared without much labor and much solicitude. It is now submitted to the only human test which can be decisive in such a case—the general judgment of the Christian public.

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

The "Parish Hymns," prepared and published in connection with this work, is a distinct collection of hymns, designed more especially for evening meetings, and other occasions of social worship. It contains 72 hymns which are not found in this volume, being peculiarly suited to a collection of that kind; and this volume contains 144 hymns which were not supposed to be needed in that. A number of hymns appear in this collection with less abridgment than in the "Parish Hymns."

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6. 5.	"	"When shall we meet again?"
7s.	"	"Children of the heavenly King."
7. 6.	"	"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."
7. 6. (Iambic,)	"	"From Greenland's icy mountains."
8s.	"	"My gracious Redeemer I love."
8. 7.	"	"Come, thou fount of every blessing."
8. 7. 4.	"	"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing."
10s.	"	"The Lord, the Sovereign, sends," &c. See the 50th Psalm.
11s. (Anapestic,)	"	"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."
11s. (Dactylic,)	"	"Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness."

Note.—Metres of which there are but single specimens in the book, are not inserted in the above table.

PSALMS.

1 *The Righteous and the Wicked.* C. M.

1 BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

1 *The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.* S. M.

1 THE man is ever bless'd,
Who shuns the sinners' ways;
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place;

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

1 *The Righteous and the Wicked.* L. M.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a different place.

6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod,
I bless'd the path and drew it plain;
But you would choose the crooked road,
And down it leads to endless pain."

2 *Christ rising, interceding, and reigning.* S. M.

1 MAKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By David, were fulfilled,
When Jews and Gentiles joined to slay
Jesus, thy Holy Child.

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath raised him from the dead
Hath owned him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honors well
Which he received from God.

9 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;

With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

2 *Christ exalted, and his Enemies warned.* C. M.

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord, who sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread.

4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
The utmost heathen lands;
Thy rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel that withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey the anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die;
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

2 *Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.* L. M.

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage,
The Romans why their swords employ,
Against the Lord their powers engage,
His dear Anointed to destroy?

2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say;
"This man shall never give us laws;"
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nailed the Monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made
On Zion's everlasting hill;
My hand shall bring him from the dead,
And he shall stand your Sovereign still."

5 His wondrous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heavenly birth—
"This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
To thee the northern isles shall bow."

7 But nations that resist his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potter's earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now at his feet submit your crowns;
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell;
He is a God, and ye but dust.
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

3 *God our Defence from Sin and Satan.* C. M.

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven;

And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 I cried, and from his holy hill
He bowed a listening ear;
I called my Father and my God,
And he subdued my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on my eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke and wondered at the grace
That guarded my repose.

6 What though the hosts of death and hell
All armed against me stood;
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfill thy grace,
While I thy glory sing;
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

3 Ver. 1—5, 8. *A Morning Psalm.* L. M.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should made my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustained me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:

He raised my head to see the light
And make his praise my morning song.

4 Ver. 1—3, 5—7. *God our Portion.* L. M.

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend, when I complain;
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ who died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pardoning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say—
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace and favor so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their corn and all their wine.

4 Ver. 3—5, 8. *An Evening Psalm.* C. M.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

5 *For the Lord's Day Morning.* C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor, as a shield.

6 *Looking unto God in Sickness.* C. M.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not;
Withdraw the dreadful storm;

Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul 's bowed down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppressed;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more,
Mine eyes consumed with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thy hand afford relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak;
He pities all our groans;
He saves us, for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath:
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

6 *Temptations in Sickness overcome.* L. M.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
Oh let it not against me rise.

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
Oh let thy gentler touches heal.

3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is watered with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When will thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;

But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

7 *God's Care of his People.* C. M.

1 MY trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear;
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer 's near.

3 If I have e'er provoked them first,
Or once abused my foe;
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay my honor low.

4 If there were malice hid in me,
(I know thy piercing eyes,)
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright;
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice dug a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword:
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

8 *God's Sovereignty and Condescension.* S. M.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies;—

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honors crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

7 Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honors to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

8 *Christ's Condescension and Glorification.* C. M.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!

The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;—

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm.

5 Yet, while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his power.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Brought their large shoals to Peter's net,
And tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.

8 Let Him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed his head to death;
And be his honors sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

8 FIRST PART. L. M.

Ver. 1, 2. *Children praising God.*

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

8 SECOND PART. L. M.

Ver. 3, &c.—*Adam and Christ.*

1 LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But oh, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honors shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made!
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruined world from sin;
But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeemed from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New-made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

9 FIRST PART. C. M.

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song;
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then will the Lord a refuge prove
For all who are oppressed;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thine abundant grace;
For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfill.

9 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 12.—*The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.*

1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands had spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroyed,
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall not be, still, forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.

10 *Prayer heard, and Saints saved.* C. M.

1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thy hand;
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
"The God of heaven will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side?"

6 But thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is thy hand,
As when the heathen felt thy sword,
And perished from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
Wilt mark whate'er thy children say,
And put the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

11 *Confidence in the Justice of God.* L. M.

1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,—
"Fly, like a timorous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?"

2 If government be all destroyed,
(That firm foundation of our peace,)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3 The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne;
His eye surveys the world below:
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

5 On impious wretches he will rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

12 *The Saint's Safety in evil Times.* L. M.

1 LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away;

A faithful man among us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbors meet,
Is filled with trifles, loose, and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.

4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry;
"Our tongues shall be controlled by none;
Where is the Lord will ask us why,
Or say our lips are not our own?"

5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppressed,
And hears the oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often tried,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Though, when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

12 *Prevailing Wickedness.* C. M.

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail;
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirred!
"Are not our lips our own," they cry;
"And who shall be our Lord?"

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men

s raised to seats of power and pride,
  And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
  And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
  And love is waxing cold;—

6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
  Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
  A promise so divine?

7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
  And make oppressors flee;
I will appear to their surprise,
  And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
  Through ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide,
  Shall find the promise sure.

13 *Pleading with God under Desertion.* L. M.

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
  Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray, and be denied?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed,
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

13 *Complaint under Temptations.* C. M.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face,
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays,
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor laboring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield;
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I become his prey!
Behold, the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes are hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

14 First Part. C. M.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say
That all religion's vain;
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men.

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;

And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

14 SECOND PART. C. M.

The Folly of Persecutors.

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour,
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God, appear to their surprise;
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hopes to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
Great God, confound their pride.

4 Oh that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress:
When God shall bring his children home,
Our song shall never cease.

15 *The Citizen of Zion.* C. M.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbor wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

15 *The Qualifications of a Christian.* L. M.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbor's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honored in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door,

5 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:—
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

16 FIRST PART. L. M.

Good Works profit Men, not God.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succor to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
2 Oft have my heart and tongue confessed
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee bless'd,
Nor add new glories to thy name.
3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

16 SECOND PART. L. M.

Christ's All-sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god;
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.
2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offered up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.
3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name for ever bless'd,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

16 THIRD PART. L. M.

Courage in Death, and Hope of Resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

16 FIRST PART. C. M

Ver. 1—8. *Support and Counsel from God.*

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
In thee my trust I place;
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet, if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by 't;
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Nor death nor hell my hopes shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

16 SECOND PART. C. M.

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart and tongue their joy express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are;
Nor quit my body to the grave,
To see corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasures give,
Thy presence joys unknown."

4 Thus, in the name of *Christ* the Lord,
The holy *David* sung,
And Providence fulfills the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain;
Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
Behold, he lives again!

6 When shall my feet arise, and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son, at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.

17 Ver. 13, &c. *The Portion of Saints and of Sinners.* S. M

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold, the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death,
Dressed in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath,

17 *The Saint's Hope.* L. M.

1 LORD, I am thine: but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 Oh glorious hour! oh bless'd abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound!
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

18 FIRST PART. L. M.

Ver. 1—6, 15—18. *Praise for Deliverance.*

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence:

Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death and the terrors of the grave
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none, but they that feel, can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bowed his ear to my complaint;
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 With speed he flew to my relief;
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer—God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great;
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

18 SECOND PART. L. M

Ver. 20—26. *Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast owned my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learned thy holy ways,
I've walked upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and struggles in my breast!
But, through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin;—

4 The sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

5 With an impartial hand the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

18 THIRD PART. L. M.

Ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c. *Salvation and Triumph.*

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock,)
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

18 FIRST PART. C. M.

Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm revealed;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels, in array,
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks—and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismayed;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes them hearts of steel.

7 He arms our captains to the fight,
Though there his name's forgot;
He girded *Cyrus* with his might,
But *Cyrus* knew him not.

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations bless'd,
For his own church's sake;
The powers that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

18 SECOND PART. C. M

The Conqueror's Song.

1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chased them through the field,
And trod them to the ground;
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found.

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

5 The Rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever bless'd;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honors to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

19

FIRST PART. S. M.

The book of Nature and of Revelation.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land,
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice,
He here reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;

He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

19 SECOND PART. S. M.

God's Word most excellent, or holy Fear.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 Oh, who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

19 *The Glory of the Gospel.* L. M

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

19 SECOND VERSION. L. M. Double

The Firmament.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;

And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs is found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Addison's Spectator.

19 *The Book of Nature and of Revelation.* L. M. 6 l

1 GREAT God, the heaven's well ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice;
The sun, like some young bridegroom dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his maker God;
All nature joins to show thy praise.

Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines;
But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy these leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

20 *Prayer, and Hope of Victory.* L. M.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry:
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succor and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope;
And in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 Oh may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight;
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hope be firm and strong;
Till the salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

21 *Our Country the Care of Heaven.* C. M.

1 IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favored states rejoice;
And, bless'd with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Hath spread our rising name,
And all our feeble efforts crowned
With freedom and with fame.

3 Then let our land on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His goodness will he thus make known,
And all our wants supply.

4 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate thy mild command.

5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

21 Ver. 1—9. *Christ exalted to the Kingdom.* L. M.

1 DAVID rejoiced in God his strength,
Raised to the throne by special grace;
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfills the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast raised his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor does the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honor and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine,
Bless'd with the favor of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

5 Thy hand shall find out all his foes;
And, as the fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

22 First Part. C. M.

Ver. 1—16. *The Sufferings and Death of Christ.*

1 WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis my chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found;
But I'm a worm despised of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 But thou art he who formed my flesh,
By thine almighty word;

And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threatening round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud;
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown;
In groans I waste my breath:
Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

22 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 20, 21, 27—31. *Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.*

1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage
O Lord, protect thy Son;
Nor leave thy darling to engage
The powers of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death;
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship—or shall die.

4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckoned in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

22 *Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.* L. M.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laughed in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave;
Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his Friend;
If God the blessed loved him so,
Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

6 But God his Father heard his cry;
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

23 *The Lord our Shepherd.* L. M.

1 MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food 's divinely bless'd.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd 's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth, and sons of hell,
Gaze at thy goodness and repine
To see my table spread so well,
With living bread and cheerful wine.

7 How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing shed,
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell, to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

23 SECOND VERSION. L. M. 6 lines.

Confidence in the Divine Care.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Addison's Spectator.

23 *The Same.* C. M.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name:
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;

No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

23 *The Same.* S. M.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk through death's dark shade
My Shepherd 's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

24 *Dwelling with God.* C. M.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He raised its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise, and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our souls' immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doors;
The King of glory 's near.

5 The King of glory—who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

24 *Heaven—Christ's Ascension.* L. M.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms and beasts and birds;
He raised the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there 's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that bless'd abode,
And dwell so near his maker God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour, bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour 's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way;
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Raised from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a bless'd abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

24 SECOND VERSION. L. M.

Triumphal Ascension of Christ.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right:
Receive the King of glory in."

4 "Who is the King of glory—who?"
"The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,
That sin and death and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name."

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is the King of glory—who?"
"The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever bless'd."

C. Wesley.

25 FIRST PART. S. M.

Ver. 1—11. *Waiting for Pardon and Direction.*

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin, and the powers of hell,
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake,
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, (though my guilt be great,)
Through my Redeemer's name.

25 SECOND PART. S. M.

Ver. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Divine Instruction.*

1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God;
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart;
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease,
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises,
In their extensive grace.

25 THIRD PART. S. M.

Ver. 15—22. *Backsliding and Desertion.*

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Does but enlarge my wo;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 Oh keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said—
He sought the Lord in vain.

26 *Evidences of Grace.* L. M.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of my eyes.

3 Among thy saints will I appear,
With hands well washed in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honors dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be joined at last
With men of treachery and blood:
Since I my days on earth have passed
Among the saints, and near my God.

27

First Part. C. M.

Ver. 1—6. *The Church our Delight and Safety.*

1 THE Lord of glory is my light
And my salvation too:
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still:
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around:
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

27

Second Part. C. M.

Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Prayer and Hope.*

1 SOON as I heard my Father say—
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away:
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

27 *Strength in God.* 7. 6. Iambic.

1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance:
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace. *Montgomery*

28 *Deliverance from Evil Companions.* C. M.

1 TO thee, my King, my God of grace,
I lift my humble cry;
Let not my poor desponding soul
With impious wretches die.

2 With horrid lips and guileful tongue,
They charm the wretch astray,
And lure his heedless feet to death,
Along the flowery way.

3 For me they dug the secret pit,
And formed the hidden snare;
Thoughtless I followed where they led,
Nor saw destruction near.

4 My heart, with agonizing prayer,
Besought the Lord to save;

Unseen he seized my trembling hand,
And brought me from the grave.

5 He broke the charm which drew my feet
To darkness and the dead;
From lips profane and tongues impure
With trembling steps I fled.

6 Homeward I flew to find my God,
And seek his face divine;
Restored to peace, to hope, to life,
To Zion's friends and mine.

7 My lips thy wondrous works shall sing,
My heart adore thy grace;
Henceforth be love my sweet employ,
And all my pleasure praise. *Dwight.*

29 *Storm and Thunder.* L. M.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks—and tempest, hail, and wind
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart and frighted hind
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his bless'd abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

30 First Part. L. M.

Sickness healed, and Sorrow removed.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

30 Second Part. L. M.

Ver. 6. *Health, Sickness, and Recovery.*

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,—
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead;"
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and heaven,
For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

31 First Part. C. M.

Ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. *Deliverance from Death.*

1 INTO thy hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintained a double strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired
To take away my life.

3 "My times are in thy hand," I cried,
"Though I draw near the dust;
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 "Oh make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine;
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine."

PAUSE.

5 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,—
"I must despair and die,
I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou hast heard my cry.

6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

7 Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

31 Second Part. C. M.

Ver. 7—13, 18—21. *Deliverance from Reproach.*

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
My honor from the dust.

2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
"My years consumed with groans;
My strength decays, my eyes are dried,
And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among my enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown;
While to my neighbors I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side
Seized and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, walled and barred,
Secures a saint so well.

32 *Confession and Forgiveness.* S. M.

1 OH blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne:
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

32 *Free Pardon and sincere Obedience.* C. M.

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;

But, washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean.

2 Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharged;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarged.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppressed,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And racked my tortured mind.

5 Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins revealed;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon sealed.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray:
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

32 First Part. L. M.

Repentance, Justification, and Sanctification.

1 BLESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

32

SECOND PART. L. M.

Confession and Pardon.

1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments does my conscience feel,
What agonies of inward smart!

I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There will they find a bless'd retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear;
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

33

FIRST PART. C. M.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

33 Second Part. C. M

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 BLESS'D is the nation where the Lord
Has fixed his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls the tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold;
He formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

33 First Part. L. P. M.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heavenly arches spread;

How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas;
Those watery treasures know their place,
In the vast store-house of the deep:
He spake—and gave all nature birth;
And fires and seas and heaven and earth
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

33 SECOND PART. L. P. M.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 OH happy nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasures of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne;
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He formed their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely:
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threatening stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne:
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

34 FIRST PART. L. M.

God's Care of Saints: or Deliverance by Prayer.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord;
Oh fear and love him, all his saints;
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinched with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

34 SECOND PART. L. M.

Ver. 11—22. *Religious Education.*

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans;
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones;
They in his praise employ their breath.

34 FIRST PART. C. M

Ver. 1—10. *Praise for eminent Deliverance.*

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing, to the honor of his name,
How a poor sufferer cried,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;—

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 Oh sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.

7 Oh love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly bless'd their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions, pinched with hunger, roar
And famish in the wood;

But God supplies his holy poor
  With every needful good.

34 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 11—22. *Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.*

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
  And, that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
  Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practice love,
  Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
  And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
  His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
  The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sorrows here they taste
  Are sharp and tedious too;
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
  Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead,
  But God secures his own;
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
  Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation like a flood
  O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
  For he redeemed their souls.

35 FIRST PART. C. M.

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints.

1 NOW plead my cause, Almighty God,
  With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
  Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way;
  Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,—
  "I am thy Saviour God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
  And nets of mischief spread;

Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly, like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Among that impious race;
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice,
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

35 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 12, 13, 14. *Love to Enemies.*

1 BEHOLD the love, the generous love
That holy David shows;
Mark how his kind compassions move
To his afflicted foes.

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead;
And fasting mortified his soul,
While for their life he prayed!

4 They groan, and curse him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 Oh glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
Bless'd and beloved of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

36 Ver. 5—9. *Perfections and Providence of God.* L. M.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

36 Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. *Practical Atheism.* C. M

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,—
"Their thoughts believe there 's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess,)

God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes;
But there 's a hastening hour,
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy power.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep, unfathomed sea.

5 Above these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7 From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes;
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

36 Ver. 1—7. *The Wickedness of Man.* S. M.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,—
"He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes."

2 He walks a while concealed,
In a self-flattering dream;
Till his dark crimes, at once revealed,
Expose his hateful name.

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banished from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfill;

He sets his heart and hands and head,
To practice all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind a cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven his mercies dwell:
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
Oh, never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

FIRST PART. C. M.

37 Ver. 1—15. *The Cure of Impatience and Unbelief.*

1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret,
To see the wicked rise;
Or envy sinners, waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades;
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practice all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he 'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfill.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

37

Second Part. C. M.

Ver. 16, 21, 26—31. *Charity to the Poor.*

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Among the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learned of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserved from every snare;

They shall possess the promised land,
  And dwell for ever there.

37 THIRD PART. C. M.

Ver. 23—37. *The Righteous and the Wicked.*

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
  Are ordered by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again;
  Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways;
  Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
  Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
  Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
  Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
  Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
  When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
  Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay tree, fair and green,
  Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanished from the ground,
  Destroyed by hands unseen;
Nor root nor branch nor leaf was found,
  Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness;
  His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
  And peaceful is his end.

38 *Guilt of Conscience, and Relief.* C. M.

1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
  Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chastening prove
  Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
  My flesh is sorely pressed;

Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh and every groan
Is noticed by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

8 My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see 't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before thy servant die.

39 FIRST PART. C. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3. *Watchfulness over the Tongue.*

1 THUS I resolved before the Lord—
"Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbor wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er constrained to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel;
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-awed;
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

39 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 4—7. *The Vanity of Man as mortal.*

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

39 THIRD PART. C. M.

Ver. 9—13. *Sick-bed Devotion.*

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet may I plead, with humble cries,—
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 This mortal life decays apace;
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spared a while,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

40 FIRST PART. C. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *A Song of Deliverance.*

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay;
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new, thankful song.

4 I 'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I 'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on his heart.

40

SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 6—9. *The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.*

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
Give your burnt offerings o'er;
In dying goats and bullocks slain
My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I 'm here,
My God, to do thy will;
Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
Thy servant shall fulfill.

3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
I keep it near my heart;
Mine ears are opened with delight
To what thy lips impart."

4 And see—the bless'd Redeemer comes—
Th' eternal Son appears;
And at the appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed;
And preached the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

His Father's honor touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries,
And, to fulfill a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

7 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's Promised Seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

40 Ver. 5—10. *Christ our Sacrifice.* L. M.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo, thine eternal Son appears;
To thy design he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepared,
And well performs a work so hard.

4 "Behold I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes;
"I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'T is written in thy great decree,
'T is in the book foretold of me,
I must fulfill the Saviour's part;
And lo, thy law is in my heart.

6 "I 'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw,
When on my cross I 'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
What thou hast done, and what I do;
The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

41 Ver. 1—3. *Pity for the Afflicted.* L. M.

1 BLESS'D is the man whose bowels move
And melt with pity to the poor;

Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in a time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought and pestilence and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

42 FIRST PART. C. M.

Ver. 1—5. *Absence from the House of God mourned.*

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,—
"And where 's your God at last?"

4 'T is with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days:
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

42 Second Part. L. M.

Ver. 6—11. *Hope in Affliction.*

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly Rock,
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge in grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

42 Second Version. C. M

Ver. 1—5. *Thirsting for God.*

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh, with anxious care oppressed,
To think of happier days,
When with the joyful crowd I went
To sing glad songs of praise.

4 Why art thou troubled, O my soul?
His praise I yet shall sing;
Hope still in him who is my God,
My health's eternal spring. *Tate and Brady.*

43 *The House of God.* H. M.

1 NOW to thy sacred house
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine
Shall there be shown,
And from thy throne
Thy mercy shine.

2 Oh send thy light abroad;
Thy truth, with heavenly ray,
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way.
I'll hear thy word
With faith sincere,
And learn to fear
And praise the Lord.

3 There reach thy bounteous hand,
And all my sorrows heal;
There health and strength divine
Oh make my bosom feel;
Like balmy dew
Shall Jesus' voice
My bones rejoice,
My strength renew.

4 Then in thy holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord,
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word:
Henceforth to thee,
O God of grace,
A hymn of praise
My life shall be. *Dwight.*

44 Ver. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26. C. M.

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,

When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Among them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day;
And, in a cheerful throng,
Did thousands meet to praise and pray;
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven;
Nor have our steps declined the road
Of duty thou hast given.

6 Though dragons all around us roar,
With their destructive breath,
And thy own hand has bruised us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are exposed all day to die,
As martyrs for thy cause;
As sheep for slaughter, bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord;
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorred,
Or banished from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries,
For ever hide thy heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bowed,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour, and our God;

We plead the honors of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

45 *The Glory of Christ.* S. M.

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquest of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.

6 Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.

7 Fair bride, receive his love;
Forget thy father's house,
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.

8 Oh let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honor sing
In palaces of joy.

45 *The Glories and Government of Christ.* C. M.

1 I'LL speak the honors of my King,
His form divinely fair:
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince;
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

45 FIRST PART. L. M

The Glory of Christ and Power of his Gospel.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
Jesus the Lord, how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;

And with his sacred Spirit bless'd
His first-born Son above the rest.

45

SECOND PART. L. M.

Christ and his Church.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he 's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 Oh happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

46

FIRST PART. L. M.

The Church Safe.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;

While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

46

SECOND PART. L. M.

God Defends his Church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice—
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand hath wrought;
What desolations he has made!

3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5 "Be still—and learn that I am God;
I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
I will be known and feared abroad,
But still my throne in Zion stands."

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

47

Christ ascending and reigning. C. M.

1 OH for a shout of sacred joy,
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's;
There Abrah'm's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

48

FIRST PART. S. M.

Ver. 1—8. *The Church of God.*

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

48

SECOND PART. S. M.

Ver. 10—14. *Gospel Worship and Order.*

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;

Will be our God while here below,
  And ours above the sky.

FIRST PART. C. M.

49 Ver. 6—14. *The Vanity of Life and Riches.*

1 WHY does the man of riches grow
  To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honors flow,
  With every rising tide?

2 Why does he treat the poor with scorn,
  Made of the self-same clay,
And boast, as though his flesh were born
  Of better dust than they?

3 Not all his treasures can procure
  His soul a short reprieve;
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
  Or make his brother live.

4 Life is a blessing can 't be sold;
  The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,
  That man may never die.

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
  The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
  And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 't is his inward thought and pride,
  "My house shall ever stand;
And that my name may long abide,
  I 'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
  How soon his memory dies!
His name is written in the dust,
  Where his own carcass lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way:
  And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
  And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
  If honor raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
  And like the beast they die.

10 Laid in the grave, like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there;
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
In terror and despair.

49 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 14, 15. *Death and the Resurrection.*

1 YE sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorned them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I 'll repine no more.

49 *The rich Sinner's Death.* L. M.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches, to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can 't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat!
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find the oppressor at their feet.

5 His honors perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour will my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

50 First Part. C. M.

Ver. 1—6. *The Saints Rewarded.*

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud, our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear;
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
That made their peace with God
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

50 Second Part. C. M.

Ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Obedience is better than Sacrifice.*

1 THUS saith the Lord;—"The spacious fields,
And flocks and herds are mine;
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.

2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

3 "Call upon me when trouble 's near,
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honor due to me.

4 "The man that offers humble praise,
He glorifies me best:
And those that tread my holy ways,
Shall my salvation taste."

50 THIRD PART. C. M.

Ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *The Judgment of Hypocrites.*

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord;
He 'll call the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain,
Will I the world reprove:
Altars and rites and forms are vain,
Without the fire of love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do,
To bring their sacrifice?
They call my statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lies.

4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
And sin without control?
But I shall bring your crimes to light,
With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There 's no deliverer there.

50 *Hypocrisy exposed.* L. M.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit;

A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbors wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defiled with lust, defiled with blood;
By night they practice every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 Oh dreadful hour, when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

50

First Part. 10s.

The Last Judgment.

1 THE Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead:
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

2 Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky:
Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come,
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands,)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
Sealed by th' eternal sacrifice in blood;
And signed with all their names,—the Greek, the Jew,—
That paid the ancient worship, or the new:
There's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my favorites, and my sons.

4 I, their almighty Saviour, and their God,
I am their Judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:

Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,
Without the flames of love: in vain the store
Of brutal offerings, that were mine before:
Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatterings, and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how could'st thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these,
While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited, with long suffering love;
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God, the righteous, would indulge thy sin?
Behold my terrors now, my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

50 SECOND PART. 10. 11

The Last Judgment.

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day:

Behold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh,
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near: let all things come,
To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom!
But gather first my saints," the Judge commands;
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
Sealed by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
And signed with all their names,—the Greek, the Jew,—
That paid the ancient worship, or the new."
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints; for heaven rejoices.

5 "Here," saith the Lord, "ye angels, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my favorites and my sons:
Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared
Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God;
I am the Judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad
My just, eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."
When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane;
Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings vain:
Thou hypocrite, once dressed in saint's attire,
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,
Without the flames of love: in vain the store
Of brutal offerings, that were mine before."
Earth is the Lord's: all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink the bullock's blood?

Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed."
All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation:
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10 "Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"
God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these,
While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?"
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends:
While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
His hardened soul divine instruction hates."
God is the Judge of hearts: no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty, when his vengeance rises.

13 "Silent I waited, with long-suffering love:
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove,
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"
See, God appears! all nature joins t' adore him:
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 "Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul:
Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear
Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near."
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

15 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise·
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise.
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.
Then join the saints; wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

51 FIRST PART. L. M.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51 SECOND PART. L. M.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

1 LORD. I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
Oh make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types can cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

51

THIRD PART. L. M.

The Backslider restored.

1 O THOU who hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise the pardoning God.

8 Oh may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

51 FIRST PART. C. M.

Ver. 3—13. *Sin confessed and pardoned.*

1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And, as my days advanced, I grew
A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
Oh make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known,
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

51 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 14—17. *Repentance, and Faith in the Blood of Christ.*

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

52 *The Madness and Ruin of the Wicked.* L. M.

1 WHY do the wicked boast of sin,
And steel their hearts against the Lord?
His goodness shall for ever shine—
For ever stand his holy word.

2 Thy law and gospel they despise,
Vain of their taunts, of madness proud;
Too rich thy grace to seek or prize,
To bow too lofty—e'en to God.

3 Like raging fire thy wrath shall burn,
Thy besom sweep them to the grave;
Their branch, their root, thy hand o'erturn,
And not a friend be found to save.

4 Then shall their joys revive no more,
Like dreams dissolved in fleeting air;
Their flatteries and their boasts be o'er,
And hopes all vanish in despair.

5 But in thy courts will I be seen,
Growing in faith and hope and love,
Like olives fair and fresh and green,
And ripening for the world above.

6 There will I learn thy glory, Lord,
And songs for all thy goodness raise;
There will I wait to hear thy word,
While listening saints approve the praise.

Dwight.

53 Ver. 4—6. *The Foes of Zion.* C. M.

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seized with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despised their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 Oh for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore;
Jacob with all the tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

54 *Prayer for Deliverance from Enemies.* S. P. M

1 MY God, preserve my soul;
Oh make my spirit whole;
To save me let thy strength appear;
Strangers my steps surround;
Their pride and rage confound,
And bring thy great salvation near.

2 Those that against me rise
Are aliens from the skies;
They hate thy church and kingdom, Lord;
They mock thy fearful name;
They glory in their shame,
Nor heed the wonders of thy word.

3 But, O thou King divine,
My chosen friends are thine;
The men that still my soul sustain:
Wilt thou my foes subdue,
And form their hearts anew,
And snatch them from eternal pain.

4 Escaped from every wo,
Oh grant me here below
To praise thy name with those I love;
And when beyond the skies
Our souls unbodied rise,
Unite us in the realms above. *Dwight.*

55

Ver. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. C. M

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levelled at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound;
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round,
Among the shades of death.

4 Oh were I like a feathered dove,
And innocence had wings,
I 'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell;
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I 'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all:
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise,
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

55 Ver. 15—17, 19, 22. *Daily Devotions encouraged.* S. M.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God;
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I 'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

56 *God's Care of his People.* C. M.

1 O THOU whose justice reigns on high,
And makes the oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;

But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Oh cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord:
Thou shalt receive my praise:
I 'll sing, "How faithful is thy word,
How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou hast secured my soul from death;
Oh set thy prisoner free;
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for thee.

57 *Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.* L. M.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise;
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

58 *Warning to Magistrates.* L. P. M.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When the oppressed before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns:
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poisoned arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong;
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries, nor tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Those teeth of lions dyed in blood;

And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky;
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,—
Vain births that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,—
"Sure there 's a God who rules on high;
A God who hears his children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

59 *The Miserable End of the Wicked.* S. P. M.

1 WHEN God in wrath shall rise,
T' avenge deceit and lies,
What anguish shall the wicked tear!
The men that slight thy name,
That boast of sin and shame,
And proudly cry—"What God shall hear?"

2 Deaf to that charming voice
That bids the world rejoice,
The gospel sound of pardoning love,
The calls of gentle peace,
The hopes of life and bliss
And glory, in the world above.

3 Blind to those truths divine,
That fair and lovely shine,
And teach the Godhead there alone;
Tidings of peace refined,
And joy to all mankind,
And mercy to a world undone.

4 Oh, how will sinners need
An advocate to plead,
Accepted at thine awful throne!
How, in that solemn hour,
Will faith's transcendent power
Outweigh all things beneath the sun!

5 Yet save their souls, O Lord;
Subdue them by thy word,
Though all their powers oppose thy reign;
As scattered foes submit,
Bow them beneath thy feet,
Nor let them read thy wrath in vain. *Dwight.*

60

Ver. 1—5, 10—12. C. M.

Disappointments in War.

1 LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

3 Thy people shake beneath thy stroke,
And dread thy threatening hand:
Oh heal the nation thou hast broke,
Confirm the wavering land.

4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God who treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

61

Ver. 1—6. *Safety in God.* S. M.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh lead me to the Rock,
That 's high above my head:
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

62 Ver. 5—12. *Trust in God alone.* L. M.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree;
The baser sort are vanity:
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declared—
Once and again my ears have heard—
"All power is his eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

63 First Part. C. M

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *The Morning of the Lord's Day.*

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,

Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

63

SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 6—10. *Midnight Thoughts recollected.*

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labors up thy hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

63 *The Love of God better than Life.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties—
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Not fruits, nor wines, that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely bless'd,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

63 *Seeking God.* S. M.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy—to call thee mine;

And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,—
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I 'll lift my hands
And praise thee while I live;
Not all the dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

64 *Evil Companions.* S. P. M.

1 SAVE me from evil men,
The impious and profane,
That seek the faithful to destroy;
More keen than pointed swords,
They dart their bitter words,
To wound his name, his hope, his joy.

2 The child to virtue given,
And trained with care for heaven,
Their deep-laid mischiefs lure astray;

With pangs a father views,
With tears a mother rues
Her son, her darling, made a prey.

3 Themselves their wiles shall snare;
The pits their hands prepare,
Before their feet destruction spread;
The slander they devise,
Their malice and their lies,
Shall fall with vengeance on their head.

4 With new-born love and grace,
Increasing faith and praise,
Thy saints shall bid their songs ascend;
That truth and virtue find
In the all-ruling Mind
To them and to their friends—a Friend. *Dwight.*

65

First Part. L. M.

Ver. 1—5 *Public Prayer and Praise.*

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the Southern sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail;
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel, prepare for long distress,
When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror, and in righteousness.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfills
What his afflicted saints request;

And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

65 SECOND PART. L. M.

Ver. 5—13. *The God of Nature and Grace.*

1 THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mixed with tears;
Yet, when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God;
When tempests rage and billows roar,
A dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempest cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains, established by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky;
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command, the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

9 'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighboring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

65

FIRST PART. C M.

A Prayer-hearing God.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt choose,
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus will the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;

But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

65 SECOND PART. C. M.

The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and Sea.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine:
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

65 THIRD PART. C. M.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor laborers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;

The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.
5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

65 *The Providence of God in the Seasons.* H. M.

1 HOW pleasing is thy voice,
O Lord, our heavenly King,
That bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring:
The rains return,
The ice distils,
And plains and hills
Forget to mourn.
2 The morn, with glory crowned,
Thy hand arrays in smiles;
Thou bid'st the eve decline
Rejoicing o'er the hills.
Soft suns ascend,
The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows
To earth's far end.
3 Thy showers make soft the fields;
On every side behold
The ripening harvests wave
Their loads of richest gold.
The laborers sing
With cheerful voice,
And, bless'd, rejoice
In God, their King.
4 The thunder is his voice;
His arrows blazing fires;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs.
The balmy breeze
His breath perfumes;
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

5 With life he clothes the spring;
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides in wintry storms.
His gifts divine
Through all appear,
And round the year
His glories shine.
Dwight.

66

First Part. C. M.

Grace tried by Affliction.

1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,—
"How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow."

3 Come, see the wonders of our God;
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel passed the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.

5 He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 Oh bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfill his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast proved our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promised place,
By thine unerring hand.

66 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 13—20. *Praise to God for hearing Prayer.*

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made,
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God, (his name be ever bless'd,)
Has set my spirit free:
Nor turned from him my poor request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

67 *National Prosperity.* C. M.

1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah, shine,
With beams of heavenly grace:
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our States, exalted high,
Do thou, our glory, stand;
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround this favored land.

3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And thankful hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
Who sits enthroned above,

Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

68

FIRST PART. L. M.

Ver. 1—6, 32—35. *The Vengeance and Compassion of God.*

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 He comes, arrayed in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.

3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, JEHOVAH, sounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that 's just, a father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known;
Israel is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bless'd;
He 's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

68 SECOND PART. L. M.

Ver. 17, 18. *Christ's Ascension and Gift of the Spirit.*

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there,
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

68 THIRD PART. L M.

Ver. 19, 9, 20—22. *Common and Special Mercies.*

1 WE bless the Lord, the just and good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He helps the weak, and guards the strong

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is—endless joys and endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruised the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There to enjoy his perfect love.

69

First Part. C. M.

Ver. 1—14. *The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.*

1 "SAVE me, O God; the swelling floods
Break in upon my soul:
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
Like mighty waters roll.

2 "I cry till all my voice is gone;
In tears I waste the day:
My God, behold my longing eyes,
And shorten thy delay.

3 "They hate my soul without a cause,
And still their number grows;
More than the hairs around my head,
And mighty are my foes.

4 "'Twas when I paid that dreadful debt,
That men could never pay;
And gave those honors to thy law,
Which sinners took away."

5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 "Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
Salvation in my name;
For I have borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 "Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,
And sackcloth was my dress,
While I procured for naked souls
A robe of righteousness.

8 "Among my brethren and the Jews,
I like a stranger stood,

And bore their vile reproach, to bring
The Gentiles near to God.

9 "I came, in sinful mortals' stead,
To do my Father's will;
Yet, when I cleansed my Father's house,
They scandalized my zeal.

10 "My fasting and my holy groans
Were made the drunkard's song;
But God, from his celestial throne,
Heard my complaining tongue.

11 "He saved me from the dreadful deep,
Nor let my soul be drowned;
He raised and fixed my sinking feet
On well established ground.

12 "'Twas in a most accepted hour,
My prayer arose on high;
And for my sake my God will hear
The dying sinner's cry."

69 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. *The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

1 NOW let our lips, with holy fear
And mournful pleasure, sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
Nor hide thy shining face;
Why should thy favorite look like one
Forsaken of thy grace?

4 "With rage they persecute the Man,
Who groans beneath thy wound;
While for a sacrifice I pour
My life upon the ground.

5 "They tread my honor to the dust,
And laugh when I complain;
Their sharp, insulting slanders add
Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 "All my reproach is known to thee,
The scandal and the shame;
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
And lies defiled my name.

7 "I looked for pity, but in vain;
My kindred are my grief;
I ask my friends for comfort round,
But meet with no relief.

8 "With vinegar they mock my thirst;
They give me gall for food;
And, sporting with my dying groans,
They triumph in my blood.

9 "Shine into my distressed soul;
Let thy compassion save;
And though my flesh sink down to death,
Redeem it from the grave.

10 "I shall arise to praise thy name,
Shall reign in worlds unknown;
And thy salvation, O my God,
Shall seat me on thy throne."

69

Third Part. C. M.

Christ's Obedience and Death.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high:
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God
Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever bless'd.

5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;

While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates:
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

69 First Part. L. M

Christ's Passion, and Sinners' Salvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice, join
To execute their curs'd design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live.
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

69 Second Part. L. M.

Ver. 7, &c. *Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.*

1 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustained that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defiled his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abuse the man that checks their sin:
While he fulfills thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

"My Father's house," said he, "was made
A place for worship, not for trade;"

Then, scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourged the merchants from the place.

4 Zeal for the temple of his God
Consumed his life, exposed his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourned them as his own.

5 His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies:
They nail him to the shameful tree;—
There hung the Man that died for me.

7 Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mocked his thirst with vinegar.

8 But God beheld; and from his throne
Marks out the men who hate his Son;
The hand that raised him from the dead
Will pour forth vengeance on their head.

70 *Prayer against Spiritual Enemies.* 7s.

1 HASTEN, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise till flesh and spirit fail.

3 Those that seek thee shall rejoice;
I am bowed with misery;
Yet I make thy law my choice;
Turn, my God, and look on me.

4 Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Do not tarry—haste to save. *Montgomery.*

71 First Part. C. M.
Ver. 5—9. *The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.*

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year:
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
Around me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

71 Second Part. Ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. C. M.
Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And saved me by his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

71 THIRD PART. C. M

Ver. 17—21. *The aged Christian's Prayer and Song.*

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove:
Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endured the grief;
But when thy hand has pressed me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;

At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

72 First Part. L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72 Second Part. L. M

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the islands with their kings!
And Europe her best tribute brings;

From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their lord.

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

7 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

72 *The Messiah.* 7, 6. Iambic

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
   Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
   His reign on earth begun:
He comes to break oppression,
   To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
   And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
   To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
   And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
   Their darkness turn to light,

Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-bless'd:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love. *Montgomery.*

73 FIRST PART. C. M.

The Prosperous Sinner's End.

1 NOW I'm convinced the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And bordered on despair.

2 I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,—
"How pleasant and profane they live!
How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well fed flesh and haughty eyes,
They lay their fears to sleep;
Against the heavens their slanders rise,
While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
And cleanse my heart in vain,
For I am chastened all the day,
The night renews my pain."

5 Yet while my tongue indulged complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard;
The conflict too severe;

Till I retired to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honors in a dream are lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promised grace,
And think the wicked bless'd.

10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown:
That blessed hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

73 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 23—28. *God our Portion, here and hereafter.*

1 GOD, my Supporter, and my Hope,
My help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners who remove
Far from thy presence—die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

73 Ver. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. L. M.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride, and robes of honor shine.

2 But, oh, their end—their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I 'll never envy them again;
There let them stand, with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream, when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

73 *The Mystery of Providence unfolded.* S. M.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine;
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

3 Pampered with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair;
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,

Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulged my doubts to rise;—
"Is there a God that sees, or hears
The things below the skies?"

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word, with light and power,
Did my mistakes amend;
I viewed the sinners' life before,
But here I learned their end.

9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And, oh, that dreadful, fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

74 *The Church pleading with God.* C. M.

1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches prayed and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar;

Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear thy buildings down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the priest."

7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There 's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme;
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thy holy name profaned,
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thy hand?

11 What strange deliverance hast thou shown,
In ages long before!
And now, no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine—
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy power formed every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,

With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not that hand that formed them first,
Avenge thine injured name?

16 Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

75 *National Power from God.* L. M.

1 TO thee, most Holy and most High,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh—
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 "To slavery doomed, thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
And, sore oppressed by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sovereign of the skies.

3 "'Twas then, great God, with equal power,
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of thy race."

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride;
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the powers that God hath made.

5 Such honors never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great Sovereign of the earth,
Will rise and make his justice known.

7 His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance mixed with various plagues,

To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just;
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.

76 *The Enemies of the Church punished.* C. M.

1 IN Judah God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he received their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear,
The bows, the arrows, and the sword;
And crushed th' Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which JEHOVAH dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's king that stopped the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terror of thy rod;
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What power can stand before his sight,
When once his wrath appears?
When Heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

8 When God, in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppressed,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he 'll restrain the rest.

9 Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown;

His terrors shake the proudest king,
And cut an army down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.

77

FIRST PART. C. M.

Fear and Hope.

1 TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose
And filled the night with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights;
My soul refused relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.

3 Still I complained, and still oppressed
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And called thy judgments o'er.

5 I called back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit searched for secret crimes,
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I called thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoyed before:
And will the Lord no more be kind,
His face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men, that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

77 SECOND PART. C. M.

Comfort derived from ancient Providences.

1 "HOW awful is thy chastening rod"—
(May thine own children say)
The great, the wise, the dreadful God,
"How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old—
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Joseph lie,
With Egypt's yoke oppressed;
Long he delayed to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seemed
Abandoned to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeemed
The nation that he chose.

5 Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bids them venture through the deep,
And makes the waves their walls!

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the sea;
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;

All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows through the sky were hurled;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seized the world,
And his own saints adored.

10 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promised land.

78 FIRST PART. C. M.

The Dealings of God rehearsed to Children.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

78 SECOND PART. C. M.

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment.

1 OH what a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the covenant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging hand;

What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And marched in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scaped the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar marked the road,
Composed of shade and light;
By day it proved a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provoked the Lord most high,
And dared distrust his hand:
"Can he with bread our host supply,
Amidst this desert land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caused his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepared
To vindicate his name.

78

THIRD PART. C. M.

Chastisement and Salvation.

1 WHEN Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.

2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they in murmuring language said,
"Manna is all our feast;
We loathe this light, this airy bread,
We must have flesh to taste."

5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath replied;
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heaped up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burned with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest returned
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they feared and mourned,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastised, and still forgave,
Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolved to save
Possessed the promised land.

78 Ver. 32, &c. *Backsliding and Forgiveness.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove,
By turns, thine anger and thy love!
There, in a glass, our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consumed their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength and spent their days.

4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourned and sought the Lord again;
Called him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.

5 Their prayers and vows before him rise,
As flattering words, or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.

6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men, who not deserved to live:
His anger oft away he turned,
Or else with gentle flame it burned.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail;
He saw temptation still prevail;
The God of Abraham loved them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

79 *The Church in Affliction.* C. M.

1 O GOD, attend, while hosts of foes
Thy heritage invade;
Thy Salem has become a heap,
Thy house a ruin made.

2 Behold us, Lord, a remnant sad,
Of peace and hope forlorn,
Of every mouth the vile reproach,
Of every eye the scorn.

3 How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long delay thy grace?
How long thy hapless children mourn
The hidings of thy face?

4 Help, Lord of hosts, for Jesus' sake,
The glory of thy name;
Cleanse us from guilt, our hearts renew,
And wipe away our shame.

5 Arise, O God, and let thy hand
With awful glory shine;
With terror make our haughty foes
Confess thy name divine. *Dwight.*

80 *The Vineyard of God wasted.* L. M.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:—

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament, and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;

Turn us to thee; thy love restore:
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

5 Hast thou not planted, with thy hands,
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nation with the fruit!
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defaced?
Why hast thou laid its fences waste?
Strangers and foes against it join,
And every beast devours thy vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too!
Attacked in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of promise rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordained of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the Tree.

11 'Tis thine own Son; and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorned and bless'd
With power and grace above the rest.

12 Oh, for his sake, attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

81 Ver. 1, 8—16. *The Warnings of God.* S. M.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise:
God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Israel hear his voice:—

2 "From vile idolatry
Preserve my worship clean;
I am the Lord, who set thee free
From slavery and sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
But if ye will refuse your God,
If Israel will rebel;—

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey;
And let them run the dangerous road—
'Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet, oh that all my saints
Would hearken to my voice;
Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroyed their foes,
I'd richly feed my flock;
And they should taste the stream, that flows
From their eternal Rock."

82 *Magistrates warned.* L. M.

1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat:
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws,
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain;
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod:
He is our Judge, and he our God.

83 *A Complaint against Persecutors.* S. M.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?

The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold, what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threatening head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ;
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap:
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

5 "Come, let us join, (they cry,)
To root them from the ground;
Till not the name of saints remain,
Nor memory shall be found."

6 Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word—
JEHOVAH—is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

84

FIRST PART. L. M.

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
And will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Bless'd are the souls, that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Bless'd are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength: and through the road,
They lean upon their helper God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

84 SECOND PART. L. M.

God and his Church; or Grace and Glory.

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,

And devils at thy presence flee,—
Bless'd is the man who trusts in thee.

84 Ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. *God present in his Churches.* C. M.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends, and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies there;
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
Oh make me like the sparrows bless'd,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employed in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one bless'd hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

84 *Longing for the House of God.* H. M.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thy abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 Oh happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
Oh happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

85

First Part. L. M.

Ver. 1—8. *Deliverance begun and completed.*

1 LORD, thou hast called thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom;
So God forgave, when Israel sinned,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfill thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say:
He 'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

85

Second Part. L. M.

Ver. 9, &c. *Salvation by Christ.*

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

86 Ver. 8—13. *A general Song of Praise to God.* C. M.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There 's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works, like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thy heavenly ways,
And my poor scattered thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell;—
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

87 *The Church, the Birth-place of the Saints.* L. M

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old;
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear,
As one new-born or nourished there.

88

First Part. L. M.

Ver. 10—12. *Death not the End of our Being.*

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy power to save?

2 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insects' wing,
And oh, shall man awake no more,
To see thy face, thy name to sing?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound, the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

Dwight.

88

Second Part. L. M.

Life the only accepted Time.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how bless'd the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he 's found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies. *Dwight.*

88 *Solemn Thoughts after dangerous Sickness.* S. M.

1 JUST o'er the grave I hung;
No pardon met my eyes,
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hopes shall never rise.

2 I saw, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan with strict account
My blessings wasted here.

3 How mourned my sinking soul
The sabbath's hours divine,
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consumed in sense and sin.

4 The work, the mighty work
Of life so long delayed;
Repentance yet to be begun,
Upon a dying bed!

5 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

6 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more. *Dwight.*

89

First Part.

L. M.

The Covenant made with Christ.

1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven, established by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
"With thee my covenant first is made;
In thee shall dying sinners live;
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
Thy children shall be ever bless'd:
Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
Shall stand eternal, like my own.

4 "There's none of all my sons above
So much my image, or my love:
Celestial powers thy subjects are;
Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 "David, my servant, whom I chose
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
And raised him to the Jewish throne,
Was but a shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus, her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

89

First Part.

C. M.

The Faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there 's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies:
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

89 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 7, &c.—*Reverential Worship.*

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be;
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee,
Or truth compared with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell:
How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

89 THIRD PART. C. M.

Ver. 15, &c.—*A blessed Gospel.*

1 BLESS'D are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

89

FOURTH PART. C. M.

Ver. 19, &c.—*Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my almighty Son.

2 "Behold the Man, my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.

3 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better King;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 "My truth shall guard him in his way
With mercy by his side;
While, in my name, through earth and sea
He shall in triumph ride.

5 "Me for his Father and his God
He shall for ever own;
Call me his Rock, his high Abode;
And I'll support my Son.

6 "My first-born Son, arrayed in grace,
At my right hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.

7 "My covenant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long."

89 FIFTH PART. C. M.

Ver. 30, &c. *The Covenant of Grace unchangeable.*

1 "YET," saith the Lord, "if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt my anger down;—

2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.

4 "Once have I sworn, (I need no more,)
And pledged my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race:

5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea;
Long as he travels round the skies,
To give the nations day.

6 "Sure, as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure;
Till the fixed laws of shade and light
Shall be observed no more."

89 SECOND PART. L. M.

Ver. 47, &c. *Mortality and Hope.*

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,—
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
Or, hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turned to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honors of thy word;
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

89 Ver. 47, &c. *Life, Death, and the Resurrection.* L. P. M.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
"The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair;
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach, and pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud—AMEN.

90 *Man mortal, and God eternal.* L. M.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;

Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day, in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

6 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.

7 But oh, how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years;
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span;
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

90 First Part. C. M.

Ver. 1—5. *The same.*

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:—

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,—
"Return, ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

8 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light,
The flowers, beneath the mower's hand,
Lie withering, ere 'tis night.

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90 SECOND PART. C. M

Ver. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12.—*Infirmity and Mortality.*

1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam and all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies;
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 Our vitals, with laborious strife,
Bear up the crazy load;

And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
Oh let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have;
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

90 Third Part. C. M.

Ver. 13, &c. *Breathing after Heaven.*

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

90 Ver. 5, 10, 12. *The Shortness of Life.* S. M.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our bodies first!
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the blissful shore
Of bless'd eternity.

91 Ver. 1—7. *The People of God safe.* L. M

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say,—"My God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, that am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapors, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe; the poisoned air
Grows pure if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died;
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,

And slew their sons, his careful eye
Passed all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire or plague or sword
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are bless'd.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfill their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

91 Ver. 9—16. *Divine Protection.* C. M.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or, if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell;
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He 'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
I 'll save them," saith the Lord;
"I 'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword."

7 "My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I 'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known,
I 'll honor them in heaven;

There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

91

The same. 8. 7.

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,—
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Montgomery.

92

FIRST PART. L. M.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

92

SECOND PART. L. M.

Ver. 12, &c. *The Church is the Garden of God.*

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time, that does all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

93

FIRST PART. L. M.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high;
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure:
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

93

SECOND PART. 10. 11.

"The Lord reigneth."

1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high,
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King. thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion, to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion;
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
And the mad world, obedient to his will:
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand:
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

93

THIRD PART. P. M.

The same.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains;
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fixed on high,
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints, with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

94 FIRST PART. C. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 7—14. *Instructive Afflictions.*

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs;
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf who formed their ears,
Or blind who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,
In some surprising hour.

But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Bless'd is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

94

SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 16—23. *God our Support.*

1 WHO will arise, and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3 "Alas, my sliding feet," I cried,—
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies;
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud;
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

95

A Psalm before Prayer. C. M.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
(Those gods on high, and gods below,)
When once compared with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

6 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear--
"Ye shall not see my rest."

95 *A Psalm before Sermon.* S. M.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift his hand and swear—
"You that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

95

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. L. M.

A Warning to delaying Sinners.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King, rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithless, unbelieving brood,
That tired the patience of their God!

5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove!
Forget my power; abuse my love:
Since they despise my rest, I swear
Their feet shall never enter there."

6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead:
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates:
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be for ever bless'd.

96

Ver. 1—10, &c. C. M.

Christ's first and second Coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink, ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near;
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear.

96 *The God of the Gentiles.* L. P. M.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know;
His wonders to the nations show;
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
The wondering nations read thy word;
In these far climes Jehovah 's known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,

And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

97 FIRST PART. L. M.

Ver. 1—5. *Christ coming to Judgment.*

1 HE reigns—the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice;
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire!
The mountains melt, the seas retire!

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

97 SECOND PART. L. M.

Ver. 6—9. *Christ's Incarnation.*

1 THE Lord is come: the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings, before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

97 THIRD PART. L. M.

Grace and Glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;

Though clouds and darkness vail his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

97 Ver. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. *Christ our King and Judge.* C. M.

1 LET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice—the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Make the Redeemer known:
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

98

FIRST PART. C. M

Praise for the Gospel.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfills the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honors of his name,
In melody and songs.

98

SECOND PART. C. M.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

1 JOY to the world—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

99

FIRST PART. S. M.

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

1 THE God, Jehovah, reigns!
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;

Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfill his word.

3 In Zion is his throne;
His honors are divine:
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

99 SECOND PART. S. M.

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he 's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

100 FIRST PART. L. M.

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God;—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;

And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

100 SECOND PART. L. M.

The same.

1 YE sons of men, in God rejoice,
From land to land his name adore;
Let earth, with one united voice,
Resound his praise from every shore.

2 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

3 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are his people, we his care;
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

6 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

100 *The same.* 11. 8.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
Oh serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator, and ruler o'er all:

And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand. *Montgomery.*

101 *The Magistrate's Psalm.* L. M.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am raised to bear the sword,
I 'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 I 'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth, and trust;
The men who work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and favorites still.

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender sha'n't be spared.

7 The impious crew, that factious band,
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all who break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppress'd.

101 *A Psalm for a Master of a Family.* C. M.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I 'll suffer nothing near me there,
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbor wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,—
I 'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I 'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I 'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit
I 'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I 'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

102 First Part. C. M.

Ver. 1—13, 20, 21. *A Prayer for the Afflicted.*

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face;
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted, like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried; my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag, like withering grass
Burned with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,

Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness
Where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound mine ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high;
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My locks like withered leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face;
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry;
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

102 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 13—21. *Prayer heard and Zion restored.*

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a Sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
And when his saints complain,
It sha'n't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

102 Ver. 23—28. *Saints die, but Christ lives.* L. M.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
Christ is the same through every age."

4 'Twas He this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church for ever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

103

First Part. L. M.

Ver. 1—7. *The Divine Goodness.*

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

5 Our youth decayed his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hope with heavenly food.

6 He sees the oppressor and the oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 His power he showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his power confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

103 Second Part. L. M.

Ver. 8—18. *God's tender Mercy to his People.*

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose,
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
As morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

103 FIRST PART. S. M.

Ver. 1—7. *Spiritual and temporal Mercies.*

1 OH bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgment for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

103 SECOND PART. S. M.

Ver. 8—18. *Mercy in the midst of Judgment.*

1 MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

103

THIRD PART. S. M

Ver. 19—22. *God's universal Dominion.*

1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfill.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

104

God glorious in Creation and Providence. L. M.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise:
When clothed in his celestial rays,

He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

Note. This Psalm may be sung to a different metre by adding the following two lines to every stanza, viz.

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honor to his name?

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathomed deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
As swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are poised, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was covered with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood;
He thundered, and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

9 God from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parched earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheered with generous wine;
With inward joy our faces shine.

12 Oh bless his name, ye nations, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Raised in the forests by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness vails the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labor goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep;
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

20 There ships divide the watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports, in spite of man.

PAUSE THE THIRD.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord;
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

22 While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears and whales and worms
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign:
Life, breath, and spirit—all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honored with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurs'd,
Their glory buried in the dust,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

105 Abridged. *God's Care of Israel.* C. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;

Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abr'ham and his seed,
And made the blessings sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations bless'd,"
Said the Almighty voice,
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
The type of heavenly joys."

5 How large the grant! how rich the grace,
To give them Canaan's land;
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they removed;
And haughty kings, who on them frowned,
Severely he reproved.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
Shall soon avenge the wrong;
The man that does my prophets harm
Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

9 When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
And thus provoked their God;
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Armed with his dreadful rod.

10 He called for darkness; darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turned each lake, and every stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread:

And frogs in croaking armies rise,
About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devoured their trees,
And hail their cattle slew;

13 Then, by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt died;
The strength of every house was broke,—
Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And marked their journeys right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

18 Oh wondrous stream! Oh blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possessed
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
And there enjoyed their rest.

20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The Church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

106 First Part. L. M.

Ver. 1—5. *Praise to God.*

1 TO God, the great, the ever-bless'd,
Let songs of honor be address'd;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise?
Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed:
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

106 Second Part. Ver. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48. S. M.

Israel punished and pardoned.

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet, how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmured with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
Till he reduce them low.

4 Yet when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And called them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book;
He saved them from their foes:
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

107 FIRST PART. L. M.

Israel led to Canaan and Christians to Heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God:—he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts; his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters, and th' Egyptian yoke,
They traced the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.

4 There they could find no leading road,
No city for a fixed abode;
Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.

5 In their distress, to God they cried;
God was their Saviour and their Guide:
He led their march far wandering round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus, when our first release we gain
From sin's own yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

8 Oh let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107 SECOND PART. L. M.

Correction for Sin and Release by Prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same:

He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;—

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the laboring soul relief.

6 Oh may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107 THIRD PART. L. M.

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

1 VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste;
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans and loaths to eat;
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppressed,
Would yield to death to be released.

4 Then how the frightened sinners fly
To God for help, with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cines could effect the cure,
So quick, so easy, or so sure;
The deadly sentence God repeals;
He sends his sovereign word and heals.

6 Oh may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

107 FOURTH PART. L. M.

Deliverance from Storm and Shipwreck.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad—
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God commands—and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heavens they mount amain;
Now sink to dreadful deeps again:
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
The furious waves forget their rage:
'Tis calm;—and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wished to be.

6 Oh may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their private offerings bring
And in the church his glory sing.

107 FOURTH PART. C. M

The Mariner's Psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men, astonished, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath;
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request;
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allayed:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God who brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 Oh that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord;
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

107 Last Part. L. M.

Nations blessed and punished.

1 WHEN God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns the fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the withered mountains green,
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,

God bids the oppressed and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are bless'd : but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barbarous hands.

6 Their captive sons, exposed to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn;
The country lies unfenced, untilled,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet, if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.

8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God whom saints adore.

9 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

108 *Delight in praising God.* C. M.

1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

3 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
Above the starry frame;

And let the world with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name. *Tate and Brady.*

109 Ver. 1—5, 31. *The Example of Christ.* C. M.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song,
Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued;
They rendered hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause;
Yet, with his dying breath,
He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord will on my side engage;
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

110 First Part. L. M.

The Success of the Gospel.

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ, the Son; "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 Oh blessed power! Oh glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

110 SECOND PART. L. M

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

1 THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore :—
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
And change from hand to hand no more.

2 "Aaron and all his sons must die;
But everlasting life is thine,
To save for ever those that fly
For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 "By me Melchisedec was made
On earth a king and priest at once :
And thou my heavenly Priest shalt plead,
And thou my King shalt rule my sons."

4 Jesus, the Priest, ascends his throne;
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honor and success.

5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Though, while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood;
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

110 *The same.* C. M.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near the Father sit :
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;

"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

4 "Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That King of high degree,
That holy man who Abr'ham bless'd,
Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above :
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God will exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain ;
Will strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

111 FIRST PART. C. M.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God :
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure ;
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy Name ?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

111

SECOND PART. C. M.

The Perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord : his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord ;
He gives his children food,
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure ;
Holy and reverend is his name ;
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin :
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

112

The Blessings of the liberal Man. L. P. M.

1 THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renowned ;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crowned.

2 His liberal favors he extends ;
To some he gives, to others lends ;
A generous pity fills his mind :
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs ;
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed :
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground ;
His conscience holds his courage up :

The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fixed on God relies;
Though waves and tempests roar around;
Safe on the Rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies;
And all their hopes and glory drowned.

6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations cross'd;
They, and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.

112 *The Pious and Charitable Man.* L. M.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbors round with dread,
His heart is armed against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

4 His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispersed his alms abroad;
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

112 *Liberality Rewarded.* C. M.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;

Who lends the poor, without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast,
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

113 *The Majesty and Condescension of God.* P. M.

1 YE who delight to serve the Lord,
The honors of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time nor nature's narrow rounds
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;

The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises and her joys;
Let every age advance his fame.

113 *God sovereign and gracious.* L. M.

1 YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends, yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust, and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice;
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promised seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done;
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs;
If nature fails, the promise bears.

114 *Israel's Journey.* L. M.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
Their tribes, with cheerful homage, own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled,
With backward current, to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep;
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide,—
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know the approaching God—
The King of Israel; see him here!
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

115 *The true God our Refuge.* L. M.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true!

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've served so long?"

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies:
Through all the earth his will is done;
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 With eyes and ears they carve the head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind:
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scattered in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest:
The Lord will build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise;
They dwell in silence in the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

115 *Popish Idolatry Reproved.* 10s.

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
Immortal honors to thy sovereign name.
Shine thro' the earth, from heaven thy bless'd abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"

2 Heaven is thy higher court; there stands thy throne;
And through the lower worlds thy will is done:
Earth is thy work; the heavens thy hand hath spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears,
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move;
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love:
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorned with gold:
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopp'd from a tree, or broken from a rock;
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.

5 Be heaven and earth amazed! 'Tis hard to say,
Which the more stupid,—or their gods or they.
O Zion, trust the Lord; he hears and sees;
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.

6 In God we trust: our impious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign;

Had they prevailed, darkness had closed our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise:
But we are saved, and live: let songs arise,
And Zion bless the God who built the skies.

116

First Part. C. M.

Recovery from Sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I 'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bowed his ear,
And chased my griefs away:
Oh let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplexed my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save;
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave;
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I 'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

116

Second Part. C. M.

Ver. 12, &c. *Public Thanks for Recovery.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine—for ever thine—
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

117 *Praise to God from all Nations.* C. M.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

117 *The same.* L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

117 *The same.* S. M.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure;

Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

118

FIRST PART. C. M.

Ver. 6—15. *Deliverance from a Tumult.*

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound,
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong;
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly;
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

6 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

118

SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 17—21. *Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.*

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastised him sore
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there—

The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

118 THIRD PART. C. M.

Ver. 22, 23. *Christ the Foundation of his Church.*

1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation-Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

118 FOURTH PART. C. M.

Ver. 24—26. *Hosanna; the Lord's Day.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;

Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

118 Ver. 22—27. *Salvation by Christ.* S. M.

1 SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief Corner-Stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints; He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

118 *The same.* L. M

1 LO, what a glorious Corner-Stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners, rejoice, and saints, be glad;
Hosanna! let his name be bless'd;
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest.

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM 119.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed to attain some degree of connection.

In some places, instead of the words *law, commands, judgments, testimonies,* I have used *gospel, word, grace, truth, promises,* &c., as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians; and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.

Dr. Watts.

119 FIRST PART. C. M.

The blessedness of Saints and Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1—3.

1 BLESS'D are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Bless'd are the men that keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate;
The proud shall die accurs'd;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

119 SECOND PART. C. M.

Constant Converse with God.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkness vails the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

119 THIRD PART. C. M.

Sincerity and Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine,—for ever thine,—
Oh save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfill;
And thus, till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

119 FOURTH PART. C. M.

Instructions from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;

I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89—91.

6 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

7 But still, thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine:
Not earth stands firmer than thy word;
Nor stars so nobly shine.

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119 FIFTH PART. C. M.

Delight in the Scriptures.

Ver. 97.

1 OH, how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage—
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song!

Ver. 19, 103.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast!
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much delights my taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope
And there I write thy praise.

119 Sixth Part. C. M.

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My heart, in midnight silence, cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men, that share the spoil,
Have joys compared to mine.

119 Seventh Part. C. M.

Imperfection of Nature and Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96, paraphrased.

1 LET all the Heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could show one sin forgiven;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I 've seen an end of what we call
Perfection, here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love and every grace
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

119 EIGHTH PART. C. M.

The Word of God the Saint's Portion.

Ver. 111, paraphrased.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I 'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows bless'd:
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119 NINTH PART. C. M.

The Teaching of the Spirit with the Word.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashioned by thy hand;
My service is thy due;

Oh make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I 'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I 'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort, when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

7 In vain the proud deride me now;
I 'll ne'er forget thy law;
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I 'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.

119

TENTH PART. C. M.

Pleading the Promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?

Does not my heart address thy throne?—
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
Oh bear thy servant up,
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Which dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear;
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

119 ELEVENTH PART. C. M.

Breathing after Holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still;
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

Ver. 29.

2 Oh send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I 've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;

Nor let my head or heart or hands
  Offend against my God.

119 TWELFTH PART. C. M.

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
  Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinned against thy grace,
  I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
  Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
  Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
  Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
  The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
  My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfill,
  And make my comforts rise?"

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
  And show thy grace the same
As thou art ever wont t' afford
  To those that love thy name.

119 THIRTEENTH PART. C. M.

Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole heart I 've sought thy face;
  Oh let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
  Nor tread the sinner's way.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I 've hid within my heart,
  To keep my conscience clean;
And be an everlasting guard
  From every rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I 'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh, with holy trembling, fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

119 FOURTEENTH PART. C. M.

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet have I found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

119 Fifteenth Part. C. M.

Holy Resolution.

Ver. 93.

1 OH that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind;
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin's and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large.

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I 'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise,
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

119 Sixteenth Part. C. M.

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine:
From vain desires and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

119 Seventeenth Part. L. M.

Courage and Perseverance under Persecution.

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness;
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust, and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

119 EIGHTEENTH PART. L. M.

Sanctified Afflictions.

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand—
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

120 *Desire of Peace.* C. M.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever bless'd,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 Oh might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wild, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
Oh thou devouring tongue?

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

121 *Divine Protection.* L. M.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives:
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives! the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening vail, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely bless'd,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber or surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, who trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

121 *Preservation by Day and Night.* C. M.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
2 Their feet shall never slide or fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.
3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm;
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.
5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

121 *God our Preserver.* H. M.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower
To which I fly;

His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head,
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

122 *Going to Church.* C. M

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice

Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants bless'd.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

122 *The same.* S. P. M.

1 HOW pleased and bless'd was I,
To hear the people cry,—
"Come, let us seek our God to-day;"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad;
He makes the sinner sad;
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows—
"Peace to this sacred house,"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

123 *Pleading with Submission.* C. M.

1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign,
Enthroned above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;—

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,—
That God will not despise.

124 *Praise for Deliverance.* L. M.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintained our side
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;—

2 The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath;
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallowed deep in death—
Proud waters had o'erwhelmed our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escaped the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird, with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare;
Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the earth and built the skies;
He that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

125 *The Saint's Trial and Safety.* C. M.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be—
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But, if we trace those crooked ways,
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his followers too.

125 *The same.* S. M.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they,
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke;
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;

The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

126 *Surprising Deliverance.* L. M.

1 WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme:
The grace beyond our hope so great,
That joy appeared a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we, with pleasure, shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they 'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears;
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrowed field
His scattered seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

126 *The Joy of the Convert.* C M.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work!" my neighbors cried,
And owned the power divine;
"Great is the work!" my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

127 *Prosperity is from God.* L. M.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;—

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath bless'd;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends;
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with his love!

127 *God all in all.* C. M.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew;
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue;

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,
In vain, till God has bless'd:
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

128 *Family Blessings.* C. M.

1 OH happy man whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe;
His lips to God their honors yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head;
Shall on the labors of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board
Each like a plant of honor shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfill,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

129 *Persecutors Punished.* C. M

1 UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But not destroyed my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh,
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vexed my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,

Measured the mischiefs they had done,
And let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surprised
To hear his thunders roll;
And all the foes of Zion seized
With horror to the soul!

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

7 What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And be despised in death.

8 So corn that on the house-top stands
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

9 It springs and withers on the place;
No traveler bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.

130 *Pardoning Grace.* C. M.

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God, should thy severer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,

Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;—
6 So waits my soul to see thy grace;
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.
7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust;
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.
8 There's full redemption at his throne,
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

130 *Pardoning Grace.* L. M.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?
4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

131 *Humility and Submission.* C. M.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

132 Ver. 5, 13—18. *Zion the dwelling-place of God.* L. M.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence bless'd.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7 Jesus shall see a numerous seed,
Born here t' uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are clothed with shame.

132 Ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. *God's Presence in his House.* C. M

1 NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,

Till he had found, below the skies,
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion placed his name;
His ark was settled there:
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship, thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

PAUSE.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and bless'd.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

133 *Brotherly Love.* C. M.

1 LO, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree;
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill;
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

133 *Communion of Saints.* S. M.

1 BLESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Bless'd is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are bless'd above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

133 *The Blessings of Friendship.* S. P. M.

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet!
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and bless'd his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,

Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

134 *Daily and nightly Devotion.* C. M.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

135 FIRST PART. L. M.

Ver. 1—4, 14, 19—21. *The Church God's House and Care.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, who to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends:
And, when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

5 Bless him, all ye who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name:
Among his saints, he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

135 SECOND PART. L. M

Ver. 5—12. *Creation, Providence, and Redemption.*

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all powers and every throne
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapors rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land,
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand!

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew; and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

135 *Praise due to God.* C. M

1 AWAKE, ye saints; to praise your King
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with him alone:
But heathen gods should ne'er be named
Where our JEHOVAH 's known.

5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust,
Can give them showers of rain?

In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were ne'er designed to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes; their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.

8 O Zion, trust the living God;
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honors there.

136 *Wonders of Providence and Grace.* C. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord:
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings adored;
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea he framed alone;
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night;
His works are all divine.

4 He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led;
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might:
And gave the tribes a passage through;
His power and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drowned;
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints through desert ground;
Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his sword:

While Israel took the promised land;
And faithful is his word.

8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our wo;
(His goodness never fails;)
From death and hell, and every foe:
And still his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

136

The same. H. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead;

And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

5 His power, and lifted rod,
Cleft the Red Sea in two;
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host, he drowned;
And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.

His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

136 *The same.* L. M.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise:
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

136 *The Mercy of God.* 7s.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. *Milton.*

137 FIRST PART. L. M.

The Desolations of Zion lamented.

1 WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept—with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

4 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.

5 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;

Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.
Tate and Brady.

137 SECOND PART. L. M.

The Church's Complaint.

1 LORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of thy face;
Proud enemies our path surround,
To level Zion with the ground.

2 Errors and sins and follies grow;
Thy saints bow down in deepest wo;
Their love decays, their zeal is o'er,
And thousands walk with Christ no more.

3 To happier days our bosoms turn;
Those days but teach us how to mourn:
The God who bade his mercy flow,
In wrath withdraws his blessings now.

4 The blessing from thy truth withdrawn,
Its quickening, saving influence gone,
Unwarned, unwakened, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.

5 Yet still, thy name be ever bless'd,
On thee our hope shall safely rest;
Zion her Saviour soon shall see
Arrayed to set his people free. *Dwight.*

137 THIRD PART. S. M.

Love to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our bless'd Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,

Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. *Dwight.*

138 *Restoring and Preserving Grace.* L. M.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I 'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels, that make the church their care,
Shall witness my devotions there;
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I 'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I 'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

4 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;

Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

139 FIRST PART. L. M.

The All-seeing God.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthroned in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading vail of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 The vail of night is no disguise,
No screen from thine all-searching eyes:
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,—
Great God, they 're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy;
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin: for God is there.

139 Second Part. L. M.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Formed by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were named,
And what thy sovereign counsels framed,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)
Was copied with unerring art.

4 At last, to show my Maker's name,
God stamped his image on my frame!
And in some unknown moment joined
The finished members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:

Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since, in my advancing age,
I 've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still impressed;
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

139

THIRD PART. L. M.

Sincerity professed, and Grace tried.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will;
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought:
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Does secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
Oh turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

139

FIRST PART. C. M.

God is every where.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;

My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice could break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the West,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
Oh may I ne'er provoke that Power
From which I cannot flee.

139 SECOND PART. C. M.

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possessed,
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care surveyed
The growth of every part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copied by thine art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea and fire and wind
Show me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thine awful glories round me shine;
My flesh proclaims thy praise:
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

139 THIRD PART. C. M.

Ver. 14, 17, 18. *The Mercies of God innumerable.*

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

140 *The Enmity of the Wicked.* S. M.

1 MY God, while impious men,
With malice in their heart,
My peace destroy, my life defame,
Thy guardian grace impart.

2 With poison in their lips,
And with a serpent's tongue,
They sting my fainting soul to death,
And make my name their song.

3 Oh hear my humble cry;
Their fondest hopes destroy;

Their arts confound, their plots disclose,
And blast their envious joy.

4 The Lord, who hates the proud,
Shall scorch the slanderous tongue;
Shall hunt the wicked from the earth,
And well requite their wrong.

5 Thou wilt sustain the poor,
And bid th' afflicted sing;
Before thee shall thy children dwell,
Their Father and their King. *Dwight.*

141 Ver. 2—5. *Deliverance from Sin.* L. M.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I 'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

142 *God the Hope of the Helpless.* C. M.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known;
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints, before his throne,
I poured out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,—
He knows the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers passed me by,
Neglected and unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And called thy mercy near;
"Thou art my portion when I die,—
Be thou my refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend;
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I 've an Almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free;
Then shall I praise thy name:
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

143 *Affliction.* L. M.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succor from thy throne;
Oh make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold, thy servant pleads thy grace:
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen;
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst, like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn:
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave:
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye,
Make haste to help, before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
Oh, might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary powers rejoice!

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my weary soul on high:
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go:
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain:
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

144 FIRST PART. C. M.

Ver. 1, 2. *Assistance and Victory in Spiritual Warfare.*

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine,
Doth my weak courage raise:
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

144 SECOND PART. C. M.

Ver. 3—6. *The Condescension of God.*

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first,
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust;—

2 Oh, what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown—
How wondrous is his love!

144 Ver. 12—15. *The Happy Nation.* L. M.

1 HAPPY the city where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polished stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endowed;
But more divinely bless'd are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

145 *The Greatness of God.* L. M.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream:
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Zion in her courts proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;

And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

145 First Part. C. M.

Ver. 1—7, 11—13. *The same.*

1 LONG as I live I 'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord; his power unknown;
And let his praise be great:
I 'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love:
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

145 Second Part. C. M.

Ver. 7, &c. *The Goodness of God.*

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high; but not confines
His goodness to the skies;

Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

145 THIRD PART. C. M.

Ver. 14—17, &c. *Mercy to Sufferers.*

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel;
He hears his children cry:
And, their best wishes to fulfill,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say
They sought his aid in vain.

7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

146 *Divine Goodness and Truth.* L. M

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

146 *The same.* L. P. M.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust:
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I 'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147 FIRST PART. L. M.

Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;

His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite :
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb ?—
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight :
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

147 SECOND PART. L. M.

A National Psalm.

1 BLESS, O thou western world, thy God,
And make his honors known abroad;
He bids the sea before thee flow,
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

2 Thy children are secure and bless'd ;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest ;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thy early and thy latter rains :
His flakes of snow, like wool, he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground ;
His hail descends with clattering sound ;
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dare defy his dreadful cold ?

5 He bids the southern breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways,
To call his people to his praise.

6 To all thy sons his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land:—Praise ye the Lord.

147 Ver. 7—9, 13—18. *The Seasons of the Year.* C. M.

1 WITH songs and honors, sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters vail the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the ravens cry:
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honors high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground:
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

148 *Universal Praise to God.* H. M.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night
Shine to your Maker's praise,—
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds, that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.

4 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past;
And each his word fulfills,
While time and nature last.
In different ways,
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay;
And still display
Their Maker's power.

6 Ye vapors, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds, that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;—
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honors sing:
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.

9 Virgins and youth, engage
To sound his praise divine;
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung,
By every tongue,
In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

148 Paraphrased. *The same.* L. M.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell

Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note. This Psalm may be sung with the addition of the two following lines to each stanza, viz.

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfill his praise.

2 The Lord—how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee:
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,—
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds and winds and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Vallies, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise, from every hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighboring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore;
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme;
Nature demands a song from you;
While the dumb fish, that cut the stream,
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings;
Oh for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings.

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known:

Loud as his thunder, shout the praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 JEHOVAH—'tis a glorious word:
Oh may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

148 *Universal Praise.* S. M.

1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow;
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise:
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky,
Let his high praise resound;
From humble shrubs and cedars high
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show;
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him who dressed you so.

12 By all the earth-born race,
His honors be expressed:—
But saints, that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King:
Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honors spring.

14 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and withering age
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise:
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him bless'd:
But saints, who dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

148 *Universal Praise.* C. P. M

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:

Lo, heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around,
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
To him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye myriads, sound his awful name
To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy. *Ogilvie.*

149 *The Saints judging the World.* C. M.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, that lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And, like the souls in glory, sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ the judgment seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,
Who humbly loved him here.

7 Then shall they rule, with iron rod,
Nations that dared rebel:
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doomed to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford:
Such honor for the saints remains:—
Praise ye and love the Lord.

150 Ver. 1, 2, 6. *A Song of Praise.* C. M.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise:
His grace he there reveals:
To heaven your joy and wonder raise;
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds:
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bless'd;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

END OF THE PSALMS.

HYMNS.

WORSHIP.

1 *Assembling for Worship.* L. M.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer brings back a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armor on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience galled with inward stings,)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart. *Watts.*

2 *The Blessing of God implored.* C. M.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come
To worship at thy feet;
Oh pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray and praise—to hear
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee. *Hoskins.*

3 *Divine Aid sought.* 7s.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may peace and joy afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart. *Hammond.*

4 *Social Worship.* C. M.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art;
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;

And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place. *Newton.*

5 *Social Worship.* C. M.

1 O THOU in whom thy saints are one,
Permit us now to see,
In this short hour of prayer and praise,
A glimpse of heaven and thee.

2 While with one heart and one desire,
Low at thy feet we kneel,
Oh warm our hearts with heavenly love,
And all thy grace reveal.

3 Thy gracious presence, Lord, alone
Can make our worship bless'd,
Drive from our thoughts a vexing world,
And lay our griefs to rest.

4 Descend and bless our waiting souls,
And meet us as thine own;
And fit us to ascend and praise
Before th' eternal throne.

6 *Assembling for Worship.* L. M

1 ASSEMBLED in thy name, O Lord,
We plead the promise of thy word;
We gather now to seek thy face,—
Oh may thy presence fill the place.

2 When 'mid the sad, forsaken band
Of thy disciples thou didst stand,
Thy voice, divinely speaking "Peace,"
Bade doubt and fear and sorrow cease.

3 Now may we hear the voice of love
Speak peace and pardon from above;
Sweet intercourse with Jesus find,
And prove him powerful, faithful, kind.

4 Oh send us not away unblessed,
For on thy gracious word we rest;
We, sinners, to our Saviour flee,
Helpless and hopeless but in thee. *C.* (*original.*)

7 *The Praises of Heaven.* C. M.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 The saints, from sin for ever free,
There mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

3 There the bless'd followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above
We join th' angelic choir. *Mrs. Steele.*

8 *Invocation of the Saviour.* C. M.

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend;
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich, unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

4 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,

Till life and love and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear. *Mrs. Steele.*

9 *Spiritual Strength implored.* L. M.

1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.
Watts.

10 *The Presence of the Saviour.* L. M.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise
To things unseen beyond the skies.

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens this favored hour—
Let thousands feel thy saving power. *Cowper.*

11 *Sincerity.* C. M.

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our burdened spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;

And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

12 *The Sanctuary.* 7s.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

Newton.

13 *The Courts of the Lord.* S. M.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unvails the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Stennett.

14 *Prayer and Vow.* Gen. xxviii. 19—21. C. M.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Thou through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

Logan

15 *Welcome to Christian Friends.* L. M.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We 'll love and wonder and adore,
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more. *Newton.*

16 *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* S. M.

1 COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:—

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;

He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high. *Watts.*

17 *Worthy the Lamb.* 6. 4.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply—
"Praise ye his name;"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore:
Sing loud for evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 They who surround the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad—
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Jesus our Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;

In him we will rejoice,
Making a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice—
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
Still will we tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing—
"Worthy the Lamb."

18 *The Song of the Redeemed.* S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power:
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel the heart
Ascending with the tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire the song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say—
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Hammond.

19 *Exhortation to Praise.* S. M.

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore. *Montgomery.*

20

Praise to the Saviour. 5. 6.

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud
And honor the Son;
Immanuel's praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right—
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;

All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

21 *Retirement.* C. M

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 Then, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love
She there communes with God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more. *Cowper*

22 *Retirement and Meditation.* L. M.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more:
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;

And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be cleansed and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.
Doddridge.

23 *Prayer for the Divine Presence.* L. M.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Oh warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, blessed Jesus, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee the Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, dearest, fairest one
That eyes have seen, or angels known. *Watts.*

24 *Delight in God.* C. M.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled:
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee. *Mrs. Williams.*

25 *Retirement and Meditation.* L. M.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find. *Watts.*

26 *The Throne of Grace.* H. M.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
And teachest how to pray,
My groveling heart prepare
To wing its heavenward way;
High as thy mercy-seat to rise,
And there pour out its earnest cries.

2 Too oft, when faith is weak,
I fear my prayers are vain;
The blessings which I seek
I scarcely hope to gain;
My wants appear to mount too high;
My hopes, o'erborne with sorrow, die.

3 Lord, give me faith and light,
Humility and love;
And from my feeble sight
The darkening film remove;
Kindle devotion's languid flame,
And bid me come in Jesus' name.

27 *Morning and Evening.* L. M. 6 lines.

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me, with beams of mercy, shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blessed,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh lead me onward to the skies.

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise. *Grant.*

28 *Morning and Evening.* Lam. iii. 23. L. M.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. *Watts.*

29 *Morning Thanksgiving.* C. P. M.

1 ONCE more my eyes behold the day,
And to my God my soul would pay
Its tributary lays;
Oh may the life preserved by thee,
With all its powers and blessings, be
Devoted to thy praise.

2 How many, since I laid me down,
Have launched into a world unknown,
To meet a dreadful doom!
But I am spared to seek thy face,
To hear the message of thy grace,
And to my Saviour come.

3 Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,
To guide my footsteps by thy word,
And lead me in thy way;
And when my days on earth are past,
Oh let me wake with thee at last,
In an eternal day. *Knight.*

30 *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.* C. M.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection bless'd,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

31 *Morning Praise.* C. M.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

3 On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;

Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night. *Watts.*

32 *An Evening Song.* C. M.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

3 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

5 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast. *Watts.*

33 *Evening Thanksgiving.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

4 Let this bless'd hope my eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

Mrs. Steele.

34 *Safety in God.* Ps. iv. 8. L. M.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
Oh may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound. *Watts*

35 *Close of the Day.* 7s.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

36 *Evening Worship.* C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a little band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

3 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thy everlasting love.

4 Oh still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way;
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day. *H. K. White.*

37 *Family Worship.* L. M.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints, in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 Oh may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
While, pleased and thankful, we remove
To join the family above. *Doddridge.*

38 *Delight in God.* C. M.

1 LORD, with our household deign to stay,
And bid our hearts rejoice;

Our willing hearts shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and fear;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, our God, art here.

3 Thou callest us to seek thy face—
Thy face with joy we seek;
Wait for the whispers of thy grace,
And hear what thou dost speak.

4 Thus would we every hour employ,
Till we thy glory see;
Till we partake our Master's joy,
And find our heaven in thee.

C. Wesley, (*alt'd.*)

39 *Dismission.* 8. 7 4.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us, each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey—
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

40 *Dismission.* L. M.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;

Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Hart.

41

Parting Hymn. L. M.

1 NOW, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One closing song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

H. K. White.

42

Prayer at Parting. 7s.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Spare us, that we may, ere long,
Meet and worship thee again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Songs of gladness will we raise;
And our souls shall bless the Lord,
And speak forth his glorious praise. *Newton.*

43

The Saints one in Christ. C. M.

1 BLESS'D be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace
The same in mind and heart—

Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
  Nor life, nor death can part.

4 But let us hasten to the day
  Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
  And we shall part no more. *C. Wesley.*

44 *The Meeting of Friends in Heaven.* 6. 5.

1 WHEN shall we meet again—
  Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
  Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes—
  Never—no, never.

2 When will love freely flow,
  Pure as life's river?
When will sweet friendship glow,
  Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
  Never—no, never.

3 Up to that world of light
  Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
  Happy for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
  Never—no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again—
  Meet ne'er to sever:
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
  Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
  Never—no, never.

45 *Christian Love and Fellowship.* S. M.

1 BLESS'D be the tie that binds
  Our hearts in Christian love;

The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. *Fawcett.*

THE SCRIPTURES.

46 *The Bible precious.* Ps. cxix. 105. C. M.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and heavenly joy imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. *Fawcett.*

47 *Excellence of the Scriptures.* C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there. *Mrs. Steele.*

48 *Prophecy and Inspiration.* L. M.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure. *Watts.*

49 *Joy in the Gospel.* C. M.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 Oh may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand. *Watts.*

50 *Mercy revealed in the Gospel.* L. M.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live. *Beddome.*

51 *The Glory of the Word.* C. M.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;

Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day. *Cowper.*

GOD.

52 *Praise ye him, all his angels.* Ps. cxlviii. 2. L. M.

1 GOD! the eternal, awful name
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.

4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array:
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Speak, (for you feel his burning love,)
What zeal it spreads through all your frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

6 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear. *Watts.*

53 "*The Terrors of the Lord.*" 2 Cor. v. 11. C. M.

1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.

2 His sounding chariots shake the sky;
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

4 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord,
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

5 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm. *Watts.*

54 *Man vain and mortal.* Job iv. 17—21. L. M.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint, and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;

Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare. *Watts*

55 *The Divine Glories above our Reason.* C. M

1 HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Toward the celestial throne;
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings
And climbs above the skies:
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our groveling reason lies.

4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.

5 In humble notes our faith adores
The great, mysterious King;
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string. *Watts.*

56 *The Divine Perfections.* H. M.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend—
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord. *Watts.*

57 *God's eternal Dominion.* C. M.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee. *Watts.*

58 *Sincerity and Hypocrisy.* C. M.

1 GOD is a spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;

In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies;
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

Watts

59 *Divine Sovereignty.* C. M

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

5 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

6 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh may I find my name

Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb. *Watts.*

60 *The Designs of God hidden.* C. M.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark vails of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love:
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 Though but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

5 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise. *Fawcett.*

61 *Sinners in the hand of God.* Rom. ix. 21—24. L. M.

1 BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

2 What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

3 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?

4 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

5 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

6 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world, before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness. *Watts.*

62 *The Divine Purposes.* C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. *Cowper.*

63 *God incomprehensible and sovereign.* L. M.

1 CAN creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:

If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

3 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole,
He calms the tempests of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

4 He frowns—and darkness vails the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of the starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

5 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand? *Watts.*

64 *The Book of God's Decrees.* C. M.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before their God;
Whate'er his sovereign voice has formed
He governs with a nod.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There 's not a sparrow nor a worm
But 's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.

4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness clouds my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concerned,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh may I read my name
Among the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb. *Watts.*

65 *Salvation by Grace in Christ.* 2 Tim. i. 9, 10. L. M.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell—(we bless his name,)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels, doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies!—and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy. *Watts.*

66 *Thanks for Preserving Goodness.* C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;

And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise :
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise. *Addison's Spec.*

67 *The Servants of God safe.* C. M.

1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we 'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee. *Addison's Spec.*

68 *Providence and Grace.* C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah, in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 While sweet reflection, through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favors more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

7 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays;
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise. *Mrs. Steele.*

69 *God our Preserver.* C. M.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we 'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame—
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name,
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath to use our tongues,
Our Maker we 'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more. *Watts.*

70 *Our Life in God's Hand.* C. M.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power,
That raised us with a word;
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To seize our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

Watts.

71 *Trust in God.* S. M.

1 O THOU, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all—
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy wondrous works,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thy all-powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, Lord,
Ten thousand thanks are due;

For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

72 *Strength from Heaven.* Isa. xl. 27—30. C. M.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where 's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we, who wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss;
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is. *Watts.*

73 *Trusting and praising God.* C. M.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Oh magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

5 Oh make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they—and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

Tate and Brady.

74 *"Casting all your Care upon Him."* S. M.

1 WHY wilt thou cast thy care
Upon a feeble arm,
Which, like thy own, doth shrink to bear
Adversity or harm?

2 Why wilt thou cast thy care
Upon an erring heart,
Which hath of secret ills a share,
And dreads affliction's dart?

3 Why wilt thou cast thy care
On any born of clay?
Like flowers beneath the frosty air,
They fade and pass away.

4 But cast thy care on him
Who hath eternal might,
And will not scorn the contrite soul
That trembleth in his sight;

5 Whose glorious throne shall stand
When every star is dim;
Whose tender mercies have no bound—
Yea, cast thy care on him.

Mrs. Sigourney, (original.)

75 *Divine Aid withdrawn.* C. M.

1 A PRESENT God is all our strength,
And all our joy and hope;
When he withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace must droop.

2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts
To court their false embrace,
Till justly this neglected friend
Averts his angry face.

3 He leaves us, and we miss him not,
But go presumptuous on,
Till, baffled, wounded, and enslaved,
We learn that God is gone.

4 And what, my soul, can then remain
One ray of light to give?
Severed from him, their better life,
How can his children live?

5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn:
I would devote these eyes to tears,
Till cheered by his return. *Doddridge.*

76 *Trust in God.* C. M.

1 WHO knoweth of his safety, Lord—
Who here in tents of clay
Doth 'bide the buffet of the storm,
The footsteps of decay;
Whose life by fleeting air is fed,
Whose thread-like nerves do thrill
At every sympathy with pain,
At every thought of ill?

2 Who knoweth of his safety, Lord—
Who o'er the crumbling verge
Of fearful floods, with blinded eyes,
His slippery course doth urge;
Who, dreaming but to pluck the flowers
May on a serpent tread,
And in the glory of his hours
Be numbered with the dead?

3 He knoweth, Lord, whose soul doth rest
On thy eternal might;
The anchor of whose hope is sure,
Though earth eludes his sight;
Who, when the hoarded joys of time
All like a vision fly,
Can, from this falling tent of clay,
Rise to a home on high. *Mrs. Sigourney*, (*orig.*)

77 *The Works of God.* C. M.

1 LORD, when our raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,

All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On us thy providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise. *Mrs. Steele.*

78 *The Condescension of God.* L. M.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

5 Oh, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise. *Watts.*

79 *Trust in the Promises of God.* L. M.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live:

Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

4 Oh for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith;
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

5 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies;
Where the eternal builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains. *Watts.*

80 *The Love of God.* C. P. M.

1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast;
There love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

4 Then let the love that makes me bless'd,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;

And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good. *H. More.*

81 *Disobedience and Ingratitude.* C. M.

1 INFINITE power, eternal Lord,
How mighty is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 Fire, air and earth and stormy sea
Perform thy sovereign will;
And every beast and every tree
Thy great designs fulfill.

3 But ah, how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God;
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 The creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee;
But they have never known thy name,
Nor e'er been loved like me.

5 Great God, create my soul anew;
To thee my powers I bring;
Make all the wheels of nature true,
And govern every spring.

6 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions—love. *Watts.*

82 *God our Father.* C. M

1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains, above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?

Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

5 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more. *Heginbotham.*

83 *The same.* C. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a father's name.

2 My Father—God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive. *Doddridge.*

84 *God the Portion of the Soul.* C. M.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights,—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
And haste to meet my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I 'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through. *Watts.*

85 *God all in all.* Ps. lxxiii. 25. S. M.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

6 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul. *Watts.*

86 *Joy in God.* Ps. lxxiii. 25. C. M.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I 've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!

There 's nothing here deserves my joys,
There 's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And while upon my restless bed
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what 's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more. *Watts*

87 *The Power of God.* C. M

1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;

He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God. *H. K. White.*

CHRIST.

88 *The Advent of Christ.* C. M.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark, the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious angel throng.

6 Oh for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

7 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend;
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end. *Medley.*

89

The Song of the Angels. 8. 7

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo, th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise!

2 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Him, in bursts of praise, they sing;
He hath come, of God appointed
Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 Sinners, learn that song of glory;
Hail the heavenly kingdom nigh:
Spread abroad the wondrous story;
Shout in praise to God most high. *Cawood.*

90

The Incarnation. 7s.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild—
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 Vailed in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

4 Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

5 Sing we then—with angels sing
Glory to the new-born King:
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven. *C. Wesley.*

91

The Star of the East.—Matt. ii. 2. 11. 10.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning—
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining—
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning—
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Heber.

92 *Christ's Ministry.* Luke iv. 18, 19. C. M.

1 HARK—the glad sound—the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield!

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. *Doddridge.*

93 *The Divinity and Humanity of Christ.* L. M.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made,
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When through his eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel. *Watts*

94 *Christ's Mission attested.* L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus does th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies!—the heavens in mourning stood!
He rises—and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine. *Watts.*

95 *Healing Mercy.* C. M.

1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When vailed in human clay,

To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?
2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?—
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.
3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.
4 Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord,—oh save my soul,
For thou alone canst save. *Bradley.*

96 *Repentance at the Cross.* C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
5 But floods of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do. *Watts.*

97 *Redemption Finished.* 8. 7. 4.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and vails the sky!
"It is finished!"—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!"—oh, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb. *Evans.*

98 *Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.* Isa. liii. 6, &c. S. M.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and his breath
Were taken both away;
Joined with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long." *Watts.*

99 *Christ our Example in Suffering.* 7s.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:

Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned:
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen!—he seeks the skies;
Saviour, teach us so to rise. *Montgomery.*

100 *A Look from the Cross.* C. M.

1 I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

4 A second look he gave, which said—
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayst live."

5 Thus, while his death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too. *Newton.*

101 *Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.* 1 Cor. i. 30. L. M.

1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."

3 Our very frame is mixed with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee. *Watts.*

102 *Salvation by Grace.* Tit. iii. 3—7. C. M.

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of His death
Who hung upon the tree,

The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face. *Watts.*

103 *The Lamb of God.* 7. 6.

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Now to thee do I draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of sin, alas, I am,
But to thee for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 No good word, or work, or thought,
I bring to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept, unbought;
Thy proffer I embrace.
Needy, guilty, vile I am,
Yet I know thy love is free;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
At thy cross will I abide,
And give thee there my heart;
When my place above I claim,
I will make the cross my plea;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me. *C. Wesley.* (*alt'd.*)

104 *Crucifixion to the World.* Gal. vi. 14. L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. *Watts.*

105 *Christ our Sacrifice.* S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love. *Watts.*

106 *The Robe of Righteousness.* Isa. lxi. 10. C. M.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.
Watts.

107 *Redemption by Christ.* C. M.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebelled against their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood,—

2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapped his Godhead in a vail
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men;
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honor shall forever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.
Watts.

108 *Glorying in the Cross.* C. M.

1 THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In thee I fix my trust,

Encouraged by thy holy word—
A feeble child of dust:
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
And 'tis enough—the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail;
From strife of tongues and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords—
My Saviour died for me.

3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain—
Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee—
But this—the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

4 And when thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak—
"My Saviour died for me." *Raffles.*

109 *Christ's voluntary Sacrifice.* C. M.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:

There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God—
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord. *Watts.*

110 *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw—and oh, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told. *Watts.*

111 *The Redeemer's Commission.* C. M.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform—
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise. *Watts.*

112 *Gratitude.* L. M

1 THE Lord of life, the Saviour, dies,
For mortal crimes a sacrifice:
What love, what mercy—how divine!
Jesus, and can I call thee mine?

2 Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

3 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart. *Mrs. Steele.*

113 *"Chief among Ten Thousand."* C. M.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine. *Stennett.*

114 *Condescension of Christ.* C. M.

1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes—the Redeemer left his throne—
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy!—love unknown!
To suffer—bleed—and die.

3 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its saving power to me?

4 What glad returns can I impart
For favors so divine?
Oh take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine. *Mrs. Steele.*

115 *Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.* 7s.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Your eternal songs of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Glorious conqueror, through them ride;
King of Glory, mount the throne—
Boundless empire is thy own.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs;
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues. *Gibbons.*

116 *The Resurrection of Christ.* H. M.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay the guards around
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark, as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead; he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And empires gain, beyond the skies.

Doddridge.

117 *The Resurrection of Christ.* 7s.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save. *Collyer.*

118 *Christ's Ascension.* 7s.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves:
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;

Near himself prepares our place,
Great Precursor of our race.

5 What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affections rise,
Foll'wing him beyond the skies. *Madan.*

119 *Jesus glorified.* John vii. 41, 52. 8. 7.

1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus!
Hail! thou "Galilean" King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring;
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding—
Friend and Mediator there.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give;
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

120 *Christ our Intercessor.*—Heb. vii. 25. L. M.

1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the bless'd assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. *Mrs. Steele.*

121 *Confidence in the Intercessor.* H. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,—
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry. *C. Wesley.*

122 *Christ our High Priest.* C. M.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathizing love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide—
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn;
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne. *Doddridge.*

123 *Temptation.* Heb. iv. 16. C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And overflows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour. *Watts.*

124 *The Weeping Saviour.* Luke xix. 41. S. M

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul—
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear ;—
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there. *Beddome.*

125 *Christ the Guardian of his People.* L. M.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
And on his heart his people bears.

2 He who for us a surety stood,
And made the offering of his blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 Our fellow-sufferer still retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears and agonies and cries.

4 With boldness, therefore, at his throne
We come to make our sorrows known ;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour. *Logan.*

126 *Christ the Rock of Ages.* 7s.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. *Toplady.*

127 *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode—
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem. *H. K. White.*

128 *The Covenant with the Redeemer.* C. M.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest. *Watts.*

129 *The Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.* C. M.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heaven prevents the fall. *Watts.*

130 *Earnest Supplication.* 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear thy people when they cry.

2 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—the crown of thorns—
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice—

Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear thy people when they cry.

3 By thy deep expiring groan,
By thy sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumphs o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear thy people when they cry. *Grant*

131 *Christ's unchangeable Love.* Rom. viii. 33, &c. L. M.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.
Watts.

132 *Christ our Righteousness.* Phil. iii. 9. L. M.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While, through thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?

3 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea.
"Jesus hath lived and died for me." *J. Wesley.*

133 *Praise for Salvation.* C. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King. *Watts.*

134 *Christ the Refuge.* 7s.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. *C. Wesley.*

135 *Excellence of Christ.* C. M.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace;
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and praise ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity. *Fawcett.*

136 *Sinners directed to Calvary.* 7s.

1 WEARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Oh believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too—
Find on earth the life of heaven,
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

C. Wesley.

137 *Healing Mercy Implored.* C. M.

1 HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Oh help my unbelief."

3 She too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

Cowper.

138 *Union with Christ.* S. M

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands:
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Since he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He 'll bring his people there. *Doddridge.*

139 *Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* C. M.

1 THOU art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

140 *The Offices of Christ.* C. M.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offered up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.

3 We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways:

His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise. *Watts.*

141 *Christ Crucified.* 7. 6

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu—
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasures I forego,
All thy wealth and all thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more:
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness—
On Jesus to depend,
Daily in his grace to grow,
Ever in his love abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified. *C. Wesley.*

142 *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. P. M

1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine—
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A bless'd eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace. *Medley*

143 *The Name of Jesus precious.* 1 Pet. ii. 7. C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death. *Doddridge.*

144 *Scriptural Titles of Christ.* H. M.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth;
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an *Angel* stands;
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commissioned from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide;*
And, through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side.
Oh let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

6 I love my *Shepherd's* voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names;
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

7 To this dear *Surety's* hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfills
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set!
My *Surety* paid the dreadful debt.

8 *Jesus*, my great *High Priest*,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

10 My dear, Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqu'ror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

12 Should all the hosts of death
And powers of hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe—for *Christ* displays
Superior power, and guardian grace. *Watts.*

145 *The Name of Jesus.* C. M.

1 JESUS—the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky—
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus—the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given—
It scatters all their guilt and fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Oh that a dying world might know
The glory of his name;
My voice shall his salvation show,
And cry—"Behold the Lamb!"

4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Proclaim his love, and cry in death—
"Behold, behold the Lamb!" *C. Wesley.*

146 *Praise to the Saviour.* C. M.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part;
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

Watts.

147 *The Glory and Grace of Christ.* L. M.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul—awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh may I live to reach the place
Where he unvails his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Watts

148 *The Sinner's Friend.* Prov. xviii. 24. 8. 7

1 ONE there is, above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above. *Newton.*

149 *Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.* Rev. v. 12. L. M.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Life, who groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charged with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustained amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, AMEN. *Watts.*

150 *The "New Song."* Rev. v. 6—12. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne:

Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And those the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?

5 He shall fulfill thy great decrees;
The Son deserves it well:
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven and death and hell.

6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour. *Watts.*

151 *Preciousness of the Saviour.* C. M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;

Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. *Newton.*

152 *Christ Crucified—the Wisdom and Power of God.* L. M.

1 NATURE, with open volume, stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

5 Oh the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne. *Watts.*

153 *Preserving Grace.* Jude 24, 25. S. M.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs. *Watts.*

154 *Not Ashamed of Christ.* Mark viii. 38. L. M.

1 JESUS—and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus?—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus?—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
No fear to quell—no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me. *Gregg.*

155 *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.* C. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;

Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down ;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise. *Watts.*

156 *God the Son equal with the Father.* L. M

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat ;
To thee we lift a humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand :
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.

3 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who among the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee ?

4 Yet there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

5 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one ;

Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

6 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord. *Watts.*

157 *Gratitude to the Saviour.* H. M.

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour—God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts—our all to thee we give;
The gift, though small, do thou receive. *Stennett*

158 *Christ's Sufferings and Glory.* L. M

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was the flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Down to this base, this sinful earth
He came, to raise our nature high;
He came t' atone almighty wrath :—
Jesus, the God, was born to die.

4 Hell and its lions roared around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt;
While weighty sorrows pressed him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.

5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty, captive Prisoner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.
Watts

159 *The Love of Christ.* C. M.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
Oh may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say—
"The Saviour died for me."

4 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song. *Mrs. Steele.*

160 *Loving-Kindness.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness—oh how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;

He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness—oh how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness—oh how good!

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies. *Medley*

161 *The Name of Jesus.* H. M.

1 LET earth and heaven combine,
And one high anthem raise,
To sing of love divine,
And shout the Saviour's praise;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus—transporting name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
They look upon his heavenly face,
And study his mysterious grace.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

4 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:

I see my Lord upon the tree,
I know, I feel he died for me.

5 Oh for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all;
Inspire with praise each human tongue,
And wake a universal song. *C. Wesley*, (*alt'd.*)

162 *Characters of Christ.* L. M.

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colors not her own.

3 Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
Oh let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.

4 Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

5 Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

6 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the Morning Star.

7 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

8 Oh let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

9 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

163 *Christ crowned as Lord of all.* C. M.

1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall—
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all. *Duncan.*

164 *Scriptural Titles of Christ.* H. M.

1 WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honor from his word:
Nature and art can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 In *Jesus* we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:

Th' eternal God's eternal Son
Inherits and partakes the throne.

3 The sovereign *King of kings*,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh;
His name is called *The Word of God;*
He rules the earth with iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry *Lamb* resents
The inj'ries of his love;
Awakes his wrath without delay,
As lions roar and tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great *Redeemer* comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and *Life of men:*
Nor will he bear those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our *Immanuel's* heart,
When he descends to act
A *Mediator's* part.
He is a *Friend*, and *Brother*, too;
Divinely kind, divinely true.

7 At length the Lord, the *Judge*,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favorites and friends:
Then shall the saints completely prove
The heights and depths of all his love. *Watts.*

165 *Universal Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. *Watts.*

166 *The Mediation of Christ.* S. M.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its Chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name. *Watts.*

167 *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise ;

The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the sinner's heavy chain;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood removes the guilty stain—
His blood availed for me.

5 Believe—and ye his grace shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven,
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven. *C. Wesley.*

168 *Pardon and Peace.* Matt. ix. 2. C. M.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the word of peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm my ear
Like the sweet harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I 'll tread;
Cheerful I 'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand which scatters pardons down
Shall crowns of life bestow. *Doddridge*

169 *The Saviour.* C. M.

1 THE Saviour—oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God!

4 Oh the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All. *Mrs. Steele.*

170 *The Plan of Salvation.* L. M.

1 THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love designed,
Employs and fills my laboring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love;
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And vails the God in mortal clay.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans!
The Prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of glory bows to death!

5 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood;
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love. *Watts.*

171 *God Reconciled in Christ.* C. M.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God—
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust. *Watts.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

172 *Invocation of the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord—and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

173 *Reviving Influence.* S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams divine
Rise on our sorrow and our gloom,
And in our darkness shine.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercy of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole. *Hart*, (*alt'd.*)

174 *Divine Illumination.* 8. 7.

1 HOLY Ghost—dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light.

2 Hear, oh hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of Peace;
Rest upon this congregation,
With th' abundance of thy grace.

3 Author of our new creation—
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love. *Toplady.*

175 *Regeneration.* John i. 13. C. M.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind.
Breathes on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath. *Watts.*

176 *The Operations of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind. *Watts.*

177 *Renewing Grace.* C. M.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?

'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. *Mrs. Steele.*

178 *The Dry Bones.* Ezek. xxxvii. 3. L. M.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

3 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move—they waken—they rejoice.
Doddridge.

179 *Total Depravity.* Eph. ii. 3.—Rom. v. 12, &c. C. M.

1 BACKWARD, with humble shame, we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that 's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that 's ill;
What dreadful darkness vails our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,

While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

4 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust. *Watts.*

180 *Divine Love.* Rom. v. 5. 8. 7.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus—thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us now thy life receive:
Suddenly return, and never—
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. *C. Wesley.*

181 *Prayer for Sanctification.* 7s.

1 GRACIOUS Father, hear thy child,
Now in Jesus reconciled;
Let me now behold thy face—
Triumph in thy saving grace;
Pour thy graces from above,
Hope and joy and peace and love.

2 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow:

Hear my Advocate divine;
Lo, his powerful plea is mine;
Can his intercession fail?
Shall I not in him prevail?

3 Holy Spirit—Life Divine,
Come and make this temple thine;
Shed thy light throughout my soul,
Move and actuate the whole;
Spring of life—thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart. *C. Wesley.*

182 *Praise for recovering Grace.* 8. 7.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming hosts above;
I would chant, with heavenly pleasure,
Praises to thy boundless love.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be:
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart, oh take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above. *Robinson.*

183 *A Good Conscience.* L. M.

1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere—
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,
Oh make these sacred pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should my eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all its terrors, near;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

Heginbotham

184 *Divine Guidance implored.* L. M

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. *Browne*

185 *Prayer for Sanctification.* S. M

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days. *Beddome.*

186 *The Promise of the Spirit.* H. M.

1 O THOU who hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou,
We children of thy grace—
Oh let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place:
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

5 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And the whole earth become
The temple of thy grace,
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

187 *Prayer for spiritual Guidance.* 7s.

1 HOLY Spirit, from on high
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

3 Other ground-work should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above. *Bathurst.*

188 *Assurance.* Rom. viii. 14, 16. C. M.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home. *Watts.*

189 *The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkness.* 8s.

1 DESCEND, Holy Spirit, the Dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest.
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load,
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his conscience with blood.

2 If, when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned,
Thy goodness has been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned—

O Spirit of pity and grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to grieve thee no more. *Rippon.*

190 *The Spirit entreated not to depart.* L. M.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land. *C. Wesley.*

191 *Fear of Grieving the Spirit.* C. M.

1 AND shall I still the Spirit grieve,
And still reject his call?
Oh, will he not the rebel leave
In sin's dark way to fall?

2 Shall I the heavenly Friend refuse,
And drive him from my heart?
His warnings and his love abuse,
And bid him hence depart?

3 Will he not justly give me o'er,
Though ready now to save?
Will he not bar the heavenly door,
When I his pity crave?

4 "Depart"—will he at last reply?
Oh, may I now attend;
Now to the cross for mercy fly,
And make my God my friend. *S. (orig.)*

THE GOSPEL.

192 *The Gospel Invitation.* C. M.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;—
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open, night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away. *Watts.*

193 *Sinners Invited to Christ.* Matt. xi. 28. 8. 7. 4.

1 COME, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Lo, th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same. *Hart.*

194 *The Gospel Feast.* C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father, reconciled,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home. *Mrs. Steele.*

195 *The accepted Time.* 2 Cor. vi. 2. S. M.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
Dobell

196 *The Saviour's Invitation.* John vii. 37. C. M.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.
Mrs. Steele.

197 *"Yet there is room."* H. M.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Sunk deep in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you;
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay;
No vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinners, come;
For every trembling soul there 's room.

3 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering souls, draw near;

Christ calls you from above—
His charming accents hear;
Let whosoever will, now come;
In mercy's arms there still is room. *Boden.*

198 *The Gospel Feast.* C. M.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Can such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name. *Doddridge.*

199 *"The word is nigh thee."* Rom. x. 6—8. 7. 6.

1 SAY not, sinner, in thy heart—
"Who shall ascend on high,
Call on Christ to take my part,
And bring him from the sky?"
Say not, in thy unbelief—
"Who will to the depths descend,
Tell the burdened sinner's grief,
And bring the sinner's Friend?"

2 No, the gracious word of faith
Hath taught thee better things;
"Inward turn thine eye," it saith,
While Christ to thee it brings:
Christ is ready to impart
Light and life to those who sigh;
"In thy mouth and in thy heart,
The word is ever nigh." *C. Wesley, (alt'd.)*

200 *The Heavy-laden invited.* L. M.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;

I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest, who learn of me;
I 'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will. *Watts.*

201 *The Self-righteous invited.* C. M.

1 YE perishing and naked poor,
Who work, with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;—

2 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.

3 Great God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins! *Watts.*

202 *The Voice of Free Grace.* 12s.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation."

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us our pardon;
We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy—and can you forbear?

Though your sins have arisen as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.

3 Bless'd Jesus, thou reignest exalted and glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art ever victorious;
Thy name will we praise in the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to thee our salvation.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we 'll praise thee the more;
We 'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

Thornby.

203 *The Sinner called.* S. M.

1 RETURN and come to God;
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled, and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call;
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come then, whoever will,
Come while 'tis called to-day;
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey. *Doane.*

204 *"Behold, I stand at the Door."* Rev. iii. 20. L. M.

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and open hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart, and ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand,
When at his door denied you 'll stand. *Gregg.*

205 *"Return unto the Lord."* Isa. lv. 7. L. M.

1 RETURN, O wand'rer, now return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near. *Collyer.*

206 *Pardon and Peace offered.* 7s.

1 YE who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

207 *The Invitation.* Rev. xxii. 17, 20. S. M.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come."

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
Jesus, our Saviour, come.

208 *The Weary invited.* L. M.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
Oh come, and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes:
Pardon and life and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice. *Mrs. Steele.*

209 *The Gospel Invitation.* Isa. lv. 1. L. M.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

2 Ye nothing in exchange can give;
Leave all ye have and are, behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all. *J. Wesley.*

210 *The Gospel Message.* 8. 7. 4.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—oh how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim—
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!—
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, groveling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word—
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you—
Take the warnings they afford. *Littleton.*

211 *Peace to the troubled Soul.* L. M. 6 lines.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Has taught each scene the note of wo;

Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburthen here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God;
Thy God 's thy Saviour—glorious word!
Oh hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

212 *Life the Day of Salvation.* Ec. ix. 4—6, 10. L. M.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that 's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there. *Watts.*

213 *The Alarm.* 7. 6.

1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?

Once again we charge you—stop;
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Soon relentless death will come,
To drag you to his bar;
Then, to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye,
Each for vengeance crying loud—
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel;
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
"Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from his face." *Newton.*

214 *Few saved.* Luke xiii. 23. S. M.

1 DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living gate:
But those who will not leave their sin,
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Encompassed by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They say so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5 But hear the Saviour's word,
"Strive for the heavenly gate;
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late."

6 Oh hear the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ is always small,
Yet none are safe but they.

7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee. *Newton.*

215 *"Why will ye die?"* 7s.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God who did you being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve—
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
Now his influence from above
Moves you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die? *C. Wesley.*

216 *Frailty and Thoughtlessness.* C. M.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senselessly vain mortals strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God, from on high, invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

Watts.

217 *The Danger of Delay.* 7s.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be bless'd;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

5 Lord, do thou the sinner turn;
Rouse him from his senseless state;

Let him not thy counsel spurn,
And lament his choice too late.

218 *The Uncertainty of Life.* S. M.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by thy mighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care—
Oh, be it now pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night. *Doddridge.*

219 *Repentance commanded.* Acts xvii. 30. C. M.

1 REPENT, (the voice celestial cries,)
No longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 Ye sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

3 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep and love and praise. *Doddridge.*

220 *Youth and Judgment.* Eccl. xi. 9. L. M.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire;

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through;
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord. *Watts.*

221 *Sinners warned and entreated.* C. M.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo!

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;

His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood. *Fawcett.*

222 *Advice to Youth.* Eccl. xii. 1, 7. L. M.

1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say—"My joys are gone."

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love. *Watts.*

223 *The Scoffer's Mistake.* C. M.

1 YE scoffers, your expiring breath
Consigns your souls to chains;
By the last agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you 'll find
Immortal vigor spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind.

3 Then you 'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorned before,
No more appear like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

4 Then will you curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues,)
When you exchanged your souls away
For vanity and songs. *Watts.*

224 *Warning to the Sinner.* Ezek. xxii. 14. 7s.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgments stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence, nature shakes;
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax—
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us, by thy grace,
For that day when thou shalt come;
Be our shield and hiding-place,
And receive us, ransomed, home. *Newton.*

225 *The Ark.* L. M.

1 THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallowed the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echoed from the lowering sky.

3 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steered him through.

4 So I may sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall,
Conscious how high my hopes are fixed,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

5 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat;

Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

6 Nor wreck, nor ruin, there is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls. *Doddridge*

226 *"Where their worm dieth not."* 8. 7.

1 SINNER, can you slight the Saviour,
Press your downward way to hell,
Sink your priceless soul for ever,
Where the lost in anguish dwell?

2 Conscience is a worm undying,
Guilt an everlasting fire;
Hope, its blessed beam denying,
Must from that dark world retire.

3 In that prison, endless moanings,
Blasphemies, and madness dwell;
Chains of darkness, shrieks and groanings—
This, O sinner, this is hell. *B. H. P.* (*orig.*)

227 *Power of the Gospel.* Rom. i. 16. L. M.

1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we have our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
Which save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace—we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord. *Watts.*

228 *Restoration by Christ.* C. M.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!

And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But the inviting voice of grace
Sounds from the sacred word—
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all. *Watts.*

229

Redeeming Love. 7s.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme—
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

3 Ye, alas, who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin—
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

230 *The Ark.* S. M.

1 OH cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Oh haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
Thy every longing satisfied—
With full salvation bless'd.

231 *The Blessings of the Gospel.* L. M.

1 THE gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

2 Where Satan reigned, in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

3 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage. *Watts*

232 *The Gospel proclaimed.* H. M.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide,
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breathed on every side;
Balmy and rich the odors rise,
And fill the earth and reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel, and live;

Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive;
They breathe anew, and rise and sing
Jesus the Lord, their conquering King.

3 But sinners scorn the grace
That brings salvation nigh;
They turn away their face,
And faint, and fall, and die.
So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore,
For oh, they fall to rise no more. *Doddridge.*

233 *Happy Poverty.* Matt. v. 3. L. M.

1 YE humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely bless'd,
The sacred words of truth attest.

2 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are *theirs;* a kingdom *yours:*—

3 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies.

4 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

5 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer;
Reveal, confirm my interest there;
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.

6 Oh, let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine:
Enrolled among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more. *Mrs. Steele*

234 *The Faithfulness of God.* C. M.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing—
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

7 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more. *Watts*

235 *Salvation by Grace.* S. M

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. *Doddridge.*

236 *The Glory of Redemption.* Isa. xliv. 23. C. M.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

3 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone—
The justice or the grace.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue. *Watts.*

237 *The three Mounts.* 7s.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest—
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary. *Montgomery.*

238 *The Blood of Christ.* Rev. i. 5. C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. *Cowper.*

239 *Christ our Light and Salvation.* S. M.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls, in vain:
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;

Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood. *Watts.*

240 *Praise for Salvation.* C. M.

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. *Watts*

241 *God glorified in the Gospel.* C. M

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power and truth and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys. *Watts.*

242 *The Fountain of Life.* C. M.

1 OH, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!

Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

3 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless. *Medley.*

243 *The Soul.* Mark viii. 36. C. M.

1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round—
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found?

2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain—
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain. *Montgomery.*

244 *The one thing needful.* C. M.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 Oh may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere. *Fawcett.*

245 *Law and Grace.* Rom. iii. 19—22. C. M.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just. *Watts.*

246 *Reception of the Gospel.* 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. C. M.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;

But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain. *Watts.*

247 *The Success of the Gospel.* L. M.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields and spears and swords.

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go, spread the mystery of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low.

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of Grace, my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word. *Watts.*

248 *Sowing the Seed.* S. M.

1 SOW in the morn the seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout—"harvest home."

249 *The Apostles' Commission.* Mark xvi. 15, &c. L. M

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned that won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go, heal the sick; go, raise the dead;
Go, cast out devils in my name:
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end:
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake,—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God. *Watts.*

250 *After Sermon.* C. M.

1 NOW, Lord, the gospel seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant, without thy aid,
And water, too, in vain;

Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine—
"Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine." *Rippon.*

251 *The Same.* C. M.

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest bless'd,
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plund'rers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky. *Heber.*

252 *The Same.* H. M.

1 ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise. *Newton.*

253 *The Same.* 8. 7.

1 OF thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless the word which has been spoken,
And thy saving grace bestow.

2 Give us hearts resolved, believing;
Plant in us thy holy fear;
That, with joy thy word receiving,
We may do, as well as hear. *Kelly.*

THE SINNER.

254 *Lost State of Man.* S. M.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

255 *The Deceitfulness of Sin.* C. M.

1 SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind:
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.
Watts

256 *The worldly Mind.* L. M.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side, by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined. *Watts.*

257 *Satan's various Temptations.* C. M.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms;
I hate his flattering breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades *how easy 'tis*
To walk the road to heaven;
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
They cannot be forgiven.

4 He bids young sinners *yet forbear*
To think of God or death;
For praying and devotion are
But melancholy breath.

5 He tells the aged *they must die,*
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit;

And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell. *Watts.*

258 *A Living and a Dead Faith.* C. M.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin. *Watts.*

259 *Time and Eternity.* C. P. M.

1 LO, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late—
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thy utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love. *C. Wesley.*

260 *Conviction by the Law.* Rom. vii. 8, 9. C. M.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thy eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save:
To break the bonds of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave. *Watts.*

261 *The evil Heart.* Matt. xv. 19. S. M.

1 ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn my eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These inward foes subdue;
Dispel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise. *Toplady.*

262 *The Heart of Stone.* Ezek. xxxvi. 26. L. M.

1 OH for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 But power divine the heart can move,
And melt to penitence and love:
Spirit of Grace, the work is thine;
Oh move and melt this heart of mine. *Hart.*

263 *Seeking Rest.* S. M.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

3 What worldly tie must break?
What idol yet depart,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Oh break the fatal chain,
And all my bonds remove;
Nor let one bosom-sin remain,
To keep me from thy love. *C. Wesley.*

264 *Self-righteousness insufficient.* Isa. l. 10, 11. L. M.

1 "WHERE are the mourners," saith the Lord,
"Who wait and tremble at my word,
Who walk in darkness all the day?
Come, make my name your trust and stay.

2 "No works nor duties of your own
Can for the smallest sin atone;
The robes that nature may provide
Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 "The softest couch that nature knows
Can give the conscience no repose:
Look to my righteousness and live;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.

4 "Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
With your own hands, to warm your souls,
Walk in the light of your own fire,
Enjoy the sparks that ye desire:

5 "This is your portion at my hands,
Hell waits you with her iron bands;
Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
In death, in darkness, and despair." *Watts.*

265 *Light dawning on the convicted Soul.* S. M.

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;

I feel, alas, that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I 'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

Cowper.

266

"Behold, I am vile." Job xl. 4. S. M.

1 O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin?

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas, in every part,
What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And lisp thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurried soon away,
My soul is put to shame.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Lord, I believe that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I

6 Low at thy feet I bow;
Oh pity and forgive;
Here will I lie and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live. *Newton.*

THE SUPPLIANT.

267 *The Suppliant.* 8. 7.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, oh send me quick relief.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

4 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thy arm be now revealed,
Stay, oh stay me, lest I fall.

5 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love. *Turner.*

268 *Ingratitude of the sinful Heart.* C. M.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admittance sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barred?

4 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power,
The lodging has possessed;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly guest.

5 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in;
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin. *Mrs. Steele.*

269 *Ingratitude lamented.* S. M.

1 IS this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe—
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise. *Watts.*

270 *The Divine Patience.* C. M.

1 AND are we, wretches, yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries—"Forbear"—
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey:
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away. *Watts.*

271 *Confession.* 7s.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, oh hear the sinner's cry,
Frown not lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with thee there 's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound;
Soothe, oh soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest. *Raffles.*

272 *Review of the Past.* C. M.

1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?—
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, O my Saviour, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
Oh speed my soul to thee. *Middleton.*

273 *In-dwelling Sin Lamented.* C. M.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace, oh break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty God, thy arm,
And haste to rescue me. *Stennett.*

274 *The Contrite Heart.* S. M.

1 LORD, I would now repent—
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart:

2 A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till washed in Jesus' blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;

Strike, with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone. *C. Wesley.*

275 *The Penitent.* C. M.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live. *Stennett.*

276 *Hatefulness of Sin.* C. M.

1 OH, if my soul were formed for wo,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I 'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too. *Watts.*

277 *Confession and Pardon.* S. M.

1 MY sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

2 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies!
And yet, and yet, oh matchless grace,
Thy thunder silent lies.

3 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
Submit my soul, my all, to thee,
And weep, and love, and die.

4 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise;
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred crimson flood
To wash away thy stains."

5 See, God is reconciled!
Behold his smiling face!
Let sinners in his love rejoice,
And sound aloud his grace.

Watts.

278 *The contrite Prayer.* S. M.

1 FATHER, a weary heart
Hath come to thee for peace;
The world hath not the healing art
To bid its troubles cease;
It brings before thy throne
Its weight of wo and care;
Do thou accept its pleading tone—
The contrite sinner's prayer.

2 Father—it hath rebelled,
Hath wandered from thy path,
Nor heeded when the thunder swelled,
The tempest of thy wrath;
But now, a bruised thing,
Neglected, pale, and bare,
Lo, at thy footstool it doth bring
The contrite sinner's prayer.

3 Father, it bends before
Thy throne among the bless'd;

Peace to the wretched heart restore,
Give to the weary rest:
Through Christ's atonement given,
It trusteth yet to share
The glorious heritage of heaven,
By lowly, contrite prayer. *Mrs. Esling*, (*orig.*)

279 *The Rebel subdued by Mercy.* C. P. M.

1 LORD, to thy mercy now I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thy own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

3 My will conformed to thine would move,
On thee my hope, desire, and love,
In fixed attention join:
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine. *Newton.*

280 *Mercy implored.* C. M.

1 MERCY alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me, for none beside can save;
At thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave;
The wave goes o'er my head.

3 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me? No:
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide:

Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven on thy side.

5 To this, this only, will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe:
Have mercy, Lord, on me. *Montgomery.*

281 *Prayer for spiritual Healing.* C. M.

1 PHYSICIAN of the sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 I would disclose my whole complaint;
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper—sin.

3 Pity the anguish I endure,
And save by power divine;
For never can I find a cure
From any hand but thine.

4 Thou great Physician, hear my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Thou wilt not let the sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee. *Newton.*

282 *The Burden of Sin.* L. M.

1 OH that my load of sin were gone!
Oh that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee. *C. Wesley.*

283 *Pleading in the Name of Jesus.* L. M. 6 lines.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Oh hear a humble suppliant's cry;

Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
Oh deign to hear my mournful voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merit of my own,
No worth to claim thy gracious smile;
No—when I bow before thy throne,
And dare converse with God awhile,
Thy name, bless'd Jesus, is my plea,
The dearest, sweetest name to me.

3 Within this heart of mine I feel
The weight of sin's oppressive load:
Oh help me, or I sink to hell,
Crushed by thy arm, avenging God;
Where not a ray of hope appears,
Or beam of joy my bosom cheers.

4 Yet, mighty God, thy powerful arm
Can snatch me from that dread abode;
Can shield me from th' impending harm,
And ease me of my heavy load:
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

5 Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
Oh listen to a sufferer's voice,
And make this bleeding heart rejoice. *Raffles.*

284 *Pleading for Mercy.* C. M.

1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love:
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 'Tis mercy—mercy we implore,
Oh may thy pity move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

4 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, soon relieve.

5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To re-possess thy throne. *Browne.*

285 *The Resolve.* Esth. iv. 16. C. M.

1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he will command my touch—
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must for ever die. *Jones.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

286 *The new Birth.* John iii. 7. C. P. M

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:

My hopes were by that precept slain—
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo.

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain—
The sinner must be born again—
And terror filled my mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load;
Alas, I read, and saw it plain—
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus vanquished death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain—
The sinner must be born again—
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love. *Occum.*

287 *A Sinner submitting to God.* L. M.

1 WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease:
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but do not feel;
Nor shall I till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here then to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

288 *Faith victorious.* 8s.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives—
Redemption in full through his blood.
The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy, or name—
The work of God's Spirit it is.

2 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell—
It overcomes heaven by prayer;
Permits a vile worm of the dust
With God to commune as a friend;
His promise of mercy to trust,
And look for his love to the end.

3 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand between God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in spirit makes whole;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light. *Hart.*

289 *The Pharisee and the Publican.* Luke xviii. 10, &c. L. M.

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;

The humble soul with grace he crowns,
While on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Joined with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son. *Watts.*

290 *Self-righteousness renounced.* C. M.

1 HOW long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toiled the precept to obey,
But toiled without success.

2 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

3 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice. *Cowper.*

291 *Self-consecration.* 6. 4.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Bless'd Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul. *R. Palmer.*

292 *Grace.* C. M.

1 AMAZING grace, (how sweet the sound,)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
But grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace. *Newton.*

293 *Joy in Heaven.* Luke xv. 7, 10. L. M.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King. *Watts.*

294 *Outward Forms Vain.* C. M.

1 LONG did I seem to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;

Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
Oft near thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw
And height of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see
I vainly toiled and strove;
For what are outward works to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made:
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

6 Now on thy grace I build my hope,
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up,
For thou must make it new. *C. Wesley.*

295 *Fleeing to Christ as a Refuge.* C. P. M.

1 O THOU who hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
And thy atoning blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart—
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4 Then will the king of terrors be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I 'll mount, I 'll fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day. *Toplady.*

296 *Self-righteousness renounced.* L. M.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done. *Watts.*

297 *Safety at the Cross.* L. M.

1 HERE, at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus—nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that 's my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honors to his name. *Watts.*

298 *The Disciple at the Cross.* 8. 7.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station—
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death. *Robinson.*

299 *Forsaking all for Christ.* Mark x. 28. 8. 7

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known—
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;

Life with trials hard may press me,
  Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
  While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
  Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
  Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
  Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
  Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
  Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
  Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
  God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
  Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
  Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. *Grant.*

300 *Self-Dedication.* L. M.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
  Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,
I yield to thee beyond recall;
Accept thy own, so long withheld;
Accept what I so freely yield.

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

4 Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform:

Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend. *Davies.*

301 *Gratitude and Self-Consecration.* C. M.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all. *Watts.*

302 *Covenant with God.* L. M.

1 OH happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
And echo through his courts above.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the call divine.

4 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
From all my idols now I part,
And welcome Jesus to my breast.

5 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. *Doddridge.*

303 *Old things passed away.* 2 Cor. v. 17. C. M.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes, though of sinners I 'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still. *Newton.*

304 *The New Covenant Sealed.* C. M.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good,"
He said—and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine:
My life and soul—my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;

'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will;
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal. *Watts.*

305 *Self-Consecration.* L. M.

1 OH sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string;
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel lips can sing.

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus—thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thy offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
Oh keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright immortal throng.
R. Palmer, *(orig.)*

306 *Renouncing the World.* H. M

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But oh, thou must consent, my heart.

3 Ye fair enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell:
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherished joys of early years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 Oh may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare;
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart. *Jane Taylor*

307 *"Seek ye first," &c.* Matt. vi. 33. C. M.

1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories dressed.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each groveling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought;
Oh spring to seize immortal joys,
Which your Redeemer bought.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view. *Doddridge.*

308 *Parting with earthly Joys.* L. M.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss;

That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
Oh for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll:
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul. *Watts.*

309 *Self-denial.* Luke ix. 23. C. M.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I 'd glory in my gain. *Beddome.*

310 *"Without God in the world."* C. M.

1 NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own:
But death comes hastening on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine. *Watts.*

311 *The happy Choice.* Ruth i. 16. 7s.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unbless'd;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign. *Montgomery.*

312 *The Pearl of great Price.* C. M.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
Oh name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I 'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

4 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the gift that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine. *Mrs. Steele.*

313 *Worldly Allurements.* C. M.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good. *Watts.*

314 *Parting with earthly Joys.* C. M.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.

3 There 's nothing round the spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,

Brings his own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I 'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,
And there my smiling God. *Watts.*

315 *Love to the Redeemer* 8s.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I 'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away;
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer is mine. *Francis.*

316 *The same.* John xxi. 15. C. M.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, gracious Lord;
But oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more. *Doddridge.*

317 *The presence of the Comforter.* L. M.

1 SURE the bless'd Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?

3 And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above. *Mrs. Steele.*

318 *Religion vain without Love.* 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3. L. M

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the hungry—clothe the poor,

Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;—

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill. *Watts.*

319 *Christ a King.* C. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
Ye that have e'er beheld his face,
Can ye forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies. *Mrs. Steele.*

320 *Confidence in the Saviour.* C. M.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting breast supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
Oh come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above. *Mrs. Steele.*

321 *Comforts under Sorrows and Pains.* L. M.

1 NOW let the Lord, my Saviour, smile,
And show my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But oh, it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still, while he frowns, his mercies move:
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impressed,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
While here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill. *Watts.*

322 *Jesus precious.* 1 Pet. ii. 7. C. M.

1 BLESS'D Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,

How is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ear,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord—for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No—thou art precious to my heart—
My portion and my joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

6 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine,
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine. *Heginbotham.*

323 *The Presence of Christ the Life of the Soul.* L. M

1 HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my Sovereign Judge,
Should frown and bid my soul "Depart!"

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learned no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,

How dull the night; how sad the shade;
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food. *Watts.*

324 *Love to God.* C. M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease:
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God. *Watts.*

325 *"Patient in Tribulation."* 8. 6.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Oh, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet—
'Tis sweet to plead in prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be near, and smile on me.

3 Then blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:

Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys. *Conder.*

326 *Submission.* Job i. 21. C. M.

1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives—and (blessed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead. *Watts*

327 *Confidence in God.* L. M.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still,
Nor let a murmuring thought arise—
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confess'd
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God. *Beddome.*

328 *The Covenant of Mercy.* C. M.

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall be my strength and stay;
Shall cheer my passage to the tomb,
And guide to endless day. *Doddridge.*

329 *Happiness in God.* C. M.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end." *Mrs. Steele.*

330 *"It is the Lord."* 1 Sam. iii. 18. C. M.

1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who gives me all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

4 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name;
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

5 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No—gracious God—take what thou wilt,
To thee I all resign. *Green.*

331 *Submission to God.* C. M.

1 MY God, my Father, blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good and just and wise;
Oh bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care. *Mrs. Steele.*

332 *Resignation.* C. M.

1 ALL-WISE, all-mighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown, or understood,
Are merciful and just.

2 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe,
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

3 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?

No, let me bless thy name, and say—
"The Lord is gracious still."

4 A pilgrim, through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

5 Write but my name upon the roll
Of thy redeemed above,
Then with my heart, and strength, and soul,
I 'll love thee for thy love. *Montgomery.*

333 *The Peace of God.* Ps. lxxxv. 8. C. M.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo, the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er. *Doddridge.*

334 *Refuge in God.* C. M.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet. *Mrs. Steele*

335 *Trusting in God in Affliction.* Job v. 6—8. C. M

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance!

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please. *Watts.*

336 *Assurance.* Jer. xxxi. 3. L. M. 6 lines.

1 JESUS, I know, hath died for me—
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear—
Mercy is all that 's written there.

2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

3 Fixed on this rock will I remain,
When heart shall fail, and flesh decay;—

A rock which shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love. *Moravian.*

337 *Saints in the Hand of Christ.* John x. 28, 29. C. M.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest. *Watts.*

338 *Trust in the Saviour.* L. M.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thy everlasting word—
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure:
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build—and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands:
Not all the powers of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose:
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine. *Mrs. Steele.*

339 *Divine Support and Guidance.* L. M.

1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
Oh burst these bonds and set it free.

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
Oh let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease.
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Moravian.

340 *Hope encouraged.* Ps. xlii. 5. 8. 7. 4.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And confide in him alone.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus never will forget thee,
But will break the power of sin:
He is faithful—
Thou the victory shalt win.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee—
Guide thee to his bless'd abode—
Bring thee, ransomed,
To thy home, thy heaven, thy God. *Fawcett.*

341 *Christ our Strength.* 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10. L. M.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song. *Watts.*

342 *Christian Confidence.* 2 Tim. i. 12. C. M.

1 I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause—
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What I 've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place. *Watts.*

343 *The Fearful encouraged.* S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care begone.

4 What though thou rulest not;
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
How wise; how strong his hand. *Moravian*

344 *Remember me.* C. M

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my sad and burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
I 'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
And, Lord, remember me.

6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
Dear Lord, remember me. *Haweis.*

345 *Strength equal to the Day.* 7s.

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,

Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of my case
Seem peculiar still to me,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession I may see;
Daily this is my relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I 'm secure,
With thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

346

"My Redeemer liveth." C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever pleads for me:
Salvation to his saints he gives,
And life and liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He will perform the work begun;
He will his own defend;
Will give me strength my course to run,
And love me to the end.

4 Lord, I believe, and rest secure
In confidence divine;
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And all thou art is mine. *C. Wesley.*

347

Confidence in preserving Grace. 8s.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below or above
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes—I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

348 *Delight in God.* C. M.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Oh that I had a stronger faith
To look within the vail,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more. *Ryland.*

349 *Prayer for spiritual Strength.* 7. 6.

1 NEAR me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour;
Save me with thy outstretched hand,
And show forth all thy power;
Oh be mindful of thy word;
All-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart:
Sin be more than hell abhorred,
Faith resist the tyrant foe;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Never let me leave thy breast,
Or from my Saviour stray;
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;
My exceeding great reward,
Mine above, and mine below;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go. *C. Wesley.*

350 *Fear not.* C. M

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting:
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just. *Beddome.*

351 *"Casting all your care,"* &c. 1 Pet. v. 7. S. M.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his powerful sway
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Will guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Renewed from day to day;
I 'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away. *Doddridge.*

352 *Prayer for Submission.* C. M.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both—
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth?

5 But ah, my inward spirit cries—
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that vails my skies
Will drive these thoughts away. *Cowper.*

353 "*Trust ye in the Lord.*" Isa. xxvi. 4. C. M.

1 WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, bless'd Saviour, to thy throne,
And stay my heart on thee.

2 When clouds of dark temptation rise,
And pour their wrath on me,
To thee, for aid, I turn my eyes,
And fix my trust on thee.

3 When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to thee.

4 Lord—" not my will, but thine be done :"
My soul, from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at thy throne,
And trust alone in thee. *B. H. P.* (*orig.*)

354 "*What shall I render?*" Ps. cxvi. 12. C. M.

1 FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I 'll make
For all he has bestowed—
Salvation's sacred cup I 'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more. *Newton*

355 *Everlasting Praise.* C. M.

1 YES—I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day. *Heginbotham.*

356 *"The good Shepherd."* C. M.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to sing thy praise.

2 But oh, what mortal tongue can speak
A subject so divine,
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine?

3 My life, my joy, my hope I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

5 Nay, should I walk through death's dark vale
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.

6 Lead on, dear Shepherd—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there. *Heginbotham.*

357 *Sickness and Recovery.* C. M.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;

Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thy arm of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my all resign;
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come;
Nor will I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee. *Doddridge.*

358 *The Tribute of Gratitude.* C. M.

1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair,
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas, the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

5 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair;

And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the sufferer's care.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan's tear be dry;
The sinner hear the call of love,
And find a Saviour nigh. *Boden.*

359 *Sin and Darkness deplored.* Ps. li. 12. C. M.

1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed;
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God—
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. *Cowper*

360 *The Believer in Darkness.* 7s.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;

Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour.
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul;
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

Newton.

361 *Mourning over Declension.* C. M.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee—no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

7 Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,
And I am drowned in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;

Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

Watts.

362 *"Will ye also go away?"* John vi. 67. C. M.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say—
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.

5 What anguish has that question stirred—
"And wilt thou also go?"
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer—no.

Newton.

363 *Prayer for Divine Light.* 7s.

1 OH reveal thy lovely face;
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers;
Haste, my Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee:

Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.
3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. *C. Wesley.*

364 *The Smile of the Saviour withdrawn.* H. M.

1 WHERE is the Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possessed?
Till he return, I bow,
By heaviest grief oppressed;
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.
2 Where can the mourner go
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah, who can soothe his wo,
And give him sweet relief?
What balm can heal the wounded breast,
And give the troubled conscience rest?
3 Thou, Jesus, canst impart,
By thy long wished return,
Ease to this wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn;
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And I rejoice, my Lord, in thee. *Raffles.*

365 *Hope in God.* Ps. lxxvii. 7. 8s.

1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply,
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The rock that is higher than I:

Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
Oh visit and gladden my heart;
Let this be the day of thy power. *Toplady*

366 *Supplication.* C. M.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone,
And when my joys arise?

2 My God!—Oh could I make the claim—
My Father and my Friend—
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend—

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat:
Nor should my humble hope remove,
Nor leave thy mercy-seat.

4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns;
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
Oh smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless the healing rays;
And change these deep, complaining sighs,
To songs of sacred praise. *Mrs. Steele.*

367 *Prayer of the Penitent.* 7. 6.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restored,
And to me thy mercy shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,

Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
This I should have long implored,
For thou all my sin hast known;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life and happiness and love
Fall from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
Let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone. *C. Wesley.*

368 *The Backslider penitent.* C. M.

1 O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye—

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Oh shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine. *Mrs. Steele.*

369 *The Long-Suffering of God.* 7s.

1 DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Lo, I cumber still the ground,
Lo, an advocate is found!
There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands.

4 Lord, incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament,
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more. *C. Wesley.*

370 *The Backslider penitent.* L. M. 6 lines.

1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow beneath the rod;
With trembling hope my guilt I mourn:
I have an advocate above;
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace—
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Oh give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at th' approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare offend thee more. *C. Wesley.*

371 *Repentance.* C. M.

1 HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love—so free, so sweet—
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. *Mrs. Steele*

372 *Repentance.* L. M.

1 AH, wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love!

2 Jesus, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn:
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

3 Oh let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart. *Mrs. Steele.*

373 *Peace restored.* C. M.

1 OH speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart;
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own
A wretch so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 Oh then let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that healed a soul like mine,
And put my foes to shame.

4 My Saviour by his powerful word
Has turned my night to day,
And his salvation's joy restored,
Which I had sinned away.

5 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore;
Thy grace is all divine:

Oh keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine. *Newton.*

374 *Self-Examination.* L. M.

1 AND what am I ?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take :
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear ?

2 What image does my spirit bear ?
Is Jesus formed and living there ?
Say—do his lineaments divine
In thought and word and action shine ?

3 Searcher of hearts, oh search me still ;
The secrets of my soul reveal ;
My fears remove—let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.

4 May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear. *Davies.*

375 *The Contrite Heart.* Isa. lvii. 15. C. M.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

2 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry—" My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

3 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer ;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

4 Oh make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be. *Cowper.*

376 *Address to the Judge of all.* C. P. M.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To bring thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand ?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the crowd I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

377 *Hope and Solicitude.* C. M.

1 MY soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore;
And, when I drop this dying flesh,
That I shall sin no more.

2 I hope to hear and join the song
That saints and angels raise;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

3 But oh—this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

4 The scene must then for ever close,
Probation at an end;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.

5 Come, then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy Spirit give;
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

Steward.

378 *The Pilgrim's Song.* 7. 6

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven. *Cennick.*

379 *Support in the Hope of Heaven.* C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. *Watts.*

380 *Desiring to Depart.* 7. 6.

1 HAPPY who in Jesus live;
But happier far are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And flee from earth away:
Yet, if so thy will ordain,
We 'll pursue this toilsome road,
Cheerful in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load.

2 To thy wise and gracious will
We quietly submit;
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see;
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die—to thee. *C. Wesley.*

381 *Consolation in the Thought of God.* C. M.

1 THY gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.

3 Oh happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.

4 Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

5 Lord, shall these breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope that where thou art
I shall for ever be.

6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise, on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day. *Mrs. Steele.*

382 *The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.* L. M.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 Oh what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

Watts.

383 *Death and immediate Glory.* 2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8. C. M.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word:

But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee. *Watts.*

384 *The Sight of God in Heaven.* L. M.

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Oh might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!

3 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

4 Then they might fight and rage and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

5 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace. *Watts.*

385 *The Joys of Faith.* C. M.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies
And look within the vail;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face. *Watts.*

386 *Longing to be with Christ.* 8s.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power—

3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Oh strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
Arrayed in thy glories I 'll shine;
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline. *Cowper.*

387 *Confidence in God.* C. M.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide;
And in that long experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time
These distant courts I love;

But oh, I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

5 Amid the shining, glorious band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more. *Doddridge.*

388

Longing for Heaven. 8s.

1 YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.

2 Oh, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I 'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong:
I 'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

3 I long to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I long to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name.
I long—oh, I long to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you. *De Fleury.*

* * *

PRAYER.

389

Coming to the Mercy-seat. C. M.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea—
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name! *Newton.*

390 *Persevering Prayer.* Luke xviii. 7. S. M.

1 OUR Lord, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our wants to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gained, at last, her end.

4 And will not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

5 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our humble faith to see,
And makes our cause his care. *Newton.*

391 *The Mercy-seat.* L. M.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sense and sin becloud no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. *Stowell.*

392 *Waiting for God.* Ps. cxxx. 5. S. M.

1 OUT of the depths of wo,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bid'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

3 I cast my hope on thee,
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive:
Wert thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?

4 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate,
Open and take me in. *Montgomery.*

393 *The Mercy-seat.* C. M.

1 NO, never shall my heart despond,
Long as my lips can pray;
My latest breath, with effort fond,
Shall pass in prayer away.

2 There is a heavenly mercy-seat
To calm the sinner's fears;
There is a Saviour at whose feet
The mourner dries his tears.

3 When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
And gathering storms I see,
My soul is but the sooner driven,
Eternal Rock, to thee.

4 Oh for a voice of sweeter sound,
For every wind to bear—
To teach the listening world around
The blessedness of prayer!

394 *Seeking after God.* Job xxiii. 3. C. M.

1 OH that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God;
I 'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I 'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I 'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I 'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there. *Watts.*

395 *Exhortation to Prayer.* L. M.

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be—
"Hear what the Lord has done for me." *Cowper.*

396 *What is Prayer?* C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try:
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold, he prays."

6 O thou by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray. *Montgomery.*

397 *Prayer for Sanctification.* 7s.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Thou wilt not be thrust away.

2 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guide, my guard, my friend;
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death. *Newton.*

398 *Watchfulness and Prayer.* S. M.

1 AH, when shall I awake
From sin's soft soothing power;
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more?
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Look up to God my soul to keep,
And ever watch in prayer.

2 Oh, could I always pray,
And never, never faint—
Freely to God might I convey
Each wo and each complaint;
Before him might I lie,
And tell him all my care;
And Father, Abba, Father cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer.

3 My Saviour, I would wait,
Till thou shalt make me whole;
Till thou shalt all things new create
In my believing soul;
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy. *C. Wesley.*

399 *"To whom shall we go?"* C. M.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With rev'rence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh grant us power to pray;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Beset by foes without, within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4 In patience would we wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Our hold upon thy footstool keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

5 Give us to say—"thy will be done;"
Thus, strengthened by thy might,
We, by thy Spirit, through thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright. *Montgomery.*

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

400 *Holy Fortitude.* 1 Cor. xvi. 13. C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And faith accounts it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine. *Watts.*

401 *"Strong in the Lord."* S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son—

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day. *C. Wesley*

402 *Christian Warfare and Victory.* L. M.

1 STAND up, my soul—shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;

Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 What though thine inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise. *Watts.*

403 *Bearing the Cross.* Mark viii. 38. C. M.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me,
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

4 Let mockers scoff—the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain. *Kirkham.*

404 *The Christian Race.* Isa. xl. 28—31. L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road. *Watts.*

405 *Spiritual Sloth.* C. M.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labor, and toil, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move—
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above—

4 We for whom God the Son came down
And labored for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Spirit, come and fill
And wake and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move;
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We 'll fly and take the prize. *Watts.*

406 *Benevolence of Jesus.* Acts x. 38. L. M.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,

But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank—
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
With generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God. *Gibbons.*

407 *Charity.* Matt. xxv. 40. C. M.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
I in the poor would see;
Oh rather let me beg my bread
Than hold it back from thee. *Doddridge.*

408 *Pity for the Distressed.* C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And 'midst the embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound. *Doddridge.*

409 *"To whom shall we go?"* John vi. 67. L. M

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine—
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee! 'tis death! 'tis more;
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine. *Mrs. Steele.*

410 *Filial Obedience.* S. M.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own. *Watts.*

411 *Choosing the Service of God.* Josh. xxiv. 15. L. M.

1 AH wretched souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin;
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 Oh, be his service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice—

To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 Oh may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Mrs. Steele.

412 *Nearness to God.* C. M.

1 OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
Nor sin nor fear intrude.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

413 *Holy Life.* Titus ii. 10, 13. L. M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied—
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord—
And faith stands leaning on his word. *Watts*

414 *Christ our Pattern.* L. M.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

4 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

Mrs. Steele.

415 *The Children of God.* C. M.

1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfill.

3 They find access, at every hour,
To God within the vail:
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 Oh happy souls! oh glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!

5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne:
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;

Then shall I say, "My Father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue. *Watts.*

416 *Christ our Pattern.* L. M.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine—
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. *Watts.*

417 *Walking with God.* C. M.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born of heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.

3 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

4 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thy arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

5 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be passed;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last. *Doddridge.*

418 *Rising to God.* L. M.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell. *Gibbons.*

419 *The broad and the narrow Way.* L. M

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew. *Watts*

420 *Vanity of worldly Good.* C. M.

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honor and gold and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 Honor 's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There 's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dashed with bitter bowls.

4 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.

5 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you. *Watts.*

421 *Self-denial.* C. M.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banished hence,
That vile idolatry,
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward. *Watts.*

422 *Trust in God under Affliction.* C. M.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave responds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can yet restore my peace;
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In darkest watches of the night
I 'll count his mercies o'er;
I 'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrow rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my guide.

5 Here will I rest and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He 's more than all the world to me—
My Saviour and my God.

Cotton.

423 *Gratitude and Praise.* L. M.

1 GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy praises will I raise on high,
And check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But oh, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;

And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

Doddridge.

424 *The Promises.* 2 Pet. i. 4. 11s.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said.
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

Kirkham.

425 *Confidence in the Mediator.* Heb. iv. 15. L. M. 6 l.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,

Still, he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And oh, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict, but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. *Grant.*

426 *The Covenant of Grace.* Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c. C. M.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives, by covenant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

3 Come, and he 'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

4 Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

5 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls,
Like purifying rain.

6 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatenings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love.

7 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;

And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

8 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace. *Watts.*

427 *Trials.* 7s.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
Meet no chast'ning by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a cast-away?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there. *Cowper.*

428 *Walking with God.* C. M.

1 OH happy soul that lives on high,
While men lie groveling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleased to live alone,
Till Christ his life appear. *Watts.*

429 *Jesus the Pilot.* H. M

1 JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord:
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
Oh may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And all my storms subside,
Then to my succor fly,
And keep me near thy side:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heaven, my destined place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind. *Toplady.*

430 *"Who can be against us?"* Rom. viii. 31. C. M.

1 LET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of wrath and wo;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe?

2 He gave his well-beloved Son
For sinful man to die;
And will he not all good bestow,
And all our wants supply?

3 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall;
Through him all dangers we 'll defy,
And more than conquer all.

4 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
His promise can remove;
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
Or quench his endless love. *Logan*, (*alt'd.*)

431 *Joy and Peace in believing.* 7. 6. Iambic.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say—
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;

And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. *Newton.*

432 *Spiritual Darkness.* Job xxix. 2. C. M.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles—
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

5 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail;
Oh make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share. *Newton.*

433 *Watchfulness.* S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. *C. Wesley.*

434 *Prayer for spiritual Strength.* C. M.

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven oh let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance—ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O Lord, increase my faith and hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 Oh keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never—never stray
From happiness and thee. *Mrs. Steele.*

435 "*Watch and pray.*" Matt. xxvi. 41. S. M.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;

Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou receive thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his bless'd abode. *Heath.*

436 *The Christian Race.* C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We 'll lay our laurels down. *Doddridge.*

437 *Danger of Self-Confidence.* S. M

1 BEWARE of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny the Lord,"
But "grant I never may."

2 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

4 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none. *Cowper.*

438 *The Pilgrim's Guide.* Ps. xlviii. 14. 8. 7. 4.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling torrent,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. *Oliver.*

439 *Christ our Defender.* C. M.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

2 The swelling flood and raging flame
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord. *Newton.*

440 *Walking by Faith.* L. M.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road. *Watts.*

441 *The Pilgrimage of the Saints.* C. M.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

3 Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.

4 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam:
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.

5 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares
We make our way to God.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day. *Watts.*

442 *Heaven anticipated.* C. M.

1 OUR journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

2 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits,
To welcome trav'llers home.

3 There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,

And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.

4 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

5 Eternal glories to the King
Who brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew. *Watts.*

443 *Believers encouraged.* S. M.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame—
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Bless'd is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see. *Toplady.*

444 *The Examples of Christ and the Saints.* C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. *Watts.*

445 *Pilgrimage heavenward.* 7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and bless'd;
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, for ye stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee. *Cennick.*

446 *The heavenly City.* Heb. xiii. 14. L. M.

1 "WE 'VE no abiding city here"—
We seek a city out of sight:

Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

2 "We 've no abiding city here"—
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

3 "We 've no abiding city here"—
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.

4 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are bless'd,
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I 'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

5 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be *mine*,
And *his* to fix my time of rest. *Kelly.*

447 *Pilgrims to Zion.* C. P. M.

1 YE pilgrims—partners in distress,
Who, travelling through the wilderness,
Are pressing onward still;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To the celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And trace your passage to the skies,
And view the mount of God.

3 We suffer with our Master here;
But we shall soon with him appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead!

Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And we together rise at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity!—
We soon with open face shall see
The beatific sight;
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And worship 'mid the golden blaze
Of everlasting light. *C. Wesley*, (*alt'd.*)

448 *The Way to Zion.* Isa. xxxv. 8, 10. C.M.

1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised;
How peaceful and how plain:
The simplest traveller shall not err,
Nor ask the path in vain.

3 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
On the bright prospect fix your eye,
And press to Zion's hill. *Doddridge.*

449 *The Saint's Sweet Home.* 11s.

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home,—sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy, and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I 'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, oh give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

450 *The Conflict.* L. M.

1 NATURE may raise up all her strife,
Reluctant to the heavenly life;
Loth in a Saviour's death to share,
Her daily cross compelled to bear.

2 But grace omnipotent at length
Shall arm the saint with saving strength;
Through the sharp war with aid attend,
And his long conflict sweetly end.

3 Let faith exert its conquering power;
Say, in thy tempted, trembling hour—
"My God, my Father, save thy son"—
'Tis heard, and all thy fears are done.

4 But if corruption's strength prevail,
And oft thy pilgrim footsteps fail,
Pray for his grace with louder cries,
So shalt thou cleansed and stronger rise.

451 *Triumph of Faith.* 6. 5.

1 IF life's pleasures charm thee,
Give them not thy heart;

Lest the gift ensnare thee
From thy God to part.

2 If distress befall thee,
Painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee,
To thy Saviour flee.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee,
Let it not distress:
Better comforts wait thee,
Christ will freely bless.

4 Let not death alarm thee,
Shrink not from his blow;
For the conflict arm thee,
Triumph o'er the foe.

452 *Hope in the Covenant.* Heb. vi. 17. L. M.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God;
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood. *Watts.*

453 *The Family of Saints.* Eph. iii. 15. C. M.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize:
And, on the eagle-wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven. *C. Wesley*

454 *One in Christ.* S. M.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love. *Beddome.*

455 *Fellowship.* C. M.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 Lord, when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;

When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thy own;

4 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face. *Miller.*

456 *Brotherly Love.* Eph. iv. 30, &c. L. M.

1 NOW, by the mercies of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamor, and wrath, and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son. *Watts.*

457 *Christian Sympathy.* C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word;—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
(Our wishes all above,)
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love. *Swain.*

458 *A Welcome to Christian Fellowship.* L. M.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;
We bid thee come, in Jesus' name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love:
Oh may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above. *Kelly.*

459 *"Exhorting one another,"* &c. Heb. x. 25. L. M.

1 BLESS'D intercourse when Christians meet,
And speak of him who died for them:
They sit at their Redeemer's feet,
And care not if the world condemn.

2 Is any other name so great
As his who bore the sinner's load?
Is any subject half so sweet,
So various as the love of God?

3 Pleased with their fleeting golden dreams,
Let worldlings of their treasure tell;
But we will speak of higher themes,
And on eternal riches dwell.

4 Exhorting one another here,
And pressing on our pilgrim way,
We 'll look to see our Life appear,
And own us in that glorious day.

5 Of him we now would speak and sing,
Whose glory we expect to share:
In heaven we shall behold our King,
And yield a nobler tribute there. *Kelly, (alt'd.)*

460 *The Beatitudes.* Matt. v. 3—12. L. M.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls, that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men whose hearts can move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward. *Watts*

REVIVAL.

461 *Prayer for Revival.* S. M.

1 OH for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 Our prayers are faint and dull,
And languid all our songs;
Where once with joy our hearts were full,
And rapture tuned our tongues.

4 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

5 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

6 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love;
Then shall our people all be thine,
Our church like that above. *Bethune*, (*orig.*)

462 *The prosperity of Zion.* Isa. lx. 1. H. M.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine:
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;

His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love,
In worlds above,
The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres
His influence own. *Doddridge.*

463 *Joy over the repenting Sinner.* C. M.

1 OH, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with a humble, broken heart,
His sin and error mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre. *Needham.*

464 *Converting Grace.* Ps. xlv. 3, 5. C. M.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 The strongest holds of Satan yield
To thy all-conquering hand;
When once thy glorious arm 's revealed,
No rebel can withstand. *Wallin.*

465 *Prayer for a Revival.* Ps. lxxxv. 6. 8. 7.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh. *Newton.*

466 *The Conversion of Sinners.* C. M.

1 HOW much the hearts of those revive
Who love and fear the Lord,
When sinners dead are made alive
By his all-quickening word.

2 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
When souls the word receive;
When sinners hear the Saviour's voice,
And in the Lord believe.

3 The church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

4 On us, our Saviour, shed thy light;
Thy work, O Lord, revive;
May we enjoy that blessed sight—
Dead sinners made alive.

5 Then will thy saints aloud rejoice,
And join the hosts above,
To praise thy name with cheerful voice,
And magnify thy love. *Hoskins.*

KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

467 *The safety of the Church.* Isa. xxvi. 1, &c. C. M.

1 HOW honorable is the place
Where we adoring stand;
Zion—the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling:
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years. *Watts.*

468 *Zion.* Ps. lxxxvii. 3. 8. 7.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 Here the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage—
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Saviour, if in Zion's city
Thou record my worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
I may well endure the shame:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know. *Newton.*

469 *The Church secure.* 7s.

1 SEE the gospel church secure,
See it founded on the rock;
All her promises are sure,
Her high bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine,
Tell, to after-ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
Zion is established well.

2 In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
All his truth and goodness show.
Zion's God is all our own,
On his mercy we rely;
We his pardoning love have known,
His we live, and his we die. *C. Wesley, (alt'd.)*

470 *Awake, O Zion!* Isa. lii. 1. L. M.

1 AWAKE, awake, O Zion, wake;
Thy beautiful attire put on:
Rise from the dust, thy garments shake;
The dark and mourning hours are gone.

2 Loose from thy neck the hostile bands,
O captive daughter, and behold
Thy exiles flock from all the lands,
And hasten to their parent fold.

3 See, Ethiopia, at thy gates,
Is stretching forth her hands to God;
And there, with all her treasures, waits
To enter thy divine abode.

4 Put on thy strength, break forth in joy—
Whence did these ransomed children come?
Bless'd Zion! bless'd in thy employ,
With singing bring these exiles home.

471 *The God of Zion.* 8. 7. 4.

1 ZION stands, by hills surrounded;
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight.
God is with thee—
God thy everlasting light.

Kelly.

472 *The Church triumphant.* 11s.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far:
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

473 *Promises to the Church.* Isa. lx. 15, 20. 8. 7

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken;
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow;
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression—
Hear the voice of war again.

3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God will rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, will be your glory,
God your everlasting light." *Cowper.*

474 *Good Tidings to Zion.* Isa. lii. 7. 8. 7. 4.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy warfare now is past ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
Days of peace are come at last :
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Kelly.

475 *Spread of the Gospel.* C. M.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, from nature's birth,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to our race ;
Unvailing thy divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.

3 Soon may these gracious tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 When, to her sable sons conveyed,
Shall Afric learn thy word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freemen of the Lord ?

5 When shall the scattered wanderers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love ?

6 O Lord, each faithful effort own,
To spread the gospel-rays ;

And rear on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise. *Conder*

476 *The Jubilee proclaimed.* H. M.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow—
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound—
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live.
The year, &c.

5 The gospel-trumpet hear—
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. *Toplady.*

477 *Thy Kingdom come.* Matt. vi. 10. S. M.

1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise. *Melrose.*

478 *Success of the Gospel.* 7. 6. Iambic.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Bless'd river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—the Lord is come. *S. F. Smith.*

479 *The Gospel Light.* Isa. lii. 10. C. M.

1 STRETCH, O my soul, thy ardent wing,
And hail the dawning light;
Behold, what scenes, what visions spring
Of infinite delight.

2 Soon shall the glorious eastern Star
Above the mountains rise;
And rays celestial, beaming far,
Illume e'en polar skies.

3 If angels in their sphere rejoice
One rescued soul to greet,
How will they raise th' enraptured voice
Whole continents to meet.

4 Siberia spreads her frozen arms,
Released from sin and chains;

And Sharon's rose exhales its charms
On Afric's sultry plains.

5 From Java to the furthest west
The heavenly light shall reach;
And truth divine its power attest
In every clime and speech.

6 Shed, Sun of righteousness, thy rays
On every land of night;
Till all the heathen sing thy praise,
And hail the cheerful light.

480 *Spread of the Gospel.* 8. 7. 4.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world in every land:
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command. *Kelly*

481 *The Fountain.* Zech. xiii. 1. 8. 7. 4

1 SEE from Zion's sacred mountain
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
Which supplies the world below;
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;

Life and health and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All enriching as it goes,
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning,
Pleasure comes and hopes abound:
Fair their portion!
Endless life with glory crowned. *Kelly.*

482 *The Gospel Tidings.* H. M.

1 HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

3 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim;
Angels and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

483 *"Watchman, what of the night?"* 7s

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!

Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace—
Lo! the Son of God is come! *Bowring.*

484 *The perishing Heathen.* Acts xvi. 9. 7. 6. Iambic.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.
Heber

485 *Fulfillment of Prophecy implored.* L. M

1 GREAT King of Zion, now arise,
Thy glorious promises fulfill;
Behold thy church in mourning lies,
Yet waiting for thy mercy still.

2 O God, how long? thy people cry;
When shall our prayers acceptance gain?
Look from thy lofty throne on high,
And break the prisoners' heavy chain.

3 Let Asia's millions hear thy voice;
Send them thy heralds to proclaim
Salvation—bid them soon rejoice
In Jesus, our Immanuel's name.

4 Let Africa, with all her tribes,
Be rescued from the spoiler's hand;
Nor lust of power, nor golden bribes,
Draw murderers there to waste her land.

5 Let every nation under heaven,
In all their various tongues receive
The glorious gospel thou hast given,
Renounce their idols, and believe.

486 *Prayer for the Spirit.* H. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:

Fulfill thy word;
Thy Spirit give;
Let heathens live
And praise the Lord.

2 On lands that lie beneath
Foul superstition's sway,
Whose horrid shades of death
Admit no heavenly ray,
Bless'd Spirit, shine,
Their hearts illume;
Dispel the gloom
With light divine.

3 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see;
O God of grace,
Thy power employ,
Fill earth with joy,
And heaven with praise.

487 *Divine Power invoked.* Isa. li. 9. L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all. *Shrubsole.*

488 *Prayer for the Heathen.* 8. 7. 4.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze:

See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them who sit in error—
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles—
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word—at thy command
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them
Till the world and time shall end. *Cawood.*

489 *"Have mercy upon Zion."* Ps. cii. 13. L. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

490 *Peace and Light.* 7s.

1 PRINCE of Peace, the world is thine,
Come, oh come, with power divine;
While the hosts of hell oppose,
Come to triumph o'er thy foes.
Then, beneath thy gentle reign,
Earth shall bud and bloom again.

2 Sun of righteousness, illume
Nations long involved in gloom.

Wait we till the morn's faint ray
Brightens into perfect day;
Pray we till the shades of night
Fly before thy glorious light. *C. M. A. (orig.)*

491 *Restoration of Israel.* C. M

1 JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
My heart is pained for thee;
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
I long to see thee free.

2 Thy halcyon days of wealth and praise
Have faded from our view;
And thou art left, of all bereft,
To show what God can do.

3 Bright scenes await thy future state;
For Israel's land shall bless
Earth's ruined race with truths of grace,
And Jesus Christ confess.

4 Descend again, on earth to reign,
Almighty Prince of Peace;
Thy promised seed for mercy plead,
And look for their release. *Neville.*

492 *The outcast Nation.* Ps. liii. 6. 7. 6. Iambic.

1 OH that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home.
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the vail of error;
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee. *Lyte.*

493 *"I will gather thee."* Isa. xliii. 5. C. M.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head:

Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north."

4 They come, they come;—thy exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy. *Montgomery*

494 *Prayer for the Jews.* L. M

1 OH, why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?

2 O God of Israel, view their race;
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The vail of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.

4 While Judah views his birth-right gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move
The Saviour he denied, to own,
The Lord he crucified, to love.

5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

Bickersteth.

495 *The Harvest ready.* John iv. 35. 7s.

1 SEE the ripened, waving grain
Beckon for the reaper's hand,
Ripe and ready—yet in vain
Comes the sign from foreign land.

2 See yon fair and fruitful field,
Shaken by the whirlwind's breath;
See its wasting harvest yield
To th' unsparing reaper—death.

3 Wherefore named we Jesus' name,
If we shun his work to share?
Who will take the cross, the shame?
Who will for the field prepare?

4 Christian, doubt not, shrink not thou;
God will be thy trust, thy stay;
He the cloud to shade thy brow,
He the light to guide thy way.

Mrs. Gray, (*orig.*)

496 *Go forth and reap.* C. M.

1 LOOK up, the harvest fields are white,
And bends the ripening grain;
Go forth and reap, lest fall the night,
And day be given in vain.

2 See, India, from her jeweled throne,
Bows down the listening ear,
And her unnumbered thousands own
The dawn of mercy near.

3 A slanting ray of freedom's sun
Has glanced on Afric's shore;
Swiftly and wide the tidings run
That darkness reigns no more.

4 Go forth—the lamp of truth is bright—
And bid its heavenly ray
Dispel the lingering shades of night,
And 'chase their gloom away.

5 We plant the cross; but, Lord, thy breath
Alone has power to raise,
From the dark silent vale of death,
An army to thy praise.

497 *"The morning cometh."* Isa. xxi. 12. 11s.

1 WAKE, Isles of the South, your redemption is near;
No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen in love will appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

2 The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play where the ocean-storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

3 On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light;
The bright star of Bethlehem will usher the day.

4 The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The day-spring the prophet in vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah shall gladden each clime,
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law. *W. B. Tappan.*

498 *"Come over and help us."* 8. 7.

1 HARK! what mean those lamentations
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations—
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2 Hear the heathens' sad complaining;
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die. *Cawood.*

499 *The Missionary.* 6. 4.

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign—
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall ye shine.

500 *The Ambassador of the Cross.* 7s

1 GO, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

3 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And th' oppressed for ever weep.

4 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

5 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,

Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

6 Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Christ, whose love is full and free. *Marsden.*

501 *The Messenger of Mercy.* L. M.

1 GO, messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go, to the hungry food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living water glide.

3 Go, bid the bright and morning star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

4 To India's various castes proclaim
The gospel's soft but powerful voice;
And at the bless'd Redeemer's name,
Let ocean's lonely isles rejoice.

5 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name by every tongue confessed,
His praise the universal theme.

6 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand. *Balfour.*

502 *Missionaries sent forth.* 8. 7. 4.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go—proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;

Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend ;
He hath promised
To be with you to the end. *Kelly*

503 *Missionaries sent forth.* L. M.

1 YE Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire ;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more ;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall—
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

504 *Departure of Missionaries.* 7. 6. Iambic.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every vale of wo ;
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to their destined shore ;
That men may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Deliver them from harm.
Thy presence still be with them
Wherever they may be ;
Though far from those who love them,
Let them be nigh to thee.

505 *The Lord reigneth.* 8. 7

1 JESUS comes! let earth and ocean
Pour their treasures at his feet ;
Sea-born isles, with glad devotion,
Haste your promised Lord to greet.

What though, high their shadows rearing,
Clouds and darkness vail his throne?
Truth, in all his ways appearing,
Tells us—he is Christ alone.

2 Heaven his glory is revealing,
Farthest worlds confess his sway;
Millions, at his altar kneeling,
Cast their idol-bonds away.
Salem hears—exulting Salem
Hears, and of his judgments sings,
While, with joy, her daughters hail him
Lord of lords, and King of kings. *W. Peter*

506 *The Dominion of Jesus.* Phil. ii. 10. L. M.

1 YES—mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.

2 Then rescued souls shall bless thy power;
Thy arm shall full salvation bring:
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King.

3 And when, through brilliant gates of gold,
Thou lead'st thy chosen to the skies,
May we the shining pomp behold,
And partners of the triumph rise.

4 Then, ranged thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honors we'll proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy mighty deeds and glorious name. *More.*

507 *"He shall reign."* Rev. xi. 15. 7s

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee—
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent, shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,

Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

4 See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

5 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

6 Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all. *Montgomery.*

508 *Rejoice in the Lord.* Ps. ii. 6. H. M.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is king,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above. Lift up, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given. Lift up, &c.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy. Lift up, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice. *Rippon.*

509 *Christ a Conqueror.* Ps. xlv. 4. C. M.

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise ;
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around ;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea—from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored ;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord.

510 *The Song of Victory.* 7s.

1 SEE the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand ;
This before the throne their strain—
Hell is vanquished, death is slain.

2 Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right ;
Thrones and powers before him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all. *Conder*

511 *Triumphs of the Gospel.* H. M

1 GIRD on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the holy war ;
Victorious thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

2 Make bare thy potent arm.
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart :
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

3 Then shall the spacious earth
Beneath thy sceptre bend;
And peace her olive-branch
And balmy wings extend;
The dews of heaven enrich the ground,
And Paradise shall bloom around. *T. Scott.*

512 *The latter-day Glory.* Mic. iv. 1—5. C. M

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

5 Come, then—oh come from every land,
To worship at his shrine:
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine. *Logan.*

513 *Increase of the Church.* Isa. lx. 5, 6. H. M.

1 RISE, gracious God, and shine
In all thy saving might;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 Oh bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise:
Let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth thy glorious power;
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born of thee:
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

514 *Jesus reigns.* 7s.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea.
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ of lords and kings is King."
Let it sound from shore to shore—
Jesus reigns for evermore.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

515 *Prayer for the latter-day Glory.* 10s.

1 LORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear;
Thy children's voice with tender mercy hear;
Bear thy bless'd promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind;
Oh let thy Spirit like soft dews descend;
Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man and scourged by thee no more,
Enriched with gold, adorned with heavenly grace,
Truth their sole guide, and all their pleasure praise.

3 Then Satan's kingdom shall from earth retire,
Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire;
The beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround;
Mohammed's empire crumble to the ground;
The dreams of infidels in smoke decay,
And all the foes of heaven shall fleet away.

4 In barren wilds shall living waters spring,
Fair temples rise, and songs of transport ring;

The savage mind with sweet affections warm,
And light and love the yielding bosom charm;
From sin's oblivious sleep the soul arise,
And grace and goodness shower from balmy skies.

5 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine;
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;
Their souls improve; their songs more grateful rise;
And sweeter incense cheer the morning skies;
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea.
Dwight.

516 *Christ's Kingdom among Men.* Rev. xxi. 1—4. C. M.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
  To our believing eyes!
The former seas have passed away,
  And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
  That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
  Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
  And the bright armies sing—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
  Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
  Removes his bless'd abode;
Men the dear objects of his love,
  And he their gracious God.

5 "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
  From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears
  And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, oh how long
  Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
  And bring the welcome day.
Watts

THE SABBATH.

517 *Saturday Evening.* 11. 8

1 LET the cares of the week all be banished far hence;
To devotion now let us be given:
May the work of the Sabbath this evening commence,
And our souls be preparing for heaven.

2 Let us search well the bosom, if aught can be found
To hinder the growth of the seed;
And earnestly pray God would clear from the ground
Each rank and injurious weed.

3 And oh that a dew from the Lord may descend,
To rest in abundance on all;
For without it no blessing the word will attend,
Though preached by Apollos or Paul.

4 And may the Redeemer his presence bestow,
Delighting each heart with his love;
And give us to taste, in his dwelling below,
The joys of his temple above.

518 *The Day of Rest.* C. M.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Sweet day, thy hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more? *Edmeston.*

519 *The Day of Rest.* L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives, this day, the food of seven.

3 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end! *Stennett.*

520 *The Sabbath welcomed.* S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss. *Watts.*

521 *Divine Blessing implored.* H. M.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments bless'd.
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain. *Hayward.*

522 *The Resurrection of Christ.* C. M.

1 BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third—th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth and rocks and seas
With glad hosannas ring. *Watts.*

523 *Unfruitfulness lamented.* C. M.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love,
How negligent my fear,
How low my hope of joys above,
How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die. *Watts.*

524 *Detention from the Sanctuary.* C. M.

1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts, to-day
Within thy temple meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

2 They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

3 The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

4 Behold thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will;
If not, contented in thy hands
Behold thy prisoner still.

5 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;

Oh give me here a house of prayer,
  Here Sabbath joys impart. *Montgomery.*

525

Sabbath Evening. C. M.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
  To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
  How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
  Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
  And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
  And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
  The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
  With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
  And feast on love divine;

5 Where we in high seraphic strains
  Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
  And take our fill of joy. *Browne.*

526

The eternal Sabbath. L. M.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
  But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue—no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest in God. *Doddridge*

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

527

Close of the Year. 7s.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

Newton.

528

Close of the Year. C. M.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day. *Doddridge.*

529 *The New Year.* 5. 11

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown—
The moment is gone—
The millennial Year
Rushes on to our view, and Eternity 's here!

3 Oh that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work which thou gav'st me to do."
Oh that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."
C. Wesley.

530 *New Year:—Blessing implored.* C. M.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name:
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;

And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room. *Newton.*

531 *New Year:—Goodness of God.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
We 'll rise to sing thy praise above,
And glory in thy boundless love. *Doddridge.*

532 *Spared another Year.* H. M.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;

No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone."
The Father mild inclined his ear,
And spared us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace;
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
Oh let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear. *C. Wesley*

533 *Reflections at the End of the Year.* C. M.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes?—how sure, how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;

With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

534 *Dedication of a Place of Worship.* H. M

1 GREAT King of Glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof oh deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thy ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All-fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

4 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore. *Francis.*

535 *The same.* L. M.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of his train:
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,

May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here. *Doddridge.*

536

Zion. Ps. lxxxvii. 2. L. M. 6 lines.

1 ENTHRONED in light, eternal God,
The highest heaven is thy abode;
Yet thou with us wilt deign to dwell;
Thou lov'st the gates of Zion well.
On Salem's peaceful hill we raise
A sacred temple to thy praise.

2 Here let the pilgrim find the road
That leads the wandering soul to God;
Here sorrow lift her tearful eye,
Allured to brighter scenes on high;
The weary spirit find repose,
And at the cross forget her woes.

3 Our God, our fathers' God, we raise
This sacred temple to thy praise;
Here, safe beneath thy sheltering wing,
Shall contrite souls their offerings bring,
Till called to soar and join the song
Which swells amid the heavenly throng.
C. M. A., (*orig.*)

537

The House of Prayer. H. M.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise a House of Prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more, to thee we come;
And find our home, and rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name:
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim:
Our Father, King, thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace, thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows—
Indulgent still, till earth conspire
To join the choir on Zion's hill. *Doddridge.*

538 *The House of God.* L. M.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh make it now thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song
Hosanna—to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
Hosanna let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne. *Montgomery.*

539 *Bethesda.* 6. 5.

1 COME to Bethesda's pool,
All ye who need it;
Let not its waters cool
Mantle unheeded:
Here bring each grief and pain;
Here bring each sinful stain;
Here wash the vilest clean—
Come all who need it.

2 Is there one impotent
On its brink lying?
Is there one penitent,
Bitterly sighing?—
Courage, thou helpless one;
Cheer up, thou sorrowing;
Here God's eternal Son
Raiseth the dying.

3 Now, holy Messenger,
Over us bending,
Come, every bosom stir,
Kindly descending;
While in this temple we
Offer our praise to thee,
Here let thy presence be
Aiding, defending. *Mrs. Gray*, (*orig.*)

540 *The Pastor welcomed.* L. M.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant; so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.

4 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

5 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love:
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above. *Montgomery.*

541 *Prayer for the Pastor.* L. M.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;

His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
Oh love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

542 *Watchfulness.* Luke xii. 37. S. M

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned. *Doddridge.*

543 *Zion's Watchmen.* Heb. xiii. 17. C. M.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give:
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures or in wo.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
Lord, watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee. *Doddridge.*

544 *Preachers sent forth.* S. M.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey:
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace;
Redemption by his blood proclaim
To Adam's guilty race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose:
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes. *Voke.*

545 "*Here am I.*" Isa. vi. 8. L M

1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Arrayed in majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills.

2 Lord, shall a sinful man proclaim
The honors of so great a name?
Oh for thine altar's glowing coal,
To touch his lips, to fire his soul.

3 Then, if a messenger thou ask—
A laborer for the hardest task—
Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply—"Thy servant 's here.

4 Nor let his willing soul complain,
Though every effort seem in vain;

His ample recompense shall be
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.
Doddridge, (*alt'd.*)

546 *Bearers of glad Tidings.* Isa. lii. 7. S. M

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour—King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. *Watts.*

547 *The Lord's Supper instituted.* 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c. L. M.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes;—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb. *Watts.*

548 *"This do in remembrance of me."* C. M.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thy agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee—

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me. *Montgomery.*

549 *Not ashamed of Christ crucified.* L. M.

1 AT thy command, our gracious Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;

We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age—
"He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come." *Watts*

550 *The Table of the Lord.* Luke xiv. 23. C. M

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, in praise and song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room—
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace. *Watts.*

551 *Christ crucified.* L. M.

1 WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transformed to love.

2 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near;
The well of endless life is here.

3 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

4 Oh that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name. *Newton.*

552 *Divine Glories and Graces.* C. M.

1 HOW are thy glories here displayed;
Great God, how bright they shine,
While, at thy word, we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes, with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die:
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry. *Watts.*

553 *The Memorials of our absent Lord.* L. M.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;

And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face *Watts.*

554 *Redeeming Grace.* C. M.

1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place—

2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours. *Stennett.*

555 *Communion.* 1 Cor. x. 16, 17. S. M.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

4 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

5 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise. *Watts.*

556 *The amazing Love of Christ.* L. M.

1 COME, let me love, or is my mind
Hardened to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Fair One bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

2 Oh, 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

3 I was a traitor doomed to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assumed my guilt and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,
Hangs on the cross of love, and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dressed in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

6 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord, melt this stubborn heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love. *Watts.*

557 *Faith assisted by Ordinances.* C. M.

1 MY Saviour God, my sovereign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is designed
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats or noblest wines
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
To give his word a seal:
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still. *Watts.*

558 *"Suffer little children,"* &c. Mark x. 14. C. M.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;

That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
  If weeping o'er their dust. *Doddridge.*

559 *The Promise to Abraham.* C. M.

1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
  To Abra'm and his seed—
"I 'll be a God to thee and thine,
  Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
  From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves,
  And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
  To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
  And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
  His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
  Blots out the children's name. *Watts.*

560 *Kindness of the Saviour.* L. M.

1 WITH thankful hearts our songs we raise,
To celebrate the Saviour's praise;
Yet who but saints in heaven above,
Can tell the riches of his love?

2 His love, with gentle accents, sheds
A blessing on our infants' heads;
Bids us for infants seek his face.
And ask for them renewing grace.

3 He, the good Shepherd, kindly leads
The wand'rer, and the hungry feeds;
Deigns in his arms the lambs to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.

4 Jesus, to thy protecting wing
Our helpless little ones we bring;
Oh grant them grace and strength, that they
May find and keep the heavenward way.
Bickersteth.

561 *Blessings implored.* C. M.

1 OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
  We now devote to thee;

Let them thy covenant mercies share
And thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls remove,
And bring our children there. *Bickerstein.*

562 *Children devoted to God.* C. M.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I 'll be a God to thee;
I 'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'm believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace. *Watts.*

563 *Children included in the Covenant.* C. M.

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive-wood;
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home. *Watts.*

564 *Marriage.* C. M.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 On every soul assembled here,
Oh make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine. *Berridge.*

565 *Marriage.* 7s.

1 DEIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love:
Bless thy servants—on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed;
In this nuptial bond to thee
Let them consecrated be.

2 In prosperity be near,
To preserve them in thy fear;
In affliction let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile;
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last. *Collyer.*

566 *Public Fast.* C. M.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;

'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Through this apostate land!
What land so favored of the skies,
Yet thoughtless of thy hand?

4 How changed, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

5 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face. *Mrs. Steele.*

567 *Mercy implored.* L. M.

1 O RIGHTEOUS God, thou Judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name,
And all our crying sins we own
In dust and tears before thy throne.

2 On thee, our guardian God, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;
Oh spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

4 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

5 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless wo;
Let them prevail to save us too. *Davies, (alt'd.)*

568 *Prayer for Zion.* L. M.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise;
Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 For this, a lowly, suppliant crowd
Here, in thy sacred temple, wait:
For this we lift our voices loud,
And call and knock at mercy's gate.

4 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.

5 Then shall each age and rank agree
United shouts of joy to raise;
And Zion, made a praise by thee,
To thee shall render back the praise.

Doddridge.

569 *National Thanksgiving.* L. M.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And, though deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 Lord, may thy goodness cause our land,
Preserved by thy almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

3 So shall each public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy awful sight;
And in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere. *Doddridge.*

570 *Praise for Divine Goodness.* L. M.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores:
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Doddridge.

571 *Thanksgiving and Praise.* 7s.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

3 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

4 These, great God, to thee we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow;

And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
Mrs. Barbauld, (alt'd.)

572 *National Thanksgiving.* 10s.

1 THY praise, O Lord, our thankful songs renew,
Thy mercies we with grateful hearts review,
Thy glorious works of wisdom, power, and grace,
Thy sovereign blessings to our favored race;
The ruling God our peace and freedom prove,
And the glad tidings of forgiving love.

2 While from thy hand our rulers take their power,
Give them thy greatness humbly to adore,
With hearts sincere to hold a righteous sway,
Bid justice triumph, and the proud obey,
Defend the poor, debasing bribes disdain,
Avenge bold wrongs, nor wield the sword in vain.

3 Teach them that greatness, power, and place are thine,
Gifts from thy hand, bestowed for ends divine:
Rulers, thy stewards, to mankind are given,
To shower the good, and build the cause of heaven;
From thee a rich reward the faithful know;
The faithless hasten to distinguished wo.

4 Thou art the Judge; thy sceptre rules the skies;
At thy command the just to glory rise;
Thy fearful vengeance guilty wretches share,
Drink the last dregs, and plunge in deep despair;
To thy great name our raptured songs shall raise
A humble tribute of immortal praise. *Dwight.*

573 *Spring.* C. M.

1 THE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolved and gone;
Waked by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts her new livery on.

2 My soul, in every scene admire
The wisdom and the power;
Behold thy God in every plant,
In every opening flower.

3 Yet in his word the God of grace
More clearly writes his name;
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest song shall claim.

4 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine,
Turn thou my winter into spring,
And be the glory thine. *Rippon.*

574 *The Harvest.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest-song would we repeat;
Thou givest us the finest wheat:
The joys of harvest we have known;
The praise, O Lord, is all thy own.

3 Another harvest comes apace;
Prepare our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

4 That when the angel-reapers come,
To gather sheaves to thy bless'd home,
Our spirits may be borne on high,
To thy safe garner in the sky.

575 *Autumn.* Isa. lxiv. 6. 8. 7

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

2 "Ye on length of days presuming,
Think how soon our course has fled;
We were lately fresh and blooming,
Now are withered, dry, and dead.

3 "Cease presumptuous hopes to cherish,
Prize the seasons as they fly;
Like the leaves you rise and flourish,
Like the leaves must droop and die.

4 "But to those in Jesus planted
By a true and living faith,
Shall unfading spring be granted,
And a triumph over death." *Bickersteth.*

576 *Winter.* C. M.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains
Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold, inactive chains—
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 Oh happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains!

6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more. *Mrs. Steele.*

577 *Drought.* C. M.

1 THE sun, that minister of love,
Who from the naked ground
Calls forth the hidden scenes to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;

2 At the dread order of his God,
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parched with drought,
And blooming life expires.

3 Like burnished brass, the heaven around
In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.

4 Oh pity, Lord, our deep distress,
Nor with our land contend;

Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send. *Gibbons.*

578 *Prayer for Rain.* C. M.

1 NOW may the Lord of earth and skies
Regard us when we call;
'Tis he who bids the vapors rise,
And showers abundant fall.

2 On thee, our God, we all depend
For life, and health, and food;
Oh make refreshing showers descend,
And crown the year with good.

3 Let grace come down, like copious rain,
On Zion's drooping field;
So shall our souls revive again,
And fruit abundant yield.

4 Then smiling nature shall express
Her mighty Maker's praise;
And we, the children of thy grace,
Join her harmonious lays. *Burder.*

579 *Liberality.* L. M.

1 OH, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun:
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift let the great salvation fly!
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn. *Rippon.*

580 *Encouragement to Perseverance.* 8. 7. 4.

1 IF our warfare be laborious,
Soon the strife will reach a close:

Rest is sweet, secure, and glorious,
That from prosp'rous warfare flows:
Doubly precious
After labor is repose.

2 Are there many foes before us,
Standing to oppose our way?
Yet they shall not overpower us—
This with boldness we may say;
Since Jehovah
Guards his people night and day.

3 Are we blind and prone to error?
God vouchsafes to be our guide:
Are we faint, and full of terror?
He himself is on our side.
'Tis sufficient—
God our Saviour will provide.

4 When through him we prove victorious,
Then will strife and labor cease;
Then our triumph will be glorious,
Then his people dwell at ease;
And their portion
Will be everlasting peace. *Kelly.*

581 *Benevolent Effort.* C. M.

1 O LORD, who dost thy boundless power
In acts of goodness show,
Thy mercy let the world adore;
Thence all our blessings flow.

2 This still shall be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we 'll ever sing;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
But thou th' unfailing spring.

3 Each hand and heart that lends us aid,
Thou dost inspire and guide;
Nor shall their love be unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.

4 May all the pleasing pains they share
Be crowned with wished success;
The present age applaud their care,
And future ages bless. *Russell.*

582 *Tract Distribution.* 8.7.4.

1 LORD of glory, who didst honor
David's humble sling and stone,
Ancient Israel to deliver—
Now as weak an effort own;
Bless the labor
Which our feeble hands have done.

2 'Tis the gospel seed we 're sowing
On the good and fallow ground;
Bearing, weeping, without knowing
Which shall fail and which abound:
Holy Spirit,
Let it verdant spring around.

3 When the harvest-time is ended,
When the Master counts our sheaves,
Oh let those by us attended,
Be as numerous as the leaves
Which we scatter,
And a dying world receives.

583 *Temperance Hymn.* S. M.

1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For Reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love. C. (*orig.*)

584 *The Sailor's Friend.* C. M.

1 OF old did Jesus condescend
To calm the raging sea?
Yes, he was then the Sailor's Friend,
And such he still would be.

2 Not to sustain our mortal breath
We raise the earnest cry;
Lord, save our precious souls from death,
And make us fit to die.

3 Then blow, ye winds, ye surges, roar;
'Twill not our souls appal,
Though waves and billows pass us o'er,
And deep to deep should call.

4 But oh, without that blessed hope,
Without a Saviour near,
What desperate courage bears us up;
What madness not to fear!

5 Jesus, on thee our hopes we cast,
No more thy wrath defy;
Thou art the anchor sure and fast;
On thee our souls rely.

6 Soon shall the sea give up its dead;
And should our graves be there,
With joy we'll quit our watery bed,
To meet thee in the air. *Jane Taylor.*

585 *Hope for the Sailor.* C. M.

1 BLESS'D be the voice now heard afar
O'er the dark rolling sea,
That whispers to the hardy tar—
"Sailor, there 's hope for thee."

2 Bless'd be that pure, that Christian love,
Which wings its way so free,
And bears the olive, like the dove,
Brave, generous tar, to thee.

3 Bless'd be those lips whose accents mild
First sounded o'er the sea,
And there proclaimed to Ocean's child—
"Sailor, there 's hope for thee."

4 Thou who didst calm the boist'rous wave,
Thy grace our theme should be:

Thanks for the hope thy mercy gave—
The sailor's hope in thee.

586 *Providential Deliverance.* C. M.

1 JUST snatched from danger and from death,
My thankful voice I raise;
And fain emit my feeble breath
In grateful hymns of praise.

2 As on destruction's brink aghast
I stood with panting breath,
And thought that moment was my last,
And looked for instant death;

3 Just in the moment of despair
I raised my fainting cry;
My Saviour heard the broken prayer,
His hand unseen was nigh.

4 Oh, blessings on his name, and praise,
Who saved me from above;
Be my spared life and rescued days
Devoted to his love.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

587 *The maternal Prayer-meeting.* C. M.

1 WE gather at the mercy-seat,
Oppressed with anxious care,
And at our great Redeemer's feet
We pour the mother's prayer.

2 A feeble band, to him we fly,
And in our weakness dare
Address him in the mother's sigh,
And in the mother's prayer.

3 In the rich blessings of his love
He calls the child to share;
And he will listen from above,
And hear the mother's prayer.

4 Now on our burdened hearts, O Lord,
Our children we would bear;

Fulfill the promise of thy word,
And grant the mother's prayer.

5 "Save, Lord," we will not cease to cry,
Nor of thy grace despair;
For thou wilt not the gift deny,
Nor spurn the mother's prayer. *C.* (*orig.*)

588 *Blessedness of early Piety.* C. M.

1 HAPPY the child whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young:
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath:
Thus we 're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death. *Watts.*

589 *The sanctified Child.* C. M.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2 And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 O thou whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

4 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thy own. *Heber.*

590 *The Hosannas of Children.* 7. 6. Iambic.

1 WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him;
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reignet
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We 'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

591 *The Praises of Children.* 7s.

1 GLORY to the Father give;
God in whom we move and live:
Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their lips with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love." *Montgomery.*

592 *Invitation to the Young.* Prov. viii. 17. C.M.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away—ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find. *Doddridge.*

593 *Prayer of a Youth.* S. M.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
Oh make me learn while I am young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;

Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy. *Fawcett.*

594 *The Sabbath-School.* C. M.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

6 Great God, impress the serious thought,
This day, on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest. *Jane Taylor*

595 *Blessing implored.* L. M.

1 HOSANNAS by an infant train
Were once within the temple sung,
While Jesus listened to the strain,
And poured his blessing on the throng.

2 Lord, may thy Spirit seal the truth
On every heart, with power divine;
Renew and sanctify these youth,
And make these children wholly thine.

3 May we our humble voices raise
Responsive to the heavenly host,
In strains of everlasting praise
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
B. H. P. (*orig.*)

596 *Sabbath-School Hymn.* C. M.

1 O LORD, our God, thy light and truth
To us thy children send,
That we may serve thee in our youth,
And love thee to the end.

2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The downward path we trod,
Our wand'ring heart and wayward mind
Were enemies to God.

3 But friends and guardians now, through grace,
Our heedless steps restrain;
They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain.

4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which salvation springs:
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wings. *Montgomery.*

597 *Sabbath-School Hymn.* C. M.

1 THOU art our Shepherd, glorious God;
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod—
The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watched, and warned, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

3 Oh may our friends and teachers here
Meet all our souls above,
And they and we in heaven appear—
The children of thy love. *Montgomery.*

598 *The Sabbath-School Teacher.* C. M.

1 BLESS'D work, the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace!

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray,
The way, the life, the truth.

4 Thy Spirit, Father, on us shed,
And bless this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine. *Straphan.*

DEATH.

599 *Uncertainty of Life.* C. M.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

6 Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live, for hell or heaven. *Heber*

600 *Time fleeting.* 7. 6

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that 's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.
Burton.

601 *Thoughts of Death.* C. M.

1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, my eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 Oh, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.
Watts.

602 *"I would not live alway."* Job vii. 16. 11s.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few fleeting mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's sorrows—enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Muhlenburg.

603 *Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.* C. M.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath;

And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God. *Watts.*

604 *The Grave.* 8. 4.

1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 Thou traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

4 Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

5 Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Thou soon shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home. *Montgomery.*

605 *Shortness of Life.* C. M.

1 TIME—what an empty vapor 'tis!
And days—how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

3 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

4 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

5 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies. *Watts.*

606 *The tolling Bell.* L. M.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I 'm gone,
And plunge into a world unknown.

3 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and let me live.

4 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be—
Perhaps it next may toll for me. *Newton*

607 *Death and Eternity.* C. M

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise.
Converse a while with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But oh, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay;
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there,

Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust. *Watts.*

608 *A Funeral Thought.* C. M.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears attend the cry—
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure,
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky. *Watts.*

609 *Prayer for Divine Support.* C. M.

1 ETERNAL God, enthroned on high,
Whom angel hosts adore,
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh—
Thy presence I implore.

2 My flying years time urges on;
What 's human must decay:
My friends, my young companions, gone,
Can I expect to stay?

3 Can I exemption plead when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

4 Ah, no; then smooth the mortal hour;
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

5 Then shall my soul, O gracious God,
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the bless'd abode,
Its endless anthems pay;—

6 Through heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim,
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name. *Rippon.*

610 *Consolations in Sickness.* C. M.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home. *Toplady.*

611 *Hope in Affliction.* C. M.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,

How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path that leads to light;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that hope with ardor glows
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

6 Oh let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born wo and care;
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share. *Noel.*

612 *The Saviour's Presence in Death.* L. M.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there. *Watts.*

613 *The Fear of Death removed.* C M.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath;
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death. *Watts.*

614 *The Fear of Death removed.* C. M

1 WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept;
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died from death to save.
R. Palmer, (*orig.*)

615 *Support in Death.* 7. 4.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Dwell for ever—
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 When the mighty trumpet blown
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
From the central, burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransomed,
Judge and Saviour, own my name. *Gilbert.*

616 *Support in Death.* C. M.

1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;

2 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart;

3 O thou great source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

4 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

5 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in thy fond embraces lose
The bitterness of death. *Collyer.*

617 *Triumph over Death.* C. M.

1 OH for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing—
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ our living head. *Watts.*

618 *Rejoicing in View of Death.* C. M.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest—
That only bliss for which it pants—
In my Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 Oh what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?

5 Give joy or grief—give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day. *C. Wesley.*

619 *Triumph over Death.* Job xix. 25—27. C. M.

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 There shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise. *Watts.*

620 *Funeral of a young Person.* C. M.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh may this truth, impress'd
With awful power—"I too must die"—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh let us fly—to Jesus fly—
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave. *Mrs. Steele.*

621 *Death of a Child.* C. M.

1 THE once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die. *Mrs. Steele.*

622 *Death of a Minister.* C. M.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide." *Doddridge.*

623 *Death of an aged Minister.* S. M.

1 "SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy. *Montgomery.*

624 *Death of pious Friends.* C. M.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day. *Watts.*

625 *Death dreadful or delightful.* C. M.

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,

When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away. *Watts.*

626 *The Death of a Sinner.* C. M.

1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Among abominable fiends,
Herself a frighted ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains:
Tortured with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace that kept my breath,
Nor bade my soul remove,

Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
And well ensured his love! *Watts.*

627 *Death of the Righteous.* L. M.

1 HOW bless'd the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How bless'd the righteous when he dies!"
Mrs. Barbauld.

628 *The departing Saint.* 8. 7.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above:
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die—to live the life of glory—
Suffer—with thy Lord to reign. *C. Wesley.*

629 *The departing Saint.* 7s.

1 DYING saint, to glory rise,
Seek thy mansion in the skies;

Go to shine before his throne
Who hath bought thee for his own;
Lo, he beckons from on high;
Fearless, to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.

2 Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there. *Toplady*, (*alt'd.*)

630 *The dying Christian to his Soul.*

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark, they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away:"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings; I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting? *Pope.*

631 *Death of a Saint.* 7s.

1 LO, the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God.
Lo, the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

2 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife:
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!
Borne aloft on angel-wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies;
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

3 Join we then with one accord
In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our glorious Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there. *C. Wesley.*

632 *Funeral Hymn.* 12. 11.

1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee;
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And full on thy ear burst the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.
Heber.

633 *Funeral Hymn.* C. M.

1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains.

2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah, let us leave these seats of pain,
And upward learn to rise.

3 Jesus, who left his bless'd abode,
(Amazing grace!) to die,
Marked, when he rose, the shining road
To his bright courts on high.

4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our absent happy friends,
And calms the swelling wo.

5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies. *Mrs. Steele.*

634 *The Tomb and the Resurrection.* L. M.

1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed:
Rest here, bless'd saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Called to ascend and meet the Lord. *Watts.*

635 *"Blessed are the dead,"* &c. Rev. xiv. 13. C. M.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward. *Watts.*

636 *"To die is gain."* 8s.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven has gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he has sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the bless'd shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life 's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last. *C. Wesley.*

637 *Hope of the Resurrection.* S. M.

1 AND must this body die;
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies

Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues. *Watts.*

638 *Rest and Resurrection.* C. M.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays;
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise. *H. K. White.*

THE JUDGMENT.

639

The Judgment. Mal. iii. 2. S. M.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head. *Doddridge.*

640

The Sinner warned. 8. 7. 4.

1 WHEN th' eternal Judge descending,
Shall enthroned in glory come,
Sinner, at his bar attending,
Thou wilt hear thy awful doom:
Speechless, hopeless,
Thou wilt hear thy awful doom.

2 O'er thy folly then lamenting,
Filled with dread of future pain,
Cries of bitter anguish venting,
Thou wilt mourn and weep in vain;
Called to judgment,
Thou wilt mourn and weep in vain.

3 There will sit thy slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;

Oh that thou would'st seek his favor,
While invited from above:
Golden moments—
While invited from above.

4 Swift thy days of grace are fleeting,
Canst thou linger and delay?
Lo! the hours, their calls repeating,
Hasten on the judgment-day;
Hours of mercy
Hasten on the judgment-day.

641 *The Judgment anticipated.* C. M.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear? *Addison's Spec.*

642 *"Watch and pray."* S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3 Oh may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

4 Oh may we all ensure
A lot among the bless'd;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest. *C. Wesley.*

643 *The Day of Judgment.* 8.7.4.

1 DAY of judgment—day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine;"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know." *Newton.*

644 *The same.* C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come;
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound—"depart?"

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 Oh, wretched state of deep despair—
To see my God remove,

And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

5 Oh tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands. *Watts.*

THE ETERNAL STATE.

645 *Rest in Heaven.* C. M. Peculiar.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above, in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven. *W. B. Tappan.*

646 *Heaven anticipated.* C. M.

1 OUR sins and sorrows, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

2 There, to fulfill his high commands
Our speedy feet shall move;

No sin shall clog our active zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

3 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

4 For ever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song. *Watts.*

647 *"They who sow in tears," &c.* C. M. Double.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares distressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
And they who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again with joy.

2 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.
There smiling peace with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they who once have sown in tears,
Now reap eternal joy.

3 When the revealing hour is near
Which shall unvail the tomb,
When, filled with doubt and trembling fear,
We pass the valley's gloom,
Wilt thou, bless'd Jesus, calm these fears;
Let praise our lips employ;
That we, who here have sown in tears,
May reap in heaven with joy. *W. B. Tappan.*

648 *Life and Death eternal.* S. M.

1 OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone. *Montgomery.*

649 *The Mourner comforted.* C. M. Double.

1 OH weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away,
For hopes that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;
The clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
For bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven.

2 Oh weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonely grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.

650 *Sinai and Zion.* Heb. xii. 18, &c. C. M.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,

Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever bless'd. *Watts.*

651 *The Saints in Glory.* 7s.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Once they knew, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy wo,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of wo they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again.

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;

Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow—in eternal rest. *Raffles.*

652 *The Vision of Christ.* C. M.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I 'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure, and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endless ages I 'll adore
The glories of thy love. *Watts.*

653 *Happiness of Heaven.* 8s.

1 OH when shall we sweetly remove,
And enter our heavenly rest;
Return to the Zion above,
And join in the songs of the bless'd?
Oh when shall we dwell with our King,
Where sorrow and pain are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore?

2 Our Saviour, thou knowest our prayer;
We long thy appearing to see;
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But hoping to triumph with thee:

To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
To weep at thy longer delay;
But thou whom we hasten to meet,
Wilt chase all our sorrows away.
C. Wesley, (*alt'd.*)

654 *Heavenly Love.* S. M.

1 LOVE fills all heaven with light;
Love tunes the lyres above;
Angels and saints their songs unite,
And every voice is love.

2 That holy, happy throng
In sweet accordance move;
Jesus their everlasting song,
And every accent love.

3 Soon will the church below
Unite with that above;
The Saviour's blissful presence know,
And sing redeeming love. *B. H. P.* (*orig.*)

655 *Heaven.* 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10; Rev. xxi. 27. C. M.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lip nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
There all their names are found:
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground. *Watts.*

656 *Happiness of Heaven.* 8s.

1 WE speak of the realms of the bless'd,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd,
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there!

4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or wo,
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

657 *The everlasting Song.* C. M.

1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long;
'Tis time I lift my eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the bless'd Man, my Saviour, sits;
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, thy love they sing;
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here 's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:

Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

7 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face. *Watts.*

658 *The Saints in Heaven.* 7. 6.

1 TO their Lord believers go,
When from the flesh they fly;
Glorious joys ordained to know,
They mount above the sky;
In that bright, celestial place,
They without a vail shall see
Their Redeemer's heavenly face,
And with him ever be.

2 When they once have entered there,
Their mourning days are o'er;
Sin and pain and want and care
And sighing are no more:
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun.

3 While eternal ages roll,
Their anthems they shall raise;
God the portion of the soul,
And its employment praise:
Upward, Lord, our souls would rise,
We would join that happy throng;
Swell the chorus of the skies,
And praise in endless song. *C. Wesley, (alt'd.)*

659 *Friendship in Heaven.* 6. 8.

1 FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were bless'd.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,

There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away:
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Montgomery.

660 *The heavenly Jerusalem.* C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home—
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace, in thee?

2 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home—
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

661 *The Glory of Christ in Heaven.* C. M.

1 OH, the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Through every heavenly street;
And lay their highest honors down,
Submissive, at his feet.

5 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

6 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To bear our souls away.

Watts.

662 *Heavenly Glory.* 7. 6. Iambic.

1 THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love:
An everlasting temple;
And saints, arrayed in white,
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of Jesus on the throne?
There now he sits exalted,
Who hung upon the tree;

The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

3 Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
Lo, now the mighty conqueror
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting wo.

4 The hosts of saints around him
Redeeming grace adore;
Recount their toils and conflicts,
And tell their sufferings o'er;
Then turn and bow to Jesus,
Who brought them on their way,
From earthly tribulation
To everlasting day.

663 *The heavenly Canaan.* C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Where endless day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. *Watts.*

664 *The blessed Society in Heaven.* C. M.

1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street:
And say there 's nought below the sun
That 's worthy of thy feet.

2 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

3 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove;
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

5 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing, and praise
The infinite Three-One.

6 But oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!

7 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there? *Watts.*

665 *"We shall see him as he is."* C. M.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thy abode;
I 'd leave the earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasant sight;
But to abide in thy embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I 'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal All.

6 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high. *Watts.*

666 *The promised Land.* C. M.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever bless'd?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away. *Stennett.*

667 THE LORD'S PRAYER. S. M.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed, far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray,
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say—
All for his sake be done. *Montgomery.*

DOXOLOGIES.

668 *Invocation of the Trinity.* 6 4.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thy almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed—
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

669 *Praise to the Trinity.* H. M.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting wo;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Holy Ghost
Immortal praise we give;
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done;
The undivided Three
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores. *Watts.*

670 *Praise to the Trinity.* 7s.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God, the Father and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessing more than we can give;
Joining those beyond the sky,
Who adore the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.

2 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence bless'd;
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity.
Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall, o'erwhelmed with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore. *C. Wesley.*

671 *"Our God for ever and ever."* 8s.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend:
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that 's to come. *Hart.*

672 S. M.

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues:
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honor of the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain;
Whose light and power and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 To the great One in Three,
That seals the grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given. *Watts.*

673 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

674 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

675 C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

676 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

677

C. M. Double.

1 THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death:
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

678

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

679

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

680

L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

681

L. M. 6 lines.

IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
Ascribe to God the Father's name;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
O God the Spirit, paid to thee.

682

C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,

And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

683

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

684

7s. 6 lines.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

685

7s. Double.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

686

7. 6.

FATHER, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is changed to heaven.

687

7. 6. Iambic.

FROM all in earth and heaven,
To God, the Three in One,
Be boundless glory given,
And ceaseless service done;

Co-equal praise to Father,
To Son, to Spirit be;
One God they reign together,
One Holy Trinity.

688
8. 7.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

689
8. 7. 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to th' eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One.

690
6. 4.

TO the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

691
5. 6.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in Three persons,
One God ever blessed:
As it has been, and now is,
And always shall be.

692

10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed ;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame till time shall be no more.

693

11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven ;
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

694

12s.

ALL glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven ;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
And ever shall be to the God of salvation.

695

S. P. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given :
To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
From all on earth and all in heaven.

Stereotyped by L. Johnson, Philadelphia.

THE

CONFESSION OF FAITH

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WITH THE

SHORTER CATECHISM.

THE

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURE.

ALTHOUGH the light of nature, and the works of creation and providence, do so far manifest the goodness, wisdom, and power of God, as to leave men inexcusable;[1] yet they are not sufficient to give that knowledge of God, and of his will, which is necessary unto salvation;[2] therefore it pleased the Lord, at sundry times, and in divers manners, to reveal himself, and to declare that his will unto his church;[3] and afterwards for the better preserving and propagating of the truth, and for the more sure establishment and comfort of the church against the corruption of the flesh, and the malice of Satan and of the world, to commit the same wholly unto writing;[4] which maketh the Holy Scripture to be most necessary;[5] those former ways of God's revealing his will unto his people being now ceased.[6]

II. Under the name of Holy Scripture, or the word of God written, are now contained all the books of the Old and New Testament, which are these:

OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Genesis.
Exodus.
Leviticus.
Numbers.
Deuteronomy.
Joshua.
Judges.
Ruth.
Samuel, I.
Samuel, II.
Kings, I.
Kings, II.
Chronicles, I.
Chronicles, II.
Ezra.
Nehemiah.
Esther.
Job.
Psalms.
Proverbs.
Ecclesiastes.
The Song of Songs.
Isaiah.
Jeremiah.
Lamentations.
Ezekiel.
Daniel.

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[1] Rom. ii. 14, 15; i. 19, 20; Psal. xix. 1—3; Rom. i. 32; ii. 1. [2] 1 Cor. i. 21; ii. 13, 14. [3] Heb. i. 1. [4] Luke i. 3, 4; Rom. xv. 4; Isa. viii. 20; Rev. xxii. 18. [5] 2 Tim. iii. 15; 2 Pet. i. 19. [6] Heb. i. 1, 2.

Hosea.
Joel.
Amos.
Obadiah.
Jonah.
Micah.
Nahum.
Habakkuk.
Zephaniah.
Haggai.
Zechariah.
Malachi.

OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Gospels according to
Matthew.
Mark.
Luke.
John.
The Acts of the Apostles.
Paul's Epistles to the Romans.
Corinthians, I.
Corinthians, II.
Galatians.
Ephesians.
Philippians.
Colossians.
Thessalonians, I.
Thessalonians, II.
To Timothy, I.
To Timothy, II.
To Titus.
To Philemon.
The Epistle to the Hebrews.
The Epistle of James.
The first and second Epistles of Peter.
The first, second, and third Epistles of John.
The Epistle of Jude.
The Revelation.

All which are given by inspiration of God, to be the rule of faith and life.[1]

III. The books commonly called Apocrypha, not being of divine inspiration, are no part of the canon of the Scripture; and therefore are of no authority in the church of God, nor to be any otherwise approved, or made use of, than other human writings.[2]

IV. The authority of the Holy Scripture, for which it ought to be believed and obeyed, dependeth not upon the testimony of any man or church, but wholly upon God, (who is truth itself,) the author thereof; and therefore it is to be received, because it is the word of God.[3]

V. We may be moved and induced by the testimony of the church to an high and reverend esteem for the Holy Scripture;[4] and the heavenliness of the matter, the efficacy of the doctrine, the majesty of the style, the consent of all the parts, the scope of the whole, (which is to give all glory to God,) the full discovery it makes of the only way of man's salvation, the many other incomparable excellencies, and the entire perfection thereof, are arguments whereby it doth abundantly evidence itself to be the word of God; yet, notwithstanding, our full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth, and divine authority thereof, is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the word, in our hearts.[1]

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[1] Eph. ii. 20; Rev. xxii. 18, 19; 2 Tim. iii. 16. [2] Luke xxiv. 27, 44; 2 Pet. i. 21. [3] 2 Tim. iii. 16; 1 John v. 9, 1 Thess. ii. 13. [4] 1 Tim. iii. 15.

VI. The whole counsel of God, concerning all things necessary for his own glory, man's salvation, faith, and life, is either expressly set down in Scripture, or by good and necessary consequence may be deduced from Scripture: unto which nothing at any time is to be added, whether by new revelations of the Spirit, or traditions of men.[2] Nevertheless we acknowledge the inward illumination of the Spirit of God to be necessary for the saving understanding of such things as are revealed in the word;[3] and there are some circumstances concerning the worship of God, and government of the church, common to human actions and societies, which are to be ordered by the light of nature and Christian prudence, according to the general rules of the word, which are always to be observed.[4]

VII. All things in Scripture are not alike plain in themselves, nor alike clear unto all;[5] yet those things which are necessary to be known, believed, and observed, for salvation, are so clearly propounded and opened in some place of Scripture or other, that not only the learned, but the unlearned, in a due use of the ordinary means, may attain unto a sufficient understanding of them.[6]

VIII. The Old Testament in Hebrew, (which was the native language of the people of God of old,) and the New Testament in Greek, (which at the time of the writing of it was most generally known to the nations,) being immediately inspired by God, and by his singular care and providence, kept pure in all ages, are therefore authentical;[7] so as in all controversies of religion the church is finally to appeal unto them.[8] But because these original tongues are not known to all the people of God who have right unto, and interest in the Scriptures, and are commanded, in the fear of God, to read and search them,[9] therefore they are to be translated into the vulgar language of every nation unto which they come,[10] that the word of God dwelling plentifully in all, they may worship him in an acceptable manner,[1] and, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, may have hope.[2]

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[1] 1 John ii. 20, 27; John xvi. 13, 14; 1 Cor. ii. 10, 11. [2] 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17; Gal. i. 8; 2 Thess. ii. 2. [3] John vi. 45; 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10, 12. [4] 1 Cor. xi. 13, 14; xiv. 26, 40. [5] 2 Pet. iii. 16. [6] Psal. cxix. 105, 130. [7] Matt. v. 18. [8] Isa. viii. 20; Acts xv. 15; John v. 46. [9] John v. 39. [10] 1 Cor. xiv. 6, 9, 11, 12, 24, 27, 28.

IX. The infallible rule of interpretation of Scripture, is the Scripture itself; and therefore, when there is a question about the true and full sense of any scripture, (which is not manifold, but one,) it may be searched and known by other places that speak more clearly.[3]

X. The Supreme Judge, by whom all controversies of religion are to be determined, and all decrees of councils, opinions of ancient writers, doctrines of men, and private spirits, are to be examined, and in whose sentence we are to rest, can be no other but the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scripture.[4]

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CHAPTER II.

OF GOD, AND OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

THERE is but one only[5] living and true God,[6] who is infinite in being and perfection,[7] a most pure spirit,[8] invisible,[9] without body, parts,[10] or passions,[11] immutable,[12] immense,[13] eternal,[14] incomprehensible,[15] almighty,[16] most wise,[17] most holy,[18] most free,[19] most absolute,[20] working all things according to the counsel of his own immutable and most righteous will,[21] for his own glory;[22] most loving,[23] gracious, merciful, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin;[24] the rewarder of them that diligently seek him;[25] and withal most just and terrible in his judgments;[26] hating all sin,[27] and who will by no means clear the guilty.[28]

II. God hath all life,[29] glory,[30] goodness,[31] blessedness,[1] in and of himself; and is alone in and unto himself all-sufficient, not standing in need of any creatures which he hath made,[2] nor deriving any glory from them,[3] but only manifesting his own glory in, by, unto, and upon them: he is the alone fountain of all being, of whom, through whom, and to whom, are all things;[4] and hath most sovereign dominion over them, to do by them, for them, and upon them, whatsoever himself pleaseth.[5] In his sight all things are open and manifest;[6] his knowledge is infinite, infallible, and independent upon the creature;[7] so as nothing is to him contingent or uncertain.[8] He is most holy in all his counsels, in his works, and in all his commands.[9] To him is due from angels and men, and every other creature, whatsoever worship, service, or obedience, he is pleased to require of them.[10]

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[1] Col. iii. 16. [2] Rom. xv. 4. [3] Acts xv. 15; John v. 46. [4] Matt. xxii. 29, 31; Eph. ii. 20; Acts xxviii. 25. [5] Deut. vi. 4; 1 Cor. viii. 4, 6. [6] 1 Thess. i. 9; Jer. x. 10. [7] Job xi. 7—9; xxvi. 14. [8] John iv. 24. [9] 1 Tim. i. 17. [10] Deut. iv. 15, 16; Luke xxiv. 39; John iv. 24. [11] Acts xiv. 11, 15. [12] James i. 17; Mal. iii. 6. [13] 1 Kings viii. 27; Jer. xxiii. 23, 24. [14] Ps. xc. 2; 1 Tim. i. 17. [15] Ps. cxlv. 3. [16] Gen. xvii. 1; Rev. iv. 8. [17] Rom. xvi. 27. [18] Isa. vi. 3; Rev. iv. 8. [19] Ps. cxv. 3. [20] Ex. iii. 14. [21] Eph. i. 11. [22] Prov. xvi. 4; Rom. xi. 36; Rev. iv. 11. [23] 1 John iv. 8. [24] Ex. xxxiv. 6, 7. [25] Heb. xi. 6. [26] Neh. ix. 32, 33. [27] Ps. v. 5, 6. [28] Nahum i. 2, 3; Ex. xxxiv. 7. [29] John v. 26. [30] Acts vii. 2. [31] Ps. cxix. 68.

III. In unity of the Godhead there be three persons of one substance, power, and eternity; God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.[11] The Father is of none, neither begotten nor proceeding; the Son is eternally begotten of the Father;[12] the Holy Ghost eternally proceeding from the Father and the Son.[13]

CHAPTER III.

OF GOD'S ETERNAL DECREE.

God from all eternity did by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass;[14] yet so as thereby neither is God the author of sin;[15] nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the liberty or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established.[16]

II. Although God knows whatsoever may or can come to pass, upon all supposed conditions;[17] yet hath he not decreed any thing because he foresaw it as future, or as that which would come to pass, upon such conditions.[1]

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[1] 1 Tim. vi. 15; Rom. ix. 5. [2] Acts xvii. 24, 25. [3] Job xxii. 2, 3. [4] Rom. xi. 36. [5] Rev. iv. 11; Dan. iv. 25, 35; 1 Tim. vi. 15. [6] Heb. iv. 13. [7] Rom. xi. 33, 34; Ps. cxlvii. 5. [8] Acts xv. 18; Ezek. xi. 5. [9] Ps. cxlv. 17; Rom. vii. 12. [10] Rev. v. 12—14. [11] 1 John v. 7; Matt. iii. 16, 17; xxviii. 19; 2 Cor. xiii. 14. [12] John i. 14, 18. [13] John xv. 26; Gal. iv. 6. [14] Eph. i. 11; Rom. xi. 33; Heb. vi. 17; Rom. ix. 15, 18. [15] Jam. i. 13, 17; 1 John i. 5; Eccl. vii. 29. [16] Acts ii. 23; Matt. xvii. 12; Acts iv. 27, 28; John xix. 11; Prov. xvi. 33; Acts xxvii. 23, 24, 34. [17] Acts xv. 18; 1 Sam. xxiii. 11, 12; Matt. xi. 21, 23.

III. By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels[2] are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death.[3]

IV. These angels and men, thus predestinated and fore-ordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.[4]

V. Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal and immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of his will, hath chosen in Christ, unto everlasting glory,[5] out of his mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions, or causes moving him thereunto;[6] and all to the praise of his glorious grace.[7]

VI. As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so hath he, by the eternal and most free purpose of his will, fore-ordained all the means thereunto.[8] Wherefore they who are elected being fallen in Adam, are redeemed by Christ,[9] are effectually called unto faith in Christ by his Spirit working in due season; are justified, adopted, sanctified,[10] and kept by his power through faith unto salvation.[11] Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified, and saved, but the elect only.[12]

VII. The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice.[13]

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[1] Rom. ix. 11, 13, 16, 18. [2] 1 Tim. v. 21; Matt. xxv. 41. [3] Rom. ix. 22, 23; Eph. i. 5, 6; Prov. xvi. 4. [4] 2 Tim. ii. 19; John xiii. 18. [5] Eph. i. 4, 9, 11; Rom. viii. 30; 2 Tim. i. 9; 1 Thess. v. 9. [6] Rom. ix. 11, 13, 16; Eph. i. 4, 9. [7] Eph. i. 6, 12. [8] Eph. i. 4; ii. 10; 2 Thess. ii. 13. [9] 1 Thess. v. 9, 10; Tit. ii. 14. [10] Rom. viii. 30; Eph. i. 5; 2 Thess. ii. 13. [11] 1 Pet. i. 5. [12] John xvii. 9; Rom. viii. 28; John vi. 64, 65; viii. 47; x. 26: 1 John ii. 19. [13] Matt. xi. 25, 26; Rom. ix. 17, 18, 21, 22; 2 Tim. ii. 20; Jude 4; 1 Pet. ii. 8.

VIII. The doctrine of this high mystery of predestination is to be handled with special prudence and care,[1] that men attending the will of God revealed in his word, and yielding obedience thereunto, may, from the certainty of their effectual vocation, be assured of their eternal election.[2] So shall this doctrine afford matter of praise, reverence, and admiration of God;[3] and of humility, diligence, and abundant consolation, to all that sincerely obey the gospel.[4]

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CHAPTER IV.

OF CREATION.

It pleased God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,[5] for the manifestation of the glory of his eternal power, wisdom, and goodness,[6] in the beginning, to create or make of nothing the world, and all things therein, whether visible or invisible, in the space of six days, and all very good.[7]

II. After God had made all other creatures, he created man, male and female,[8] with reasonable and immortal souls,[9] endued with knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness, after his own image,[10] having the law of God written in their hearts,[11] and power to fulfill it;[12] and yet under a possibility of transgressing, being left to the liberty of their own will, which was subject unto change.[13] Besides this law written in their hearts, they received a command not to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; which while they kept they were happy in their communion with God,[14] and had dominion over the creatures.[15]

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[1] Rom. ix. 20; xi. 33; Deut. xxix. 29. [2] 2 Pet. i. 10. [3] Eph. i. 6; Rom. xi. 33. [4] Rom. xi. 5, 6, 20; viii. 33; Luke x. 20. [5] Heb. i. 2; John i. 2, 3; Job xxvi. 13; xxxiii. 4. [6] Rom. i. 20; Ps. civ. 24. [7] Gen. 1st chap. throughout; Col. i. 16. [8] Gen. i. 27. [9] Gen. ii. 7; Luke xxiii. 43; Eccl. xii. 7; Matt. x. 28. [10] Gen. i. 26. [11] Rom. ii. 14, 15. [12] Eccl. vii. 29. [13] Gen. iii. 6; Eccl. vii. 29. [14] Gen. ii. 17; iii. 8; xi. 23. [15] Gen. i. 28; Ps. viii. 6—8.

CHAPTER V.

OF PROVIDENCE.

GOD, the great Creator of all things, doth uphold,[1] direct, dispose, and govern all creatures, actions, and things,[2] from the greatest even to the least,[3] by his most wise and holy providence,[4] according to his infallible foreknowledge,[5] and the free and immutable counsel of his own will,[6] to the praise of the glory of his wisdom, power, justice, goodness and mercy.[7]

II. Although in relation to the foreknowledge and decree of God, the first cause, all things come to pass immutably and infallibly,[8] yet, by the same providence, he ordereth them to fall out according to the nature of second causes, either necessarily, freely or contingently.[9]

III. God, in his ordinary providence, maketh use of means,[10] yet is free to work without,[11] above,[12] and against them, at his pleasure.[13]

IV. The almighty power, unsearchable wisdom, and infinite goodness of God, so far manifest themselves in his providence, that it extendeth itself even to the first fall, and all other sins of angels and men,[14] and that not by a bare permission, but such as hath joined with it a most wise and powerful bounding,[15] and otherwise ordering and governing of them, in a manifold dispensation, to his own holy ends;[16] yet so, as the sinfulness thereof proceedeth only from the creature, and not from God, who being most holy and righteous, neither is, nor can be the author or approver of sin.[17]

V. The most wise, righteous and gracious God, doth oftentimes leave for a season his own children to manifold temptations and the corruption of their own hearts, to chastise them for their former sins, or to discover unto them the hidden strength of corruption and deceitfulness of their hearts, that they may be humbled;[1] and to raise them to a more close and constant dependence for their support upon himself, and to make them more watchful against all future occasions of sin, and for sundry other just and holy ends.[2]

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[1] Heb. i. 3. [2] Dan. iv. 34, 35; Ps. cxxxv. 6; Acts xvii. 25, 26, 28; Job xxxviii. xxxix. xl. xli. chapters. [3] Matt. x. 29—31; vi. 26, 30. [4] Prov. xv. 3; 2 Chron. xvi. 9; Ps. cxlv. 17; civ. 24. [5] Acts xv. 18. [6] Eph. i. 11; Ps. xxxiii. 11. [7] Eph. iii. 10; Rom. ix. 17; Ps. cxlv. 7. [8] Acts ii. 23. [9] Gen. viii. 22; Jer. xxxi. 35; Ex. xxi. 13; 1 Kings xxii. 34; Isa. x. 6, 7. [10] Acts xxvii. 24, 31; Isa. lv. 10, 11. [11] Hos. i. 7. [12] Rom. iv. 19—21. [13] 2 Kings vi. 6; Dan. iii. 27. [14] Rom. xi. 32, 33; 2 Sam. xxiv. 1; 1 Chron. xxi. 1; x. 4, 13, 14; 2 Sam. xvi. 10; Acts iv. 27, 28. [15] Ps. lxxvi. 10; 2 Kings xix. 28. [16] Gen. l. 20; Isa. x. 6, 7, 12. [17] 1 John ii. 16; Ps. l. 21; James i. 13, 14, 17.

VI. As for those wicked and ungodly men whom God, as a righteous judge, for former sins, doth blind and harden;[3] from them he not only withholdeth his grace, whereby they might have been enlightened in their understandings, and wrought upon in their hearts;[4] but sometimes also withdraweth the gifts which they had;[5] and exposeth them to such objects as their corruption makes occasion of sin;[6] and withal, gives them over to their own lusts, the temptations of the world, and the power of Satan;[7] whereby it comes to pass that they harden themselves, even under those means which God useth for the softening of others.[8]

VII. As the providence of God doth, in general, reach to all creatures: so, after a most special manner, it taketh care of his church, and disposeth all things to the good thereof.[9]

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CHAPTER VI.

OF THE FALL OF MAN, OF SIN, AND OF THE PUNISHMENT THEREOF.

OUR first parents, being seduced by the subtilty and temptation of Satan, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit.[10] This their sin God was pleased, according to his wise and holy counsel, to permit, having purposed to order it to his own glory.[11]

II. By this sin they fell from their original righteousness, and communion with God,[1] and so became dead in sin,[2] and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body.[3]

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[1] 2 Chron. xxxii. 25, 26, 31. [2] 2 Cor. xii. 7—9; Ps. lxxiii. throughout; lxxvii. 1—10, 12; Mark xiv. 66—72; John xxi. 15—17. [3] Rom. i. 24, 26, 28; xi. 7, 8. [4] Deut. xxix. 4. [5] Matt. xiii. 12; xxv. 29. [6] 2 Kings viii. 12, 13. [7] Ps. lxxxi. 11, 12; 2 Thess. ii. 10—12. [8] Ex. viii. 15, 32; 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16; Isa. viii. 14; Ex. vii. 3; 1 Pet. ii. 7, 8; Isa. vi. 9, 10; Acts xxviii. 26, 27. [9] Amos ix. 8, 9; Rom. viii. 28. [10] Gen. iii. 13; 2 Cor. xi. 3. [11] Rom. xi. 32.

III. They being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed,[4] and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity, descending from them by ordinary generation.[5]

IV. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good,[6] and wholly inclined to all evil,[7] do proceed all actual transgressions.[8]

V. This corruption of nature, during this life, doth remain in those that are regenerated;[9] and although it be through Christ pardoned and mortified, yet both itself, and all the motions thereof, are truly and properly sin.[10]

VI. Every sin, both original and actual, being a transgression of the righteous law of God, and contrary thereunto,[11] doth, in its own nature, bring guilt upon the sinner,[12] whereby he is bound over to the wrath of God,[13] and curse of the law,[14] and so made subject to death,[15] with all miseries spiritual,[16] temporal,[17] and eternal.[18]

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CHAPTER VII.

OF GOD'S COVENANT WITH MAN.

THE distance between God and the creature is so great, that although reasonable creatures do owe obedience unto him as their Creator, yet they could never have any fruition of him, as their blessedness and reward, but by some voluntary condescension on God's part, which he hath been pleased to express by way of covenant.[19]

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[1] Gen. iii. 7, 8; Eccl. vii. 29; Rom. iii. 23. [2] Eph. ii. 1; Rom. v. 12. [3] Gen. vi. 5; Jer. xvii. 9; Rom. iii. 10—19. [4] Acts xvii. 26; Gen. ii. 16, 17; Rom. v. 12, 15—19; 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22, 45, 49. [5] Ps. li. 5; Gen. v. 3; Job xiv. 4; xv 14. [6] Rom. v. 6; viii. 7; John iii. 6; Rom. vii. 18. [7] Gen. viii. 21; Rom. iii. 10—12. [8] James i. 14, 15; Matt. xv. 19. [9] Rom. vii. 14, 17, 18, 23; James iii. 2; Prov. xx. 9; Eccl. vii. 20. [10] Rom. vii. 5, 7, 8, 25. [11] 1 John iii. 4. [12] Rom. iii. 19. [13] Eph. ii. 3. [14] Gal. iii. 10. [15] Rom. vi. 23. [16] Eph. iv. 18. [17] Lam. iii. 39. [18] Matt. xxv. 41; 2 Thess. i. 9. [19] Job ix. 32, 33; Ps. cxiii. 5, 6; Acts xvii. 24, 25; Job xxxv. 7, 8; Luke xvii. 10.

II. The first covenant made with man was a covenant of Works,[1] wherein life was promised to Adam, and in him to his posterity,[2] upon condition of perfect and personal obedience.[3]

III. Man, by his fall, having made himself incapable of life by that covenant, the Lord was pleased to make a second,[4] commonly called the covenant of Grace: wherein he freely offereth unto sinners life and salvation by Jesus Christ, requiring of them faith in him, that they may be saved,[5] and promising to give unto all those that are ordained unto life, his Holy Spirit, to make them willing and able to believe.[6]

IV. This covenant of grace is frequently set forth in Scripture by the name of a testament, in reference to the death of Jesus Christ, the testator, and to the everlasting inheritance, with all things belonging to it, therein bequeathed.[7]

V. This covenant was differently administered in the time of the law, and in the time of the gospel:[8] under the law it was administered by promises, prophecies, sacrifices, circumcision, the paschal lamb, and other types and ordinances delivered to the people of the Jews, all fore-signifying Christ to come,[9] which were for that time sufficient and efficacious, through the operation of the Spirit to instruct and build up the elect in faith, in the promised Messiah,[10] by whom they had full remission of sins, and eternal salvation; and is called the Old Testament.[11]

VI. Under the gospel, when Christ the substance,[12] was exhibited, the ordinances in which this covenant is dispensed, are the preaching of the word, and the administration of the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper;[13] which, though fewer in number, and administered with more simplicity and less outward glory, yet in them it is held forth in more fullness, evidence, and spiritual efficacy,[14] to all nations, both Jews and Gentiles;[1] and is called the New Testament.[2] There are not, therefore, two covenants of grace differing in substance, but one and the same under various dispensations.[3]

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[1] Gal. iii. 12; Hos. vi. 7; Gen. ii. 16, 17. [2] Rom. x. 5. [3] Gen. ii. 17; Gal. iii. 10. [4] Gal. iii. 21; Rom. viii. 3; Isa. xlii. 6; Gen. iii. 15. [5] Mark xvi. 15, 16; John iii. 16. [6] Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27; John vi. 37, 44. [7] Heb. ix. 15—17; vii. 22; Luke xxii. 20; 1 Cor. xi. 25. [8] 2 Cor. iii. 6—9. [9] Heb. viii. ix. x. chapters; Rom. iv. 11; Col. ii. 11, 12; 1 Cor. v. 7; Col. ii. 17. [10] 1 Cor. x. 1—4; Heb. xi. 13; John viii. 56. [11] Gal. iii. 7—9, 14. [12] Col. ii. 17. [13] Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; 1 Cor. xi. 23—25; 2 Cor. iii. 7—11. [14] Heb. xii. 22—28; Jer. xxxi. 33, 34.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF CHRIST THE MEDIATOR.

It pleased God, in his eternal purpose, to choose and ordain the Lord Jesus, his only begotten Son, to be the mediator between God and man,[4] the prophet,[5] priest,[6] and king;[7] the head and saviour of his church,[8] the heir of all things,[9] and judge of the world;[10] unto whom he did, from all eternity, give a people to be his seed,[11] and to be by him in time redeemed, called, justified, sanctified and glorified.[12]

II. The Son of God, the second person in the Trinity, being very and eternal God, of one substance, and equal with the Father, did, when the fullness of time was come, take upon him man's nature,[13] and all the essential properties and common infirmities thereof, yet without sin:[14] being conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the Virgin Mary, of her substance.[15] So that two whole, perfect, and distinct natures, the Godhead and the manhood, were inseparably joined together in one person, without conversion, composition, or confusion.[16] Which person is very God and very man, yet one Christ, the only mediator between God and man.[17]

III. The Lord Jesus, in his human nature thus united to the divine, was sanctified and anointed with the Holy Spirit above measure;[18] having in him all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,[19] in whom it pleased the Father that all fullness should dwell:[20] to the end that being holy, harmless, undefiled, and full of grace and truth,[1] he might be thoroughly furnished to execute the office of a mediator and surety.[2] Which office he took not unto himself, but was thereunto called by his Father;[3] who put all power and judgment into his hand, and gave him commandment to execute the same.[4]

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[1] Matt. xxviii. 19; Eph. ii. 15—19. [2] Luke xxii. 20; Heb. viii. 7—9. [3] Gal. iii. 14, 16; Acts xv. 11; Rom. iii. 30. [4] Isa. xlii. 1; 1 Pet. i. 19, 20; 1 Tim. ii. 5; John iii. 16. [5] Acts iii. 22; Deut. xviii. 13. [6] Heb. v. 5, 6. [7] Ps. ii. 6; Luke i. 33. [8] Eph. v. 23. [9] Heb. i. 2. [10] Acts xvii. 31. [11] John xvii. 6; Ps. xxii. 30; Isa. liii. 10. [12] 1 Tim. ii. 6; Isa. lv. 4, 5; 1 Cor. i. 30. [13] John i. 1, 14; 1 John v. 20; Phil. ii. 6; Gal. iv. 4. [14] Heb. ii. 17; iv. 15. [15] Luke i. 27, 31, 35; Gal. iv. 4. [16] Luke i. 35; Col. ii. 9; Rom. ix. 5; 1 Tim. iii. 16. [17] Rom. i. 3, 4; 1 Tim. ii. 5. [18] Ps. xlv. 7; John iii. 34. [19] Col. ii. 3. [20] Col. i. 19.

IV. This office the Lord Jesus did most willingly undertake,[5] which, that he might discharge, he was made under the law,[6] and did perfectly fulfill it;[7] endured most grievous torments immediately in his soul,[8] and most painful sufferings in his body;[9] was crucified and died;[10] was buried, and remained under the power of death, yet saw no corruption.[11] On the third day he arose from the dead,[12] with the same body in which he suffered;[13] with which also he ascended into heaven, and there sitteth at the right hand of his Father,[14] making intercession;[15] and shall return to judge men and angels, at the end of the world.[16]

V. The Lord Jesus, by his perfect obedience and sacrifice of himself, which he through the eternal Spirit once offered up unto God, hath fully satisfied the justice of his Father;[17] and purchased not only reconciliation, but an everlasting inheritance in the kingdom of heaven, for all those whom the Father hath given unto him.[18]

VI. Although the work of redemption was not actually wrought by Christ till after his incarnation, yet the virtue, efficacy, and benefits thereof, were communicated unto the elect, in all ages successively from the beginning of the world, in and by those promises, types, and sacrifices, wherein he was revealed, and signified to be the seed of the woman, which should bruise the serpent's head, and the lamb slain from the beginning of the world, being yesterday and to-day the same and for ever.[19]

VII. Christ, in the work of mediation, acteth according to both natures; by each nature doing that which is proper to itself;[1] yet by reason of the unity of the person, that which is proper to one nature, is sometimes, in Scripture, attributed to the person denominated by the other nature.[2]

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[1] Heb. vii. 26; John i. 14. [2] Acts x. 38; Heb. xii. 24; vii. 22. [3] Heb. v. 5. [4] John v. 22, 27; Matt. xxviii. 18. [5] Ps. xl. 7, 8; Phil. ii. 8. [6] Gal. iv. 4. [7] Matt. iii. 15; v. 17. [8] Matt. xxvi. 37, 38; Luke xxii. 44; Matt. xxvii. 46. [9] Matt. xxvi. xxvii. chapters. [10] Phil. ii. 8. [11] Acts ii. 24, 27; xiii. 37. [12] 1 Cor. xv. 4. [13] John xx. 25, 27. [14] Mark xvi. 19. [15] Rom. viii. 34; Heb. vii. 25. [16] Rom. xiv. 9, 10; Acts i. 11; x. 42; Matt. xiii. 40—42; Jude 6; 2 Pet. ii. 4. [17] Rom. v. 19; Heb. ix. 14; Rom. iii. 25, 26; Heb. x. 14; Eph. v. 2. [18] Eph. i. 11, 14; John xvii. 2; Heb. ix. 12, 15. [19] Gal. iv. 4, 5; Gen. iii. 15; Rev. xiii. 8; Heb. xiii. 8.

VIII. To all those for whom Christ hath purchased redemption, he doth certainly and effectually apply and communicate the same;[3] making intercession for them,[4] and revealing unto them, in and by the word, the mysteries of salvation;[5] effectually persuading them by his Spirit to believe and obey; and governing their hearts by his word and Spirit;[6] overcoming all their enemies by his almighty power and wisdom, in such manner and ways as are most consonant to his wonderful and unsearchable dispensation.[7]

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CHAPTER IX.

OF FREE WILL.

God hath endued the will of man with that natural liberty, that it is neither forced, nor by any absolute necessity of nature determined to good or evil.[8]

II. Man, in his state of innocency, had freedom and power to will and to do that which is good and well-pleasing to God;[9] but yet mutably, so that he might fall from it.[10]

III. Man, by his fall into a state of sin, hath wholly lost all ability of will to any spiritual good accompanying salvation;[11] so as a natural man being altogether averse from that which is good,[12] and dead in sin,[13] is not able, by his own strength, to convert himself, or to prepare himself thereunto.[14]

IV. When God converts a sinner, and translates him into the state of grace, he freeth him from his natural bondage under sin,[1] and by his grace alone, enables him freely to will and to do that which is spiritually good;[2] yet so as that, by reason of his remaining corruption, he doth not perfectly, nor only, will that which is good, but doth also will that which is evil.[3]

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[1] 1 Pet. iii. 18; Heb. ix. 14. [2] Acts xx. 28; John iii. 13. 1 John iii. 16. [3] John vi. 37, 39; x. 16. [4] 1 John ii. 1; Rom. viii. 34. [5] John xv. 15; Eph. i. 9; John xvii. 6. [6] 2 Cor. iv. 13; Rom. viii. 9, 14; xv. 18, 19; John xvii. 17. [7] Ps. cx. 1; 1 Cor. xv. 25, 26; Mal. iv. 2, 3; Col. ii. 15. [8] James i. 14; Deut. xxx. 19; John v. 40. [9] Eccl. vii. 29; Gen. i. 26. [10] Gen. ii. 16, 17; iii. 6. [11] Rom. v. 6; viii. 7; John xv. 5. [12] Rom. iii. 10, 12. [13] Eph. ii. 1, 5; Col. ii. 13. [14] John vi. 44, 65; 1 Cor. ii. 14; Eph. ii. 2—5; Tit. iii. 3—5.

V. The will of man is made perfectly and immutably free to good alone, in the state of glory only.[4]

CHAPTER X.

OF EFFECTUAL CALLING.

All those whom God hath predestinated unto life, and those only, he is pleased, in his appointed and accepted time, effectually to call,[5] by his word and Spirit,[6] out of that state of sin and death, in which they are by nature, to grace and salvation by Jesus Christ;[7] enlightening their minds, spiritually and savingly, to understand the things of God,[8] taking away their heart of stone, and giving unto them an heart of flesh;[9] renewing their wills, and by his almighty power determining them to that which is good;[10] and effectually drawing them to Jesus Christ;[11] yet so as they come most freely, being made willing by his grace.[12]

II. This effectual call is of God's free and special grace alone, not from any thing at all foreseen in man,[13] who is altogether passive therein, until, being quickened and renewed by the Holy Spirit,[14] he is thereby enabled to answer this call, and to embrace the grace offered and conveyed in it.[15]

III. Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit,[16] who worketh when, and where, and how he pleaseth.[17] So also are all other elect persons, who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the word.[1]

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[1] Col. i. 13; John viii. 34, 36. [2] Phil. ii. 13; Rom. vi. 18, 22. [3] Gal. v. 17; Rom. vii. 15. [4] Eph. iv. 13; Jude 24. [5] Rom. viii. 30; xi. 7; Eph. i. 10. [6] 2 Thess. ii. 13, 14; 2 Cor. iii. 3, 6. [7] Rom. viii. 2; 2 Tim. i. 9, 10; Eph. ii. 1—5. [8] Acts xxvi. 18; 1 Cor. ii. 10, 12. [9] Ezek. xxxvi. 26. [10] Ezek. xi. 19; Deut. xxx. 6; Ezek. xxxvi. 27. [11] John vi. 44, 45. [12] Cant. i. 4; Ps. cx. 3; John vi. 37. [13] 2 Tim. i. 9; Tit. iii. 4, 5; Rom. ix. 11; Eph. ii. 4, 5, 8, 9. [14] 1 Cor. ii. 14; Rom. viii. 7; Eph. ii. 5. [15] John vi. 37; Ezek. xxxvi. 27; John v. 25; vi. 37; Ezek. xxxvi. 27. [16] Luke xviii. 15, 16; Acts ii. 38, 39. [17] John iii. 8.

IV. Others, not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the word,[2] and may have some common operations of the Spirit,[3] yet they never truly come to Christ, and therefore cannot be saved:[4] much less can men, not professing the Christian religion, be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature, and the law of that religion they do profess;[5] and to assert and maintain that they may is very pernicious, and to be detested.[6]

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CHAPTER XI.

OF JUSTIFICATION.

Those whom God effectually calleth, he also freely justifieth;[7] not by infusing righteousness into them, but by pardoning their sins, and by accounting and accepting their persons as righteous: not for any thing wrought in them, or done by them, but for Christ's sake alone: not by imputing faith itself, the act of believing, or any other evangelical obedience to them, as their righteousness; but by imputing the obedience and satisfaction of Christ unto them,[8] they receiving and resting on him and his righteousness by faith; which faith they have not of themselves, it is the gift of God.[9]

II. Faith, thus receiving and resting on Christ and his righteousness, is the alone instrument of justification;[10] yet is not alone in the person justified, but is ever accompanied with all other saving graces, and is no dead faith; but worketh by love.[11]

III. Christ, by his obedience and death, did fully discharge the debt of all those that are thus justified, and did make a proper, real, and full satisfaction to his Father's justice in their behalf.[12] Yet inasmuch as he was given by the Father for them,[1] and his obedience and satisfaction accepted in their stead,[2] and both freely, not for any thing in them, their justification is only of free grace;[3] that both the exact justice, and rich grace of God, might be glorified in the justification of sinners.[4]

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[1] Acts iv. 12. [2] Matt. xxii. 14. [3] Matt. xiii. 20, 21. [4] John vi. 64—66; viii. 24. [5] Acts iv. 12; John xiv. 6; xvii. 3. [6] 2 John 10, 11; Gal. i. 8. [7] Rom. viii. 30; iii. 24. [8] Rom. iv. 5—8; 2 Cor. v. 19, 21; Rom. iii. 22, 24, 25, 27, 28; Tit. iii. 5, 7; Eph. i. 7; Jer. xxiii. 6; 1 Cor. i. 30, 31; Rom. v. 17—19. [9] Phil. iii. 9; Acts xiii. 38, 39; Eph. ii. 8. [10] John i. 12; Rom. iii. 28; v. 1. [11] Jam. ii. 17, 22, 26; Gal. v. 6. [12] Rom. v. 8—10, 19; 1 Tim. ii. 6; Heb. x. 10, 14; Dan. ix. 24, 26; Isa. liii. 4—6, 10—12.

IV. God did, from all eternity, decree to justify all the elect;[5] and Christ did, in the fullness of time, die for their sins, and rise again for their justification:[6] nevertheless they are not justified, until the Holy Spirit doth, in due time, actually apply Christ unto them.[7]

V. God doth continue to forgive the sins of those that are justified:[8] and although they can never fall from the state of justification,[9] yet they may by their sins fall under God's fatherly displeasure, and not have the light of his countenance restored unto them, until they humble themselves, confess their sins, beg pardon, and renew their faith and repentance.[10]

VI. The justification of believers under the Old Testament was, in all these respects, one and the same with the justification of believers under the New Testament.[11]

CHAPTER XII.

OF ADOPTION.

All those that are justified, God vouchsafeth, in and for his only Son Jesus Christ, to make partakers of the grace of adoption:[12] by which they are taken into the number, and enjoy the liberties and privileges of the children of God;[13] have his name put upon them;[14] receive the Spirit of adoption;[15] have access to the throne of grace with boldness;[16] are enabled to cry, Abba, Father;[17] are pitied,[18] protected,[19] provided for,[20] and chastened by him as by a father;[1] yet never cast off,[2] but sealed to the day of redemption,[3] and inherit the promises,[4] as heirs of everlasting salvation.[5]

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[1] Rom. viii. 32. [2] 2 Cor. v. 21; Matt. iii. 17; Eph. v. 2. [3] Rom. iii. 24; Eph. i. 7. [4] Rom. iii. 26; Eph. ii. 7. [5] Gal. iii. 8; 1 Pet. i. 2, 19, 20; Rom. viii. 30. [6] Gal. iv. 4; 1 Tim. ii. 6; Rom. iv. 25. [7] Col. i. 21, 22; Gal. ii. 16; Tit. iii. 4—7. [8] Matt. vi. 12; 1 John i. 9; ii. 1. [9] Luke xxii. 32; John x. 28; Heb. x. 14. [10] Ps. lxxxix. 31—33; xxxii. 5; Matt. xxvi. 75; Ps. li. 7—12; 1 Cor. xi. 30, 32. [11] Gal. iii. 9, 13, 14; Rom. iv. 22—24. [12] Eph. i. 5; Gal. iv. 4, 5. [13] Rom. viii. 17; John i. 12. [14] Jer. xiv. 9; Rev. iii. 12. [15] Rom. viii. 15. [16] Eph. iii. 12; Rom. v. 2. [17] Gal. iv. 6. [18] Ps. ciii. 13. [19] Prov. xiv. 26. [20] Matt. vi. 30, 32; 1 Pet. v. 7.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF SANCTIFICATION.

THEY who are effectually called and regenerated, having a new heart and a new spirit created in them, are farther sanctified, really and personally, through the virtue of Christ's death and resurrection,[6] by his word and Spirit dwelling in them;[7] the dominion of the whole body of sin is destroyed,[8] and the several lusts thereof are more and more weakened and mortified,[9] and they more and more quickened and strengthened, in all saving graces,[10] to the practice of true holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.[11]

II. This sanctification is throughout in the whole man,[12] yet imperfect in this life: there abideth still some remnants of corruption in every part,[13] whence ariseth a continual and irreconcilable war, the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh.[14]

III. In which war, although the remaining corruption for a time may much prevail,[15] yet, through the continual supply of strength from the sanctifying Spirit of Christ, the regenerate part doth overcome:[16] and so the saints grow in grace,[17] perfecting holiness in the fear of God.[18]

CHAPTER XIV.

OF SAVING FAITH.

THE grace of faith, whereby the elect are enabled to believe to the saving of their souls,[19] is the work of the

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[1] Heb. xii. 6. [2] Lam. iii. 31. [3] Eph. iv. 30. [4] Heb. vi. 12. [5] 1 Pet. i. 4; Heb. i. 14. [6] 1 Cor. vi. 11; Acts xx. 32; Phil. iii. 10; Rom. vi. 5, 6. [7] Eph. v. 26; 2 Thess. ii. 13. [8] Rom. vi. 6, 14. [9] Gal. v. 24; Rom. viii. 13. [10] Col. i. 11; Eph. iii. 16. [11] 2 Cor. vii. 1; Heb. xii. 14. [12] 1 Thess. v. 23. [13] 1 John i. 10; Phil. iii. 12; Rom. vii. 18, 23. [14] Gal. v. 17. [15] Rom. vii. 23. [16] Rom. vi. 14; 1 John v. 4; Eph. iv. 16. [17] 2 Pet. iii. 18; 2 Cor. iii. 18. [18] 2 Cor. vii. 1. [19] Heb. x. 39.

Spirit of Christ in their hearts;[1] and is ordinarily wrought by the ministry of the word:[2] by which also, and by the administration of the sacraments, and prayer, it is increased and strengthened.[3]

II. By this faith, a Christian believeth to be true, whatsoever is revealed in the word, for the authority of God himself speaking therein;[4] and acteth differently, upon that which each particular passage thereof containeth; yielding obedience to the commands,[5] trembling at the threatenings,[6] and embracing the promises of God for this life, and that which is to come.[7] But the principal acts of saving faith are, accepting, receiving, and resting upon Christ alone for justification, sanctification, and eternal life, by virtue of the covenant of grace.[8]

III. This faith is different in degrees, weak or strong;[9] may be often and many ways assailed and weakened, but gets the victory;[10] growing up in many to the attainment of a full assurance through Christ,[11] who is both the author and finisher of our faith.[12]

CHAPTER XV.

OF REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE.

Repentance unto life is an evangelical grace,[13] the doctrine whereof is to be preached by every minister of the gospel, as well as that of faith in Christ.[14]

II. By it a sinner, out of the sight and sense, not only of the danger, but also of the filthiness and odiousness of his sins, as contrary to the holy nature and righteous law of God, and upon the apprehension of his mercy in Christ to such as are penitent, so grieves for, and hates his sins, as to turn from them all unto God,[15] purposing and endeavouring to walk with him, in all the ways of his commandments.[1]

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[1] 2 Cor. iv. 13; Eph. ii. 8. [2] Rom. x. 14, 17. [3] 1 Pet. ii. 2; Luke xvii. 5; Rom. i. 16, 17; Acts xx. 32. [4] 1 Thess. ii. 13; 1 John v. 10; Acts xxiv. 14. [5] Rom. xvi. 26. [6] Isa. lxvi. 2. [7] Heb. xi. 13; 1 Tim. iv. 8. [8] John i. 12; Acts xvi. 31; Gal. ii. 20; Acts xv. 11. [9] Heb. v. 13, 14; Rom. iv. 19, 20; Matt. vi. 30; viii. 10. [10] Luke xxii. 31, 32; Eph. vi. 16; 1 John v. 4, 5. [11] Heb. vi. 11, 12; x. 22. [12] Heb. xii. 2. [13] Acts xi. 18; Zech. xii. 10. [14] Luke xxiv. 47; Mark i. 15; Acts xx. 21. [15] Ezek. xviii. 30, 31; xxxvi. 31; Ps. li. 4; Jer. xxxi. 18, 19; 2 Cor. vii. 11; Joel ii. 12, 13; Amos v. 15; Ps. cxix. 128.

III. Although repentance be not to be rested in as any satisfaction for sin, or any cause of the pardon thereof,[2] which is the act of God's free grace in Christ;[3] yet is it of such necessity to all sinners, that none may expect pardon without it.[4]

IV. As there is no sin so small but it deserves damnation;[5] so there is no sin so great, that it can bring damnation upon those who truly repent.[6]

V. Men ought not to content themselves with a general repentance, but it is every man's duty to endeavour to repent of his particular sins, particularly.[7]

VI. As every man is bound to make private confession of his sins to God, praying for the pardon thereof;[8] upon which, and the forsaking of them, he shall find mercy:[9] so he that scandalizeth his brother, or the church of Christ, ought to be willing, by a private or public confession and sorrow for his sin, to declare his repentance to those that are offended;[10] who are thereupon to be reconciled to him, and in love to receive him.[11]

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CHAPTER XVI.

OF GOOD WORKS.

Good works are only such as God hath commanded in his holy word,[12] and not such as, without the warrant thereof, are devised by men out of blind zeal, or upon any pretence of good intention.[13]

II. These good works, done in obedience to God' commandments, are the fruits and evidences of a true and lively faith:[14] and by them believers manifest their thankfulness,[15] strengthen their assurance,[16] edify their brethren,[1] adorn the profession of the gospel,[2] stop the mouths of the adversaries,[3] and glorify God,[4] whose workmanship they are, created in Christ Jesus thereunto,[5] that, having their fruit unto holiness, they may have the end, eternal life.[6]

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[1] Ps. cxix. 6, 59, 106; Luke i. 6; 2 Kings xxiii. 25. [2] Ezek. xxxvi. 31, 32; xvi. 63. [3] Hos. xiv. 2, 4; Rom. iii. 24; Eph. i. 7. [4] Luke xiii. 3, 5; Acts xvii. 30. [5] Rom. vi. 23; Matt. xii. 36. [6] Isa. lv. 7; Rom. viii. 1; Isa. i. 18. [7] Ps. xix. 13; Luke xix. 8; 1 Tim. i. 13, 15. [8] Ps. xxxii. 5, 6; li. 4, 5, 7, 9, 14. [9] Prov. xxviii. 13; 1 John i. 9. [10] James v. 16; Luke xvii. 3, 4; Josh. vii. 19; Ps. li. throughout. [11] 2 Cor. ii. 8; Gal. vi. 1, 2. [12] Micah vi. 8; Rom. xii. 2; Heb. xiii. 21. [13] Matt. xv. 9; Isa. xxix. 13; John xvi. 2; 1 Sam. xv. 21—23. [14] James ii. 18, 22. [15] Ps. cxvi. 12, 13; 1 Pet. ii. 9. [16] 1 John ii. 3, 5; 2 Pet. i. 5—10.

III. Their ability to do good works is not at all of themselves, but wholly from the Spirit of Christ.[7] And that they may be enabled thereunto, besides the graces they have already received, there is required an actual influence of the same Holy Spirit to work in them to will and to do of his good pleasure;[8] yet are they not hereupon to grow negligent, as if they were not bound to perform any duty unless upon a special motion of the Spirit; but they ought to be diligent in stirring up the grace of God that is in them.[9]

IV. They, who in their obedience, attain to the greatest height which is possible in this life, are so far from being able to supererogate and to do more than God requires, that they fall short of much, which in duty they are bound to do.[10]

V. We cannot, by our best works, merit pardon of sin, or eternal life, at the hand of God, by reason of the great disproportion that is between them and the glory to come, and the infinite distance that is between us and God, whom by them we can neither profit, nor satisfy for the debt of our former sins;[11] but when we have done all we can, we have done but our duty, and are unprofitable servants;[12] and because, as they are good, they proceed from his Spirit;[13] and, as they are wrought by us, they are defiled and mixed with so much weakness and imperfection, that they cannot endure the severity of God's judgment.[14]

VI. Yet notwithstanding, the persons of believers being accepted through Christ, their good works also are accepted in him,[15] not as though they were in this life wholly unblamable and unreprovable in God's sight;[1] but that he, looking upon them in his Son, is pleased to accept and reward that which is sincere, although accompanied with many weaknesses and imperfections.[2]

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[1] 2 Cor. ix. 2; Matt. v. 16. [2] Tit. ii. 5; 1 Tim. vi. 1; Tit. ii. 9—12. [3] 1 Pet. ii. 15. [4] 1 Pet. ii. 12; Phil. i. 11; John xv. 8. [5] Eph. ii. 10. [6] Rom. vi. 22 [7] John xv. 5, 6; Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27. [8] Phil. ii. 13; iv. 13; 2 Cor. iii. 5. [9] Phil. ii. 12; Heb. vi. 11, 12; Isa. lxiv. 7; 2 Pet. i. 3, 5, 10, 11; 2 Tim. i. 6; Acts xxvi. 6, 7; Jude 20, 21. [10] Luke xvii. 10; Job ix. 2, 3; Gal. v. 17. [11] Rom. iii. 20; iv. 2, 4, 6; Eph. ii. 8, 9; Ps. xvi. 2; Tit. iii. 5—7; Rom. viii. 18, 22, 23; Job xxxv. 7, 8. [12] Luke xvii. 10. [13] Gal. v. 22, 23. [14] Isa. lxiv. 6; Ps. cxliii. 2; cxxx. 3; Gal. v. 17; Rom. vii. 15, 18. [15] Eph. i. 6; 1 Pet. ii. 5; Gen. iv. 4; Heb. xi. 4.

VII. Works done by unregenerate men, although for the matter of them, they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others;[3] yet because they proceed not from a heart purified by faith;[4] nor are done in a right manner, according to the word;[5] nor to a right end, the glory of God;[6] they are therefore sinful, and cannot please God, or make a man meet to receive grace from God.[7] And yet their neglect of them is more sinful, and displeasing unto God.[8]

CHAPTER XVII.

OF THE PERSEVERANCE OF THE SAINTS.

THEY whom God hath accepted in his Beloved, effectually called and sanctified by his Spirit, can neither totally nor finally fall away from the state of grace; but shall certainly persevere therein to the end, and be eternally saved.[9]

II. This perseverance of the saints depends, not upon their own free-will, but upon the immutability of the decree of election, flowing from the free and unchangeable love of God the Father;[10] upon the efficacy of the merit and intercession of Jesus Christ;[11] the abiding of the Spirit and of the seed of God within them;[12] and the nature of the covenant of grace:[13] from all which ariseth also the certainty and infallibility thereof.[14]

III. Nevertheless they may, through the temptations of Satan and of the world, the prevalency of corruption remaining in them, and the neglect of the means of their preservation, fall into grievous sins,[1] and for a time continue therein:[2] whereby they incur God's displeasure,[3] and grieve his Holy Spirit;[4] come to be deprived of some measure of their graces and comforts;[5] have their hearts hardened,[6] and their consciences wounded;[7] hurt and scandalize others,[8] and bring temporal judgments upon themselves.[9]

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[1] Job ix. 20; Ps. cxliii. 2. [2] 2 Cor. viii. 12; Heb. vi. 10; Matt. xxv. 21, 23. [3] 2 Kings x. 30, 31; Phil. i. 15, 16, 18. [4] Heb. xi. 4, 6; Gen. iv. 3—5. [5] 1 Cor. xiii. 3; Isa. i. 12. [6] Matt. vi. 2, 5, 16. [7] Hag. ii. 14; Tit. i. 15; Amos v. 21, 22; Hos. i. 4; Rom. ix. 16; Tit. iii. 5. [8] Ps. xiv. 4; xxxvi. 3; Job xxi. 14; Matt. xxv. 41—43, 45; xxiii. 23. [9] Phil. i. 6; John x. 28, 29; 1 John iii. 9; 1 Pet. i. 5, 9; Job xvii. 9. [10] 2 Tim. ii. 19; Jer. xxxi. 3. [11] Heb. x. 10, 14; John xvii. 11, 24; Heb. vii. 25; ix. 12—15; Rom. viii. 33—39; Luke xxii. 32. [12] John xiv. 16, 17; 1 John ii. 27; iii. 9. [13] Jer. xxxii. 40; Heb. viii. 10—12. [14] 2 Thess. iii. 3; 1 John ii. 19; John x. 28; 1 Thess. v. 23, 24.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

OF THE ASSURANCE OF GRACE AND SALVATION.

Although hypocrites, and other unregenerate men, may vainly deceive themselves with false hopes and carnal presumptions of being in the favor of God and estate of salvation;[10] which hope of theirs shall perish:[11] yet such as truly believe in the Lord Jesus, and love him in sincerity, endeavouring to walk in all good conscience before him, may in this life be certainly assured that they are in a state of grace,[12] and may rejoice in the hope of the glory of God; which hope shall never make them ashamed.[13]

II. This certainty is not a bare conjectural and probable persuasion, grounded upon a fallible hope;[14] but an infallible assurance of faith, founded upon the divine truth of the promises of salvation,[15] the inward evidence of those graces unto which these promises are made,[16] the testimony of the Spirit of adoption witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God:[17] which Spirit is the earnest of our inheritance, whereby we are sealed to the day of redemption.[18]

III. This infallible assurance doth not so belong to the essence of faith, but that a true believer may wait long, and conflict with many difficulties before he be partaker of it:[1] yet, being enabled by the Spirit to know the things which are freely given him of God, he may, without extraordinary revelation, in the right use of ordinary means, attain thereunto.[2] And therefore it is the duty of every one to give all diligence to make his calling and election sure;[3] that thereby his heart may be enlarged in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, in love and thankfulness to God, and in strength and cheerfulness in the duties of obedience, the proper fruits of this assurance:[4] so far is it from inclining men to looseness.[5]

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[1] Matt. xxvi. 70, 72, 74. [2] 2 Sam. xii. 9, 13. [3] Isa. lxiv. 7, 9; 2 Sam. xi. 27. [4] Eph. iv. 30. [5] Ps. li. 8, 10, 12; Rev. ii. 4. [6] Mark vi. 52; xvi. 14; Ps. xcv. 8. [7] Ps. xxxii. 3, 4; li. 8. [8] 2 Sam. xii. 14. [9] Ps. lxxxix. 31, 32; 1 Cor. xi. 32. [10] Job viii. 14; Deut. xxix. 19; John viii. 41. [11] Matt. vii. 22, 23; Job viii. 13. [12] 1 John ii. 3; v. 13; iii. 14, 18, 19, 21, 24. [13] Rom. v. 2, 5. [14] Heb. vi. 11, 19. [15] Heb. vi. 17, 18. [16] 2 Pet. i. 4, 5, 10, 11; 1 John iii. 14; ii. 3; 2 Cor. i. 12. [17] Rom. viii. 15, 16. [18] Eph. i. 13, 14; 2 Cor. i. 21, 22.

IV. True believers may have the assurance of their salvation divers ways shaken, diminished, and intermitted; as, by negligence in preserving of it; by falling into some special sin, which woundeth the conscience, and grieveth the Spirit; by some sudden or vehement temptation; by God's withdrawing the light of his countenance, and suffering even such as fear him to walk in darkness and to have no light.[6] Yet are they never utterly destitute of that seed of God, and life of faith, that love of Christ and the brethren, that sincerity of heart and conscience of duty, out of which, by the operation of the Spirit, this assurance may in due time be revived,[7] and by the which, in the mean time, they are supported from utter despair.[8]

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CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE LAW OF GOD.

God gave to *Adam* a law, as a covenant of works, by which he bound him and all his posterity to personal, entire, exact, and perpetual obedience; promised life upon the fulfilling, and threatened death upon the breach of it; and endued him with power and ability to keep it.[1]

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[1] Isa. l. 10; 1 John v. 13; Ps. lxxxviii. entire; lxxvii. 1—12. [2] 1 Cor. ii. 12; 1 John iv. 13; Heb. vi. 11, 12; Eph. iii. 17—19. [3] 2 Pet. i. 10. [4] Rom. v. 1, 2, 5; xiv. 17; xv. 13; Ps. cxix. 32; iv. 6, 7; Eph. i. 3, 4. [5] Rom. vi. 1, 2; Tit. ii. 11, 12, 14. [6] Cant. v. 2, 3, 6; Ps. li. 8, 12, 14; Eph. iv. 30; Ps. lxxvii. 1—10; Matt. xxvi. 69—72; Ps. xxxi. 22; lxxxviii. entire; Isa. l. 10. [7] 1 John iii. 9; Luke xxii. 32; Job xiii. 15; Ps. lxxiii. 15; li. 8. 12; Isa. l. 10. [8] Micah vii. 7—9; Isa. liv. 7, 8.

II. This law, after his fall, continued to be a perfect rule of righteousness; and, as such, was delivered by God upon mount *Sinai* in ten commandments, and written in two tables;[2] the four first commandments containing our duty towards God, and the other six our duty to man.[3]

III. Besides this law, commonly called moral, God was pleased to give to the people of *Israel*, as a church under age, ceremonial laws, containing several typical ordinances, partly of worship, prefiguring Christ, his graces, actions, sufferings, and benefits;[4] and partly holding forth divers instructions of moral duties.[5] All which ceremonial laws are now abrogated under the New Testament.[6]

IV. To them also, as a body politic, he gave sundry judicial laws, which expired together with the state of that people, not obliging any other, now, further than the general equity thereof may require.[7]

V. The moral law doth for ever bind all, as well justified persons as others, to the obedience thereof;[8] and that not only in regard of the matter contained in it, but also in respect of the authority of God the Creator who gave it.[9] Neither doth Christ in the gospel any way dissolve, but much strengthen, this obligation.[10]

VI. Although true believers be not under the law as a covenant of works, to be thereby justified or condemned;[11] yet is it of great use to them, as well as to others; in that, as a rule of life, informing them of the will of God and their duty, it directs and binds them to walk accordingly;[12] discovering also the sinful pollutions of their nature, hearts, and lives;[13] so as, examining themselves thereby, they may come to further conviction of, humiliation for, and hatred against sin;[1] together with a clearer sight of the need they have of Christ, and the perfection of his obedience.[2] It is likewise of use to the regenerate, to restrain their corruptions, in that it forbids sin;[3] and the threatenings of it serve to show what even their sins deserve, and what afflictions in this life they may expect for them, although freed from the curse thereof threatened in the law.[4] The promises of it, in like manner, show them God's approbation of obedience, and what blessings they may expect upon the performance thereof;[5] although not as due to them by the law as a covenant of works:[6] so as a man's doing good, and refraining from evil, because the law encourageth to the one, and deterreth from the other, is no evidence of his being under the law, and not under grace.[7]

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[1] Gen. i. 26; ii. 17; Rom. ii. 14, 15; x. 5; v. 12, 19; Gal. iii. 10, 12; Eccl. vii. 29; Job xxviii. 28.

[2] James i. 25; ii. 8, 10; Rom. iii. 19; Deut. v. 32; x. 4; Ex. xxxiv. 1; Rom. xiii. 8, 9.

[3] Matt. xxii. 37—40; Ex. xx. 3—18.

[4] Heb. x. 1; Gal. iv. 1—3; Col. ii. 17; Heb. ix. chap.

[5] 1 Cor. v. 7; 2 Cor. vi. 17.

[6] Col. ii. 14, 16, 17; Eph. ii. 15; 16.

[7] Ex. xxi. entire; xxii. 1—29; Gen. xlix. 10; Matt. v. 38, 39; 1 Cor. ix. 8—10.

[8] Rom. xiii. 8, 9; 1 John ii. 3, 4, 7; Rom. iii. 31; vi. 15.

[9] Jam. ii. 10, 11.

[10] Matt. v. 18, 19; James ii. 8; Rom iii. 31.

[11] Rom. vi. 14; viii. 1; Gal. iv. 4, 5; Acts xiii. 39.

[12] Rom. vii. 12; Ps. cxix. 5; 1 Cor. vii. 19; Gal. v. 14, 18—23.

[13] Rom. vii. 7; iii. 20.

VII. Neither are the aforementioned uses of the law contrary to the grace of the gospel, but do sweetly comply with it:[8] the Spirit of Christ subduing and enabling the will of man to do that freely and cheerfully, which the will of God, revealed in the law, requireth to be done.[9]

CHAPTER XX.

OF CHRISTIAN LIBERTY, AND LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

THE liberty which Christ hath purchased for believers under the gospel consists in their freedom from the guilt of sin, the condemning wrath of God, the curse of the moral law;[10] and in their being delivered from this present evil world, bondage to Satan, and dominion of sin,[11] from the evil of afflictions, the sting of death, the victory of the grave, and everlasting damnation;[12] as also in their free access to God,[13] and their yielding obedience unto him, not out of slavish fear, but a child-like love, and a willing mind.[1] All which were common also to believers under the law;[2] but under the New Testament, the liberty of Christians is further enlarged in their freedom from the yoke of the ceremonial law, to which the Jewish church was subjected;[3] and in greater boldness of access to the throne of grace,[4] and in fuller communications of the free Spirit of God, than believers under the law did ordinarily partake of.[5]

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[1] Rom. vii. 9, 14, 24. [2] Gal. iii. 24; Rom. viii. 3, 4; vii. 24, 25. [3] James ii. 11; Ps. cxix. 128. [4] Ezra ix. 13, 14; Ps. lxxxix. 30—34. [5] Ps. xxxvii. 11; xix. 11; Lev. xxvi. 1—14; Eph. vi. 2; Matt. v. 5. [6] Gal. ii. 16. [7] Rom. vi. 12, 14; Heb. xii. 28, 29; 1 Pet. iii. 8—12; Ps. xxxiv. 12—16. [8] Gal. iii. 21; Tit. ii. 11—14. [9] Ezek. xxxvi. 27; Heb. viii. 10; Jer. xxxi. 33. [10] Tit. ii. 14; Gal. iii. 13. [11] Gal. i. 4; Acts xxvi. 18; Rom. vi. 14. [12] Ps. cxix. 71; 1 Cor. xv 56, 57; Rom. viii. 1. [13] Rom. v. 2.

II. God alone is Lord of the conscience,[6] and hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men which are in any thing contrary to his word, or beside it, in matters of faith or worship.[7] So that to believe such doctrines, or to obey such commandments out of conscience, is to betray true liberty of conscience;[8] and the requiring an implicit faith, and an absolute and blind obedience, is to destroy liberty of conscience, and reason also.[9]

III. They who, upon pretence of Christian liberty, do practise any sin, or cherish any lust, do thereby destroy the end of Christian liberty; which is, that, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, we might serve the Lord without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.[10]

IV. And because the powers which God hath ordained, and the liberty which Christ hath purchased, are not intended by God to destroy, but mutually to uphold and preserve one another; they who, upon pretence of Christian liberty, shall oppose any lawful power, or the lawful exercise of it, whether it be civil or ecclesiastical, resist the ordinance of God.[11] And for their publishing of such opinions, or maintaining of such practices, as are contrary to the light of nature, or to the known principles of Christianity, whether concerning faith, worship, or conversation; or to the power of godliness; or such erroneous opinions or practices, as, either in their own nature, or in the manner of publishing or maintaining them, are destructive to the external peace and order which Christ hath established in the church;[1] they may lawfully be called to account, and proceeded against by the censures of the church.[2]

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[1] Rom. viii. 14, 15; 1 John iv. 18. [2] Gal. iii. 9, 14. [3] Gal. v. 1; Acts xv. 10; Gal. iv. 1—3, 6. [4] Heb. iv. 14, 16; x. 19, 20. [5] John vii. 38, 39; 2 Cor. iii. 13, 17, 18. [6] Rom. xiv. 4. [7] Acts iv. 19; v. 29; 1 Cor. vii. 23; Matt. xxiii. 8—10; 2 Cor. i. 24; Matt. xv. 9. [8] Col. ii. 20, 22, 23; Gal. i. 10; ii. 4; v. 1. [9] Isa. viii. 20; Acts xvii. 11; John iv. 22; Hos. v. 11; Rev. xiii. 12, 16, 17. [10] Gal. v. 13; 1 Pet. ii. 16; Luke i. 74. 75; 2 Pet. ii. 19; John viii. 34. [11] 1 Pet. ii. 13, 14, 16; Heb. xiii. 17; Rom. xiii. 1—8.

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CHAPTER XXI.

OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP AND THE SABBATH-DAY.

THE light of nature showeth that there is a God, who hath lordship and sovereignty over all; is good, and doeth good unto all; and is therefore to be feared, loved, praised, called upon, trusted in, and served with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the might.[3] But the acceptable way of worshipping the true God is instituted by himself, and so limited by his own revealed will, that he may not be worshipped according to the imaginations and devices of men, or the suggestions of Satan, under any visible representation or any other way not prescribed in the Holy Scripture.[4]

II. Religious worship is to be given to God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and to him alone:[5] not to angels, saints, or any other creature:[6] and since the fall, not without a Mediator; nor in the mediation of any other but of Christ alone.[7]

III. Prayer with thanksgiving, being one special part of religious worship,[8] is by God required of all men;[9] and that it may be accepted, it is to be made in the name of the Son,[10] by the help of his Spirit,[11] according to his will,[12] with understanding, reverence, humility, fervency, faith, love, and perseverance;[13] and, if vocal, in a known tongue.[14]

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[1] Rom. i. 32; 1 Cor. v. 1, 5, 11, 13. [2] 2 Thess. iii. 14 Tit. iii. 10. [3] Rom. i. 20; Ps. cxix. 68; Jer. x. 7; Ps. xxxi. 23; xviii. 3; Rom. x. 12; Ps. lxii. 8; Josh. xxiv. 14; Mark xii. 33. [4] Deut. xii. 32; Matt. xv. 9; iv. 9, 10; Deut. xv. 1—20; Ex. xx. 4—6. [5] John v. 23; 2 Cor. xiii. 14; Matt. iv. 10; Rev. v. 11—13. [6] Col. ii. 18; Rev. xix. 10; Rom. i. 25. [7] John xiv. 6; 1 Tim. ii. 5; Eph. ii. 18. [8] Phil. iv. 6. [9] Ps. lxv. 2. [10] John xiv. 13, 14. [11] Rom. viii. 26. [12] 1 John v. 14. [13] Ps. xlvii. 7; Heb. xii. 28; Gen. xviii. 27; James v. 16; Eph. vi. 18; James i. 6, 7; Mark xi. 24; Matt. vi. 12, 14, 15; Col. iv. 2. [14] 1 Cor. xiv. 14.

IV. Prayer is to be made for things lawful,[1] and for all sorts of men living, or that shall live hereafter;[2] but not for the dead,[3] nor for those of whom it may be known that they have sinned the sin unto death.[4]

V. The reading of the Scriptures with godly fear;[5] the sound preaching,[6] and conscionable hearing of the word, in obedience unto God, with understanding, faith, and reverence;[7] singing of psalms with grace in the heart;[8] as, also, the due administration and worthy receiving of the sacraments instituted by Christ; are all parts of the ordinary religious worship of God:[9] besides religious oaths,[10] and vows,[11] solemn fastings,[12] and thanksgivings upon special occasions;[13] which are, in their several times and seasons, to be used in an holy and religious manner.[14]

VI. Neither prayer nor any other part of religious worship, is now, under the gospel, either tied unto, or made more acceptable by any place in which it is performed, or towards which it is directed:[15] but God is to be worshipped every where[16] in spirit and in truth;[17] as in private families[18] daily,[19] and in secret each one by himself,[20] so more solemnly in the public assemblies, which are not carelessly or wilfully to be neglected or forsaken, when God, by his word or providence, calleth thereunto.[21]

VII. As it is of the law of nature, that, in general, a due proportion of time be set apart for the worship of God; so, in his word, by a positive, moral, and perpetual commandment, binding all men in all ages, he hath particularly appointed one day in seven for a Sabbath, to be kept holy unto him:[22] which, from the beginning of the world to the resurrection of Christ, was the last day of the week; and, from the resurrection of Christ, was changed into the first day of the week,[23] which in

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[1] 1 John v. 14. [2] 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2. [3] 2 Sam. xii. 21—23; Luke xvi. 25, 26; Rev. xiv. 13. [4] 1 John v. 16. [5] Acts xv. 21; Rev. i. 3. [6] 2 Tim. iv. 2. [7] James i. 22; Acts x. 33; Heb. iv. 2; Matt. xiii. 19; Isa. lxvi. 2. [8] Col. iii. 16; Eph. v. 19; James v. 13. [9] Matt. xxviii. 19; Acts ii. 42; 1 Cor. xi. 23—29. [10] Deut. vi. 13. [11] Eccl. v. 4, 5; Acts xviii. 18. [12] Joel ii. 12; Matt. ix. 15; 1 Cor. vii. 5. [13] Ps. cvii. entire. [14] Heb. xii. 28. [15] John iv. 21. [16] Mal. i. 11; 1 Tim. ii. 8. [17] John iv. 23, 24. [18] Jer. x. 25; Job i. 5; 2 Sam. vi. 18, 20. [19] Matt. vi. 11; Josh. xxiv. 15. [20] Matt. vi. 6; Eph. vi. 18. [21] Isa. lvi. 7; Heb. x. 25; Prov. viii. 34; Acts ii. 42. [22] Ex. xx. 8—11; Isa. lvi. 2, 4; lvi. 6. [23] Gen. ii. 3; 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2; Acts xx. 7.

Scripture is called the Lord's day,[1] and is to be continued to the end of the world, as the Christian Sabbath.[2]

VIII. This Sabbath is then kept holy unto the Lord, when men, after a due preparing of their hearts, and ordering of their common affairs beforehand, do not only observe an holy rest all the day from their own works, words, and thoughts, about their worldly employments and recreations;[3] but also are taken up the whole time in the public and private exercises of his worship, and in the duties of necessity and mercy.[4]

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CHAPTER XXII.

OF LAWFUL OATHS AND VOWS.

A LAWFUL oath is a part of religious worship,[5] wherein upon just occasion, the person swearing, solemnly calleth God to witness what he asserteth or promiseth: and to judge him according to the truth or falsehood of what he sweareth.[6]

II. The name of God only is that by which men ought to swear, and therein it is to be used with all holy fear and reverence;[7] therefore to swear vainly or rashly by that glorious and dreadful name, or to swear at all by any other thing, is sinful, and to be abhorred.[8] Yet as, in matters of weight and moment, an oath is warranted by the word of God under the New Testament, as well as under the Old,[9] so a lawful oath, being imposed by lawful authority, in such matters ought to be taken.[10]

III. Whosoever taketh an oath ought duly to consider the weightiness of so solemn an act, and therein to avouch nothing but what he is fully persuaded is the truth.[11] Neither may any man bind himself by oath to any thing but what is good and just, and what he believeth so to be, and what he is able and resolved to perform.[12] Yet it is a sin to refuse an oath touching any thing that is good and just, being imposed by lawful authority.[1]

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[1] Rev. i. 10. [2] Ex. xx. 8, 10; Matt. v. 17, 18. [3] Ex. xvi 23, 25, 26, 29, 30; xxxi. 15, 16; Isa. lviii. 13; Neh. xiii. 15—19, 21, 22. [4] Isa. lviii. 13; Matt. xii. 1—13. [5] Deut. x. 20. [6] Ex. xx. 7; Lev. xix. 12; 2 Cor. i. 23; 2 Chron. vi. 22, 23. [7] Deut. vi. 13. [8] Jer. v. 7; James v. 12; Ex. xx. 7. [9] Heb. vi. 16; Isa. lxv. 16. [10] 1 Kings viii. 31; Ezra x. 5. [11] Jer. iv. 2; Ex. xx. 7. [12] Gen. xxiv. 2, 3, 9.

IV. An oath is to be taken in the plain and common sense of the words, without equivocation or mental reservation.[2] It cannot oblige to sin; but in any thing not sinful, being taken, it binds to performance, although to a man's own hurt:[3] nor is it to be violated, although made to heretics or infidels.[4]

V. A vow is of the like nature with a promissory oath, and ought to be made with the like religious care, and to be performed with the like faithfulness.[5]

VI. It is not to be made to any creature, but to God alone:[6] and that it may be accepted, it is to be made voluntarily, out of faith and conscience of duty, in way of thankfulness for mercy received, or for obtaining of what we want; whereby we more strictly bind ourselves to necessary duties, or to other things, so far and so long as they may fitly conduce thereunto.[7]

VII. No man may vow to do any thing forbidden in the word of God, or what would hinder any duty therein commanded, or which is not in his own power, and for the performance whereof he hath no promise or ability from God.[8] In which respects, popish monastical vows of perpetual single life, professed poverty, and regular obedience, are so far from being degrees of higher perfection, that they are superstitious and sinful snares, in which no Christian may entangle himself.[9]

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CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE.

GOD, the Supreme Lord and King of all the world, hath ordained civil magistrates to be under him over the people, for his own glory and the public good, and to this end, hath armed them with the power of the sword, for the defence and encouragement of them that are good, and for the punishment of evil doers.[1]

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[1] Num. v. 19, 21; Neh. v. 12. [2] Ps. xxiv. 4; Jer. iv. 2. [3] Ps. xv. 4; 1 Sam. xxv. 22, 32—34. [4] Ezek. xvii. 16, 18; Josh. ix. 18, 19; 2 Sam. xxi. 1. [5] Isa. xix. 21; Eccl. v. 4, 5; Ps. lxvi. 13, 14; lxi. 8. [6] Ps. lxxvi. 11; Jer. xliv. 25, 26. [7] Deut. xxiii. 21, 23; Ps. l. 14; Gen. xxviii. 20—22; 1 Sam. i. 11; Ps. cxxxii. 2—5. [8] Acts xxiii. 12; Mark vi. 26; Num. xxx. 5, 8, 12, 13. [9] 1 Cor. vii. 2, 9; vii. 23.

II. It is lawful for Christians to accept and execute the office of a magistrate, when called thereunto;[2] in the managing whereof, as they ought especially to maintain piety, justice, and peace, according to the wholesome laws of each commonwealth,[3] so, for that end, they may lawfully, now under the New Testament, wage war upon just and necessary occasions.[4]

III. Civil magistrates may not assume to themselves the administration of the word and sacraments;[5] or the power of the keys of the kingdom of heaven;[6] or, in the least, interfere in matters of faith.[7] Yet as nursing fathers, it is the duty of civil magistrates to protect the church of our common Lord, without giving the preference to any denomination of Christians above the rest, in such a manner, that all ecclesiastical persons whatever shall enjoy the full, free, and unquestioned liberty of discharging every part of their sacred functions, without violence or danger.[8] And, as Jesus Christ hath appointed a regular government and discipline in his church, no law of any commonwealth should interfere with, let, or hinder, the due exercise thereof, among the voluntary members of *any* denomination of Christians, according to their own profession and belief.[9] It is the duty of civil magistrates to protect the person and good name of all their people, in such an effectual manner as that no person be suffered, either upon pretence of religion or infidelity, to offer any indignity, violence, abuse, or injury to any other person whatsoever: and to take order, that all religious and ecclesiastical assemblies be held without molestation or disturbance.[10]

IV. It is the duty of the people to pray for magistrates,[11] to honor their persons,[12] to pay them tribute and other dues,[13] to obey their lawful commands, and to be subject to their authority, for conscience' sake.[14] Infidelity or indifference in religion, doth not make void the magistrate's just and legal authority, nor free the people from their due obedience to him:[1] from which ecclesiastical persons are not exempted;[2] much less hath the Pope any power or jurisdiction over them in their dominions, or over any of their people: and least of all to deprive them of their dominions or lives, if he shall judge them to be heretics, or upon any other pretence whatsoever.[3]

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[1] Rom. xiii. 1, 3, 4; 1 Pet. ii. 13, 14. [2] Prov. viii. 15, 16. [3] Ps. lxxxii. 3, 4; 2 Sam. xxiii. 3; 1 Pet. ii. 13. [4] Luke iii. 14; Matt. viii. 9; Acts x. 1, 2; Rom. xiii. 4. [5] 2 Chron. xxvi. 18. [6] Matt. xvi. 19; 1 Cor. iv. 1, 2. [7] John xviii. 36; Mal. ii. 7; Acts v. 29. [8] Isa. xlix. 23. [9] Ps. cv. 15; Acts xviii. 14—16. [10] 2 Sam. xxiii. 3; 1 Tim. ii. 1; Rom. xiii. 4. [11] 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2. [12] 1 Pet. ii. 17. [13] Rom. xiii. 6, 7. [14] Rom. xiii. 5; Tit. iii. 1.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

OF MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

Marriage is to be between one man and one woman: neither is it lawful for any man to have more than one wife, nor for any woman to have more than one husband at the same time.[4]

II. Marriage was ordained for the mutual help of husband and wife;[5] for the increase of mankind with a legitimate issue, and of the church with an holy seed;[6] and for preventing of uncleanness.[7]

III. It is lawful for all sorts of people to marry who are able with judgment to give their consent,[8] yet it is the duty of Christians to marry only in the Lord.[9] And, therefore, such as profess the true reformed religion should not marry with Infidels, Papists, or other idolaters: neither should such as are godly be unequally yoked, by marrying with such as are notoriously wicked in their life, or maintain damnable heresies.[10]

IV. Marriage ought not to be within the degrees of consanguinity or affinity forbidden in the word;[11] nor can such incestuous marriages ever be made lawful by any law of man, or consent of parties, so as those persons may live together, as man and wife.[12] The man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own, nor the woman of her husband's kindred nearer in blood than of her own.[13]

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[1] 1 Pet. ii. 13, 14, 16. [2] Rom. xiii. 1; Acts xxv. 10, 11 [3] 2 Thess. ii. 4; Rev. xiii. 15—18. [4] 1 Cor. vii. 2; Mark x. 6—9. [5] Gen. ii. 18. [6] Mal. ii. 15. [7] 1 Cor. vii. 2, 9. [8] 1 Tim. iv. 3; Gen. xxiv. 57, 58. [9] 1 Cor. vii. 39. [10] 2 Cor. vi. 14; Gen. xxxiv. 14; Ex. xxxiv. 16; 1 Kings xi. 4; Neh. xiii. 25—27. [11] Lev. xviii. chap.; 1 Cor. v. 1. [12] Mark vi. 18; Lev. xviii. 24—28. [13] Lev. xx. 19—21.

V. Adultery or fornication, committed after a contract, being detected before marriage, giveth just occasion to the innocent party to dissolve that contract.[1] In the case of adultery after marriage, it is lawful for the innocent party to sue out a divorce,[2] and after the divorce to marry another, as if the offending party were dead.[3]

VI. Although the corruption of man be such as is apt to study arguments, unduly to put asunder those whom God hath joined together in marriage; yet nothing but adultery, or such wilful desertion as can no way be remedied by the church or civil magistrate, is cause sufficient of dissolving the bond of marriage:[4] wherein a public and orderly course of proceeding is to be observed; and the persons concerned in it, not left to their own wills and discretion in their own case.[5]

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CHAPTER XXV.

OF THE CHURCH.

The catholic or universal church, which is invisible, consists of the whole number of the elect, that have been, are, or shall be gathered into one, under Christ the head thereof; and is the spouse, the body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all.[6]

II. The visible church, which is also catholic or universal under the gospel, (not confined to one nation as before under the law) consists of all those throughout the world, that profess the true religion,[7] together with their children;[8] and is the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ,[9] the house and family of God,[10] out of which there is no ordinary possibility of salvation.[11]

III. Unto this catholic visible church, Christ hath given the ministry, oracles, and ordinances of God, for the gathering and perfecting of the saints, in this life, to the end of the world: and doth by his own presence and Spirit, according to his promise, make them effectual thereunto.[1]

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[1] Matt. i. 18—20. [2] Matt. v. 31, 32. [3] Matt. xix. 9; Rom. vii. 2, 3. [4] Matt. xix. 8; 1 Cor. vii. 15; Matt. xix. 6. [5] Ezra x. 3. [6] Eph. i. 10, 22, 23; Col. i. 18; Eph. v. 23, 27, 32. [7] 1 Cor. i. 2; xii. 12, 13; Ps. ii. 8; Rom. xv. 9—12. [8] 1 Cor. vii. 14; Acts ii. 39; Gen. xvii. 7; Rom. xi. 16; Gal. iii. 7, 9, 14; Rom. iv. chap. [9] Matt. xiii. 47; Isa. ix. 7. [10] Eph. ii. 19; iii. 15; Prov. xxix. 18. [11] Acts ii. 47.

IV. This catholic church hath been sometimes more, sometimes less, visible.[2] And particular churches, which are members thereof, are more or less pure, according as the doctrine of the gospel is taught and embraced, ordinances administered, and public worship performed more or less purely in them.[3]

V. The purest churches under heaven are subject both to mixture and error:[4] and some have so degenerated, as to become no churches of Christ, but synagogues of Satan.[5] Nevertheless, there shall be always a church on earth, to worship God according to his will.[6]

VI. There is no other head of the church but the Lord Jesus Christ.[7] Nor can the Pope of *Rome*, in any sense be head thereof; but is that anti-christ, that man of sin, and son of perdition, that exalteth himself, in the church, against Christ, and all that is called God.[8]

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CHAPTER XXVI.

OF THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

All saints that are united to Jesus Christ their head, by his Spirit and by faith, have fellowship with him in his graces, sufferings, death, resurrection, and glory:[9] and, being united to one another in love, they have communion in each other's gifts and graces,[10] and are obliged to the performance of such duties, public and private, as do conduce to their mutual good, both in the inward and outward man.[11]

II. Saints, by profession, are bound to maintain an holy fellowship and communion in the worship of God, and in performing such other spiritual services as tend to their mutual edification;[1] as also in relieving each other in outward things, according to their several abilities and necessities. Which communion, as God offereth opportunity, is to be extended unto all those who, in every place, call upon the name of the Lord Jesus.[2]

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[1] Eph. iv. 11—13; Isa. lix. 21; Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. [2] Rom. xi. 3, 4; Rev. xii. 6, 14; Acts ix. 31. [3] 1 Cor. v. 6, 7; Rev. ii. iii. chapters. [4] 1 Cor. xiii. 12; Matt. xiii. 24—30, 47; Rev. ii. iii. chapters. [5] Rev. xviii. 2; Rom. xi. 18—22. [6] Matt. xvi. 18; Ps. cii. 28; Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. [7] Col. i. 18; Eph. i. 22. [8] Matt. xxiii. 8—10; 2 Thess. ii. 3, 4, &c. [9] 1 John i. 3; Eph. iii. 16, 17; John i. 16; Phil. iii. 10. [10] Eph. iv. 15, 16. [11] 1 Thess. v. 11, 14: Gal. vi. 10; 1 John iii. 16—18.

III. This communion which the saints have with Christ, doth not make them in any wise partakers of the substance of his Godhead, or to be equal with Christ in any respect: either of which to affirm, is impious and blasphemous.[3] Nor doth their communion one with another, as saints, take away, or infringe the title or property which each man hath, in his goods and possessions.[4]

CHAPTER XXVII.

OF THE SACRAMENTS.

SACRAMENTS are holy signs and seals of the covenant of grace,[5] immediately instituted by God,[6] to represent Christ and his benefits, and to confirm our interest in him:[7] as also to put a visible difference between those that belong unto the church, and the rest of the world;[8] and solemnly to engage them to the service of God in Christ, according to his word.[9]

II. There is in every sacrament a spiritual relation or sacramental union, between the sign and the thing signified; whence it comes to pass, that the names and effects of the one, are attributed to the other.[10]

III. The grace which is exhibited in or by the sacraments, rightly used, is not conferred by any power in them; neither doth the efficacy of a sacrament depend upon the piety or intention of him that doth administer it,[11] but upon the work of the Spirit,[12] and the word of institution, which contains, together with a precept authorizing the use thereof, a promise of benefit to worthy receivers.[1]

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[1] Heb. x. 24, 25; Acts ii. 42, 46; Isa. ii. 3; 1 Cor. xi. 20. [2] 1 John iii. 17; Acts xi. 29, 30; 2 Cor. viii. ix. chapters. [3] Col. i. 18; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Ps. xlv. 7; 1 Tim. vi. 16. [4] Acts v. 4. [5] Rom. iv. 11; Gen. xvii. 7. [6] Matt. xxviii. 19; 1 Cor. xi. 23. [7] 1 Cor. x. 16; xi. 25, 26; Gal. iii. 27. [8] Ex. xii. 48; 1 Cor. x. 21. [9] Rom. vi. 3, 4; 1 Cor. x. 2, 16. [10] Gen. xvii. 10; Matt. xxvi. 27, 28; Tit. iii. 5. [11] Rom. ii. 28, 29; 1 Pet. iii. 21. [12] Matt. iii. 11; 1 Cor. xii. 13.

IV. There be only two sacraments ordained by Christ our Lord in the Gospel, that is to say, baptism and the supper of the Lord: neither of which may be dispensed by any, but by a minister of the word, lawfully ordained.[2]

V. The sacraments of the Old Testament, in regard of the spiritual things thereby signified and exhibited, were, for substance, the same with those of the New.[3]

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

OF BAPTISM.

Baptism is a sacrament of the New Testament, ordained by Jesus Christ,[4] not only for the solemn admission of the party baptized into the visible church,[5] but also to be unto him a sign and seal of the covenant of grace,[6] of his ingrafting into Christ,[7] of regeneration,[8] of remission of sins,[9] and of his giving up unto God, through Jesus Christ, to walk in newness of life:[10] which sacrament is, by Christ's own appointment, to be continued in his church until the end of the world.[11]

II. The outward element to be used in this sacrament is water, wherewith the party is to be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, by a minister of the gospel, lawfully called thereunto.[12]

III. Dipping of the person into the water is not necessary; but baptism is rightly administered by pouring, or sprinkling water upon the person.[13]

IV. Not only those that do actually profess faith in, and obedience unto Christ,[1] but also the infants of one or both believing parents are to be baptized.[2]

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[1] Matt. xxvi. 27, 28; xxviii. 19, 20. [2] Matt. xxviii. 19; 1 Cor. xi. 20, 23; iv. 1; Heb. v. 4. [3] 1 Cor. x. 1—4; v. 7, 8. [4] Matt. xxviii. 19; Mark xvi. 16. [5] 1 Cor. xii. 13; Gal. iii. 27, 28. [6] Rom. iv. 11; Col. ii. 11, 12. [7] Gal. iii. 27; Rom. vi. 5. [8] Tit. iii. 5. [9] Acts ii. 38; Mark i. 4; Acts xxii. 16. [10] Rom. vi. 3, 4. [11] Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. [12] Acts x. 47; viii. 36, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19. [13] Acts ii. 41; xvi. 33; Mark vii. 4; Heb. ix. 10, 19—21.

V. Although it be a great sin to contemn or neglect this ordinance,[3] yet grace and salvation are not so inseparably annexed unto it, as that no person can be regenerated or saved without it,[4] or that all that are baptized are undoubtedly regenerated.[5]

VI. The efficacy of baptism is not tied to that moment of time wherein it is administered;[6] yet, notwithstanding, by the right use of this ordinance the grace promised is not only offered, but really exhibited and conferred by the Holy Ghost, to such (whether of age or infants) as that grace belongeth unto, according to the counsel of God's own will, in his appointed time.[7]

VII. The sacrament of baptism is but once to be administered to any person.[8]

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CHAPTER XXIX.

OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

OUR Lord Jesus, in the night wherein he was betrayed, instituted the sacrament of his body and blood, called the Lord's Supper, to be observed in his church, unto the end of the world; for the perpetual remembrance of the sacrifice of himself in his death, the sealing all benefits thereof unto true believers, their spiritual nourishment and growth in him, their further engagement in and to all duties which they owe unto him; and to be a bond and pledge of their communion with him, and with each other, as members of his mystical body.[9]

II. In this sacrament Christ is not offered up to his Father, nor any real sacrifice made at all for remission of sins of the quick or dead,[10] but only a commemoration of that once offering up of himself by himself, upon the cross, once for all, and a spiritual oblation of all possible praise unto God for the same;[1] so that the Popish sacrifice of the mass, as they call it, is most abominably injurious to Christ's one only sacrifice, the alone propitiation for all the sins of the elect.[2]

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[1] Mark xvi. 15, 16; Acts viii. 37. [2] Gen. xvii. 7, 9; Gal. iii. 9, 14; Rom. iv. 11, 12; Acts ii. 38, 39; xvi. 14, 15, 33; Col. ii. 11, 12; 1 Cor. vii. 14; Matt. xxviii. 19; Mark x. 13—16; Luke xviii. 15. [3] Luke vii. 30; Ex. iv. 24—26. [4] Rom. iv. 11; Acts x. 2, 4, 22, 31, 45, 47. [5] Acts viii. 13, 23. [6] John iii. 5, 8. [7] Gal. iii. 27; Eph. v. 25, 26; Acts ii. 38, 41. [8] Tit. iii. 5. [9] 1 Cor. xi. 23—26; x. 16, 17, 21; xii. 13. [10] Heb. ix. 22 25, 26, 28.

III. The Lord Jesus hath, in this ordinance, appointed his ministers to declare his word of institution to the people, to pray, and bless the elements of bread and wine, and thereby to set them apart from a common to an holy use; and to take and break the bread, to take the cup, and (they communicating also themselves) to give both to the communicants;[3] but to none who are not then present in the congregation.[4]

IV. Private masses, or receiving this sacrament by a priest or any other, alone; as likewise the denial of the cup to the people; worshipping the elements, the lifting them up, or carrying them about for adoration, and the reserving them for any pretended religious use; are all contrary to the nature of this sacrament, and to the institution of Christ.[5]

V. The outward elements in this sacrament, duly set apart to the uses ordained by Christ, have such relation to him crucified, as that truly, yet sacramentally only, they are sometimes called by the name of the things they represent, to wit, the body and blood of Christ;[6] albeit, in substance and nature, they still remain truly and only bread and wine, as they were before.[7]

VI. That doctrine which maintains a change of the substance of bread and wine, into the substance of Christ's body and blood (commonly called transubstantiation) by consecration of a priest, or by any other way, is repugnant, not to Scripture alone, but even to common sense and reason; overthroweth the nature of the sacrament; and hath been, and is the cause of manifold superstitions, yea, of gross idolatries.[8]

VII. Worthy receivers, outwardly partaking of the visible elements in this sacrament,[9] do then also inwardly by faith, really and indeed, yet not carnally and corporally, but spiritually, receive and feed upon Christ crucified, and all benefits of his death: the body and blood of Christ being then not corporally or carnally in, with, or under the bread and wine; yet as really, but spiritually, present to the faith of believers in that ordinance, as the elements themselves are, to their outward senses.[1]

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[1] Matt. xxvi. 26, 27; Luke xxii. 19, 20. [2] Heb. vii. 23, 24, 27; x. 11, 12, 14, 18. [3] Matt. xxvi. 26—28; Mark xiv. 22—24; Luke xxii. 19, 20; 1 Cor. xi. 23—27. [4] Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xi. 20. [5] Matt. xv. 9. [6] Matt. xxvi. 26—28. [7] 1 Cor. xi. 26, 27. [8] Acts iii. 21; 1 Cor. xi. 24—26; Luke xxiv. 6, 39. [9] 1 Cor. xi. 28; v. 7, 8.

VIII. Although ignorant and wicked men receive the outward elements in this sacrament, yet they receive not the thing signified thereby; but by their unworthy coming thereunto are guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, to their own damnation. Wherefore all ignorant and ungodly persons, as they are unfit to enjoy communion with him, so are they unworthy of the Lord's table, and cannot, without great sin against Christ, while they remain such, partake of these holy mysteries,[2] or be admitted thereunto.[3]

CHAPTER XXX.

OF CHURCH CENSURES.

The Lord Jesus, as king and head of his church, hath therein appointed a government in the hand of church-officers, distinct from the civil magistrate.[4]

II. To these officers the keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent, both by the word and censures; and to open it unto penitent sinners, by the ministry of the gospel, and by absolution from censures as occasion shall require.[5]

III. Church censures are necessary for the reclaiming and gaining of offending brethren; for deterring of others from like offences; for purging out of that leaven which might infect the whole lump; for vindicating the honor of Christ, and the holy profession of the gospel; and for preventing the wrath of God, which might justly fall upon the church, if they should suffer his covenant, and the seals thereof, to be profaned by notorious and obstinate offenders.[1]

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[1] 1 Cor. x. 16; x. 3, 4. [2] 1 Cor. xi. 27, 29; 2 Cor. vi. 14—16; 1 Cor. x. 21. [3] 1 Cor. v. 6, 7, 13; 2 Thess. iii. 6, 14, 15; Matt. vii. 6. [4] Isa. ix. 6, 7; 1 Tim. v. 17; 1 Thess. v. 12; 1 Cor. xii. 28; Ps. ii. 6—9; John xviii. 36. [5] Matt. xvi. 19; xviii. 17, 18; John xx. 21—23; 2 Cor. ii. 6—8.

IV. For the better attaining of these ends, the officers of the church are to proceed by admonition, suspension from the sacrament of the Lord's supper for a season, and by excommunication from the church, according to the nature of the crime, and demerit of the person.[2]

CHAPTER XXXI.

OF SYNODS AND COUNCILS.

For the better government and further edification of the church, there ought to be such assemblies as are commonly called synods or councils:[3] and it belongeth to the overseers and other rulers of the particular churches, by virtue of their office, and the power which Christ hath given them for edification, and not for destruction, to appoint such assemblies;[4] and to convene together in them, as often as they shall judge it expedient for the good of the church.[5]

II. It belongeth to synods and councils, ministerially, to determine controversies of faith, and cases of conscience; to set down rules and directions for the better ordering of the public worship of God, and government of his church; to receive complaints in cases of maladministration, and authoritatively to determine the same: which decrees and determinations, if consonant to the word of God, are to be received with reverence and submission, not only for their agreement with the word, but also for the power whereby they are made, as being an ordinance of God, appointed thereunto in his word.[6]

III. All synods or councils since the apostles' times, whether general or particular, may err, and many have erred; therefore they are not to be made the rule of faith or practice, but to be used as a help in both.[7]

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[1] 1 Cor. v. chap.; 1 Tim. v. 20; Matt. vii. 6; 1 Tim. i. 20; Jude 23; 1 Cor. xi. 27—34. [2] 1 Thess. v. 12; 2 Thess. iii. 6, 14; 1 Cor. v. 4, 5, 13; Matt. xviii. 17; Tit. iii. 10. [3] Acts xv. 2, 4, 6. [4] Acts xv. chap. [5] Acts xv. 22, 23, 25. [6] Acts xvi. 4; xv. 15, 19, 24, 27—31; Matt. xviii. 17—19, 29. [7] Acts xvii. 11; 1 Cor. ii. 5; 2 Cor. i. 24; Eph. ii. 20.

IV. Synods and councils are to handle or conclude nothing, but that which is ecclesiastical: and are not to intermeddle with civil affairs which concern the commonwealth, unless by way of humble petition in cases extraordinary; or by way of advice for satisfaction of conscience, if they be thereunto required by the civil magistrate.[1]

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CHAPTER XXXII.

OF THE STATE OF MAN AFTER DEATH, AND OF THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

The bodies of men, after death, return to dust, and see corruption;[2] but their souls, (which neither die nor sleep) having an immortal subsistence, immediately return to God who gave them.[3] The souls of the righteous, being then made perfect in holiness, are received into the highest heavens, where they behold the face of God in light and glory, waiting for the full redemption of their bodies:[4] and the souls of the wicked are cast into hell, where they remain in torments and utter darkness, reserved to the judgment of the great day.[5] Besides these two places for souls separated from their bodies, the Scripture acknowledgeth none.

II. At the last day, such as are found alive shall not die, but be changed:[6] and all the dead shall be raised up with the self-same bodies, and none other, although with different qualities, which shall be united again to their souls for ever.[7]

III. The bodies of the unjust shall, by the power of Christ, be raised to dishonour; the bodies of the just, by his Spirit, unto honor, and be made conformable to his own glorious body.[8]

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[1] Luke xii. 13, 14; John xviii. 36. [2] Gen. iii. 19; Acts xiii. 36. [3] Luke xxiii. 43; Eccl. xii. 7. [4] Heb. xii. 23; Phil. i. 23; 1 John iii. 2; 2 Cor. v. 1, 6, 8. [5] Luke xvi. 23, 24; Jude 6, 7. [6] 1 Thess. iv. 17; 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52. [7] Job xix. 26, 27; 1 Cor. xv. 42—44. [8] Acts xxiv. 15; John v. 28, 29; Phil. iii. 21.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

God hath appointed a day, wherein he will judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ,[1] to whom all power and judgment is given of the Father.[2] In which day, not only the apostate angels shall be judged;[3] but likewise all persons, that have lived upon earth, shall appear before the tribunal of Christ, to give an account of their thoughts, words, and deeds; and to receive according to what they have done in the body, whether good or evil.[4]

II. The end of God's appointing this day, is for the manifestation of the glory of his mercy in the eternal salvation of the elect;[5] and of his justice in the damnation of the reprobate, who are wicked and disobedient.[6] For then shall the righteous go into everlasting life, and receive that fullness of joy and refreshing which shall come from the presence of the Lord:[7] but the wicked, who know not God, and obey not the gospel of Jesus Christ, shall be cast into eternal torments, and be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.[8]

III. As Christ would have us to be certainly persuaded that there shall be a day of judgment, both to deter all men from sin, and for the greater consolation of the godly in their adversity:[9] so will he have that day unknown to men, that they may shake off all carnal security, and be always watchful, because they know not at what hour the Lord will come; and may be ever prepared to say, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.[10] Amen.

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[1] Acts xvii. 31. [2] John v. 22, 27. [3] 1 Cor. vi. 3; Jude 6; 2 Pet. ii. 4. [4] 2 Cor. v. 10; Eccl. xii. 14; Rom. ii. 16; xiv. 10, 12; Matt. xii. 36, 37. [5] Rom. ix. 23; Matt. xxv. 21. [6] Rom. ii. 5, 6; 2 Thess. i. 7, 8; Rom. ix. 22. [7] Matt. xxv. 31—34; Acts iii. 19; 2 Thess. i. 7. [8] Matt. xxv. 41, 46; 2 Thess..i. 9; Isa. lxvi. 24. [9] 2 Pet. iii. 11, 14; 2 Cor. v. 11; 2 Thess. i. 5—7; Luke xxi. 27, 28. [10] Mark xiii. 35—37; Luke xii. 35, 36; Rev. xxii. 20; Matt. xxiv. 36, 42—44.

THE

SHORTER CATECHISM,

RATIFIED AND ADOPTED BY THE

SYNOD OF NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA,

IN MAY, 1788.

Q. 1. *What is the chief end of man?*

A. Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever.

Q. 2. *What rule hath God given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him?*

A. The word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him.

Q. 3. *What do the Scriptures principally teach?*

A. The Scriptures principally teach, what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man.

Q. 4. *What is GOD?*

A. God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth.

Q. 5. *Are there more Gods than one?*

A. There is but one only, the living and true God.

Q. 6. *How many persons are there in the Godhead?*

A. There are three persons in the Godhead; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory.

Q. 7. *What are the decrees of God?*

A. The decrees of God are, his eternal purpose according to the counsel of his will, whereby, for his own glory, he hath fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass.

Q. 8. *How doth God execute his decrees?*

A. God executeth his decrees in the works of creation and providence.

Q. 9. *What is the work of creation?*

A. The work of creation is, God's making all things of nothing, by the word of his power, in the space of six days, and all very good.

Q. 10. *How did God create man?*

A. God created man male and female, after his own image, in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness, with dominion over the creatures.

Q. 11. *What are God's works of providence?*

A. God's works of providence are, his most holy, wise, and powerful preserving and governing all his creatures, and all their actions.

Q. 12. *What special act of providence did God exercise toward man in the estate wherein he was created?*

A. When God had created man, he entered into a covenant of life with him, upon condition of perfect obedience; forbidding him to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, upon pain of death.

Q. 13. *Did our first parents continue in the estate wherein they were created?*

A. Our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the estate wherein they were created, by sinning against God.

Q. 14. *What is sin?*

A. Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God.

Q. 15. *What was the sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created?*

A. The sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created, was their eating the forbidden fruit.

Q. 16. *Did all mankind fall in* Adam's *first transgression?*

A. The covenant being made with *Adam*, not only for himself, but for his posterity, all mankind descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression.

Q. 17. *Into what estate did the fall bring mankind?*

A. The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery.

Q. 18. *Wherein consists the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell?*

A. The sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell, consists in the guilt of *Adam's* first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin; together with all actual transgressions which proceed from it.

Q. 19. *What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?*

A. All mankind by their fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell for ever.

Q. 20. *Did God leave all mankind to perish in the estate of sin and misery?*

A. God, having out of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity, elected some to everlasting life, did enter into a covenant of grace, to deliver them out of the estate of sin and misery, and to bring them into an estate of salvation by a Redeemer.

Q. 21. *Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?*

A. The only Redeemer of God's elect is the Lord Jesus Christ, who being the eternal Son of God, became man, and so was, and continueth to be, God and man, in two distinct natures, and one person for ever.

Q. 22. *How did Christ, being the Son of God, become man?*

A. Christ, the Son of God, became man, by taking to himself a true body, and a reasonable soul, being conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the Virgin *Mary*, and born of her, yet without sin.

Q. 23. *What offices doth Christ execute as our Redeemer?*

A. Christ, as our Redeemer, executeth the offices of a prophet, of a priest, and of a king, both in his estate of humiliation and exaltation.

Q. 24. *How doth Christ execute the office of a prophet?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a prophet, in revealing to us by his word and Spirit, the will of God for our salvation.

Q. 25. *How doth Christ execute the office of a priest?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a priest, in his once offering up of himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice, and reconcile us to God, and in making continual intercession for us.

Q. 26. *How doth Christ execute the office of a king?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a king, in subduing us to himself, in ruling and defending us, and in restraining and conquering all his and our enemies.

Q. 27. *Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?*

A. Christ's humiliation consisted in his being born, and that in a low condition, made under the law, undergoing the miseries of this life, the wrath of God, and the cursed death of the cross; in being buried, and continuing under the power of death for a time.

Q. 28. *Wherein consisteth Christ's exaltation?*

A. Christ's exaltation consisteth in his rising again from the dead on the third day, in ascending up into heaven, in sitting at the right hand of God the Father, and in coming to judge the world at the last day.

Q. 29. *How are we made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ?*

A. We are made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ, by the effectual application of it to us by his Holy Spirit.

Q. 30. *How doth the Spirit apply to us the redemption purchased by Christ?*

A. The Spirit applieth to us the redemption purchased by Christ, by working faith in us, and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling.

Q. 31. *What is effectual calling?*

A. Effectual calling is the work of God's Spirit, whereby, convincing us of our sin and misery, enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing our wills, he doth persuade and enable us to embrace Jesus Christ, freely offered to us in the Gospel.

Q. 32. *What benefits do they that are effectually called partake of in this life?*

A. That they are effectually called do in this life partake of justification, adoption, sanctification, and the several benefits which, in this life, do either accompany or flow from them.

Q. 33. *What is justification?*

A. Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, and received by faith alone.

Q. 34. *What is adoption?*

A. Adoption is an act of God's free grace, whereby we are received into the number, and have a right to all the privileges of the sons of God.

Q. 35. *What is sanctification?*

A. Sanctification is the work of God's free grace, whereby we are renewed in the whole man after the image of God, and are enabled more and more to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness.

Q. 36. *What are the benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?*

A. The benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification, are, assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end.

Q. 37. *What benefits do believers receive from Christ at their death?*

A. The souls of believers are, at their death, made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection.

Q. 38. *What benefits do believers receive from Christ at the resurrection?*

A. At the resurrection, believers, being raised up to glory, shall be openly acknowledged and acquitted in the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoying of God to all eternity.

Q. 39. *What is the duty which God requireth of man?*

A. The duty which God requireth of man, is obedience to his revealed will.

Q. 40. *What did God at first reveal to man for the rule of his obedience?*

A. The rule which God at first revealed to man, for his obedience, was the moral law.

Q. 41. *Wherein is the moral law summarily comprehended?*

A. The moral law is summarily comprehended in the ten commandments.

Q. 42. *What is the sum of the ten commandments?*

A. The sum of the ten commandments is, To love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength, and with all our mind; and our neighbor as ourselves.

Q. 43. *What is the preface to the ten commandments?*

A. The preface to the ten commandments is in these words, *I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage.*

Q. 44. *What doth the preface to the ten commandments teach us?*

A. The preface to the ten commandments teacheth us, That because God is the Lord, and our God, and Redeemer; therefore we are bound to keep all his commandments.

Q. 45. *Which is the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment is, *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*

Q. 46. *What is required in the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment requireth us to know, and acknowledge God, to be the only true God, and our God; and to worship and glorify him accordingly.

Q. 47. *What is forbidden in the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment forbiddeth the denying, or not worshipping and glorifying the true God, as God, and our God; and the giving that worship and glory to any other, which is due to him alone.

Q. 48. *What are we specially taught by these words,* "Before me," *in the first commandment?*

A. These words, "*Before me,*" in the first commandment, teach us, that God, who seeth all things, taketh notice of, and is much displeased with, the sin of having any other God.

Q. 49. *Which is the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment is, *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me: and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.*

Q. 50. *What is required in the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment requireth the receiving, observing, and keeping pure and entire, all such religious worship and ordinances, as God hath appointed in his word.

Q. 51. *What is forbidden in the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment forbiddeth the worshipping of God by images, or any other way not appointed in his word.

Q. 52. *What are the reasons annexed to the second commandment?*

A. The reasons annexed to the second commandment are, God's sovereignty over us, his propriety in us, and the zeal he hath to his own worship.

Q. 53. *Which is the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment is, *Thou shalt not take the* *name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*

Q. 54. *What is required in the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment requireth the holy and reverent use of God's names, titles, attributes, ordinances, word, and works.

Q. 55. *What is forbidden in the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment forbiddeth all profaning or abusing of any thing whereby God maketh himself known.

Q. 56. *What is the reason annexed to the third commandment?*

A. The reason annexed to the third commandment is, That however the breakers of this commandment may escape punishment from men, yet the Lord our God will not suffer them to escape his righteous judgment.

Q. 57. *Which is the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment is, *Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.*

Q. 58. *What is required in the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment requireth the keeping holy to God, such set times as he hath appointed in his word; expressly one whole day in seven, to be a holy Sabbath to himself.

Q. 59. *Which day of the seven hath God appointed to be the weekly Sabbath?*

A. From the beginning of the world to the resurrection of Christ, God appointed the seventh day of the week to be the weekly Sabbath; and the first day of the week, ever since, to continue to the end of the world, which is the Christian Sabbath.

Q. 60. *How is the Sabbath to be sanctified?*

A. The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days; and spending the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy.

Q. 61. *What is forbidden in the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment forbiddeth the omission, or careless performance, of the duties required, and the profaning the day by idleness, or doing that which is in itself sinful, or by unnecessary thoughts, words, or works, about our worldly employments and recreations.

Q. 62. *What are the reasons annexed to the fourth commandment?*

A. The reasons annexed to the fourth commandment are, God's allowing us six days of the week for our own employments, his challenging a special propriety in the seventh, his own example, and his blessing the Sabbath-day.

Q. 63. *Which is the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment is, *Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

Q. 64. *What is required in the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment requireth the preserving the honor of, and performing the duties belonging to, every one in their several places and relations, as superiors, inferiors, or equals.

Q. 65. *What is forbidden in the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment forbiddeth the neglecting of, or doing any thing against, the honor and duty which belongeth to every one in their several places and relations.

Q. 66. *What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment?*

A. The reason annexed to the fifth commandment is, a promise of long life and prosperity (as far as it shall serve for God's glory, and their own good) to all such as keep this commandment.

Q. 67. *Which is the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment is, *Thou shalt not kill.*

Q. 68. *What is required in the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment requireth all lawful endeavors to preserve our own life, and the life of others.

Q. 69. *What is forbidden in the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment forbiddeth the taking away of our own life, or the life of our neighbor unjustly, or whatsoever tendeth thereunto.

Q. 70. *Which is the seventh commandment?*

A. The seventh commandment is, *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

Q. 71. *What is required in the seventh commandment?*

A. The seventh commandment requireth the preservation of our own and our neighbor's chastity, in heart, speech, and behavior.

Q. 72. *What is forbidden in the seventh commandment?*

A. The seventh commandment forbiddeth all unchaste thoughts, words, and actions.

Q. 73. *Which is the eighth commandment?*

A. The eighth commandment is, *Thou shalt not steal.*

Q. 74. *What is required in the eighth commandment?*

A. The eighth commandment requireth the lawful procuring and furthering the wealth and outward estate of ourselves and others.

Q. 75. *What is forbidden in the eighth commandment?*

A. The eighth commandment forbiddeth whatsoever doth, or may, unjustly hinder our own, or our neighbor's wealth or outward estate.

Q. 76. *Which is the ninth commandment?*

A. The ninth commandment is, *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*

Q. 77. *What is required in the ninth commandment?*

A. The ninth commandment requireth the maintaining and promoting of truth between man and man, and of our own and our neighbor's good name, especially in witness-bearing.

Q. 78. *What is forbidden in the ninth commandment?*

A. The ninth commandment forbiddeth whatsoever is prejudicial to truth, or injurious to our own, or our neighbor's good name.

Q. 79. *Which is the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment is, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.*

Q. 80. *What is required in the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment requireth full contentment with our own condition, with a right and charitable frame of spirit toward our neighbor, and all that is his.

Q. 81. *What is forbidden in the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment forbiddeth all discontentment with our own estate, envying or grieving at the good of our neighbor, and all inordinate motions or affections to any thing that is his.

Q. 82. *Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?*

A. No mere man, since the fall, is able, in this life, perfectly to keep the commandments of God; but doth daily break them, in thought, word, and deed.

Q. 83. *Are all transgressions of the law equally heinous?*

A. Some sins in themselves, and by reason of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others.

Q. 84. *What doth every sin deserve?*

A. Every sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come.

Q. 85. *What doth God require of us, that we may escape his wrath and curse, due to us for sin?*

A. To escape the wrath and curse of God, due to us for sin, God requireth of us faith in Jesus Christ, repentance unto life, with the diligent use of all the outward means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption.

Q. 86. *What is faith in Jesus Christ?*

A. Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the gospel.

Q. 87. *What is repentance unto life?*

A. Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth, with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God, with full purpose of, and endeavor after, new obedience.

Q. 88. *What are the outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption?*

A. The outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption, are, his ordinances, especially the word, sacraments, and prayer; all which are made effectual to the elect for salvation.

Q. 89. *How is the word made effectual to salvation?*

A. The Spirit of God maketh the reading, but especially the preaching of the word, an effectual mean of convincing and converting sinners, and of building them up in holiness and comfort through faith unto salvation.

Q. 90. *How is the word to be read and heard, that it may become effectual to salvation?*

A. That the word may become effectual to salvation, we must attend thereunto with diligence, preparation, and prayer; receive it with faith and love, lay it up in our hearts, and practise it in our lives.

Q. 91. *How do the sacraments become effectual means of salvation?*

A. The sacraments become effectual means of salvation, not from any virtue in them, or in him that doth administer them, but only by the blessing of Christ, and the working of the Spirit in them that by faith receive them.

Q. 92. *What is a sacrament?*

A. A sacrament is a holy ordinance instituted by Christ; wherein, by sensible signs, Christ and the benefits of the new covenant are represented, sealed, and applied to believers.

Q. 93. *Which are the sacraments of the New Testament?*

A. The sacraments of the New Testament are baptism and the Lord's supper.

Q. 94. *What is baptism?*

A. Baptism is a sacrament, wherein the washing with water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, doth signify and seal our ingrafting into Christ and partaking of the benefits of the covenant of grace, and our engagement to be the Lord's.

Q. 95. *To whom is baptism to be administered?*

A. Baptism is not to be administered to any that are out of the visible church, till they profess their faith in Christ, and obedience to him: but the infants of such as are members of the visible church are to be baptized.

Q. 96. *What is the Lord's supper.*

A. The Lord's supper is a sacrament, wherein, by giving and receiving bread and wine, according to Christ's appointment, his death is showed forth, and the worthy receivers are, not after a corporal and carnal manner, but by faith, made partakers of his body and blood, with all his benefits, to their spiritual nourishment and growth in grace.

Q. 97. *What is required to the worthy receiving of the Lord's supper?*

A. It is required of them that would worthily partake of the Lord's supper, that they examine themselves, of their knowledge to discern the Lord's body, and of their faith to feed upon him, of their repentance, love, and new obedience; lest coming unworthily, they eat and drink judgment to themselves.

Q. 98. *What is prayer?*

A. Prayer is an offering up of our desires unto God, for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ, with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of his mercies.

Q. 99. *What rule hath God given for our direction in prayer?*

A. The whole word of God is of use to direct us in prayer, but the special rule of direction is that form of prayer which Christ taught his disciples, commonly called, *The Lord's prayer.*

Q. 100. *What doth the preface of the Lord's prayer teach us?*

A. The preface to the Lord's prayer, which is, "*Our Father which art in heaven,*" teacheth us to draw near to God with all holy reverence and confidence, as children to a father, able and ready to help us; and that we should pray with and for others.

Q. 101. *What do we pray for in the first petition?*

A. In the first petition, which is, "*Hallowed be thy name,*" we pray that God would enable us and others to glorify him in all that whereby he maketh himself known, and that he would dispose all things to his own glory.

Q. 102. *What do we pray for in the second petition?*

A. In the second petition, which is, "*Thy kingdom come,*" we pray that Satan's kingdom may be destroyed, and that the kingdom of grace may be advanced, ourselves and others brought into it, and kept in it, and that the kingdom of glory may be hastened.

Q. 103. *What do we pray for in the third petition?*

A. In the third petition, which is, "*Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,*" we pray that God by his grace would make us able and willing to know, obey, and submit to his will in all things, as the angels do in heaven.

Q. 104. *What do we pray for in the fourth petition?*

A. In the fourth petition, which is, "*Give us this day our daily bread,*" we pray that of God's free gift we may receive a competent portion of the good things of this life, and enjoy his blessing with them.

Q. 105. *What do we pray for in the fifth petition?*

A. In the fifth petition, which is, "*And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,*" we pray that God, for Christ's sake, would freely pardon all our sins; which we are the rather encouraged to ask, because by his grace we are enabled from the heart to forgive others.

Q. 106. *What do we pray for in the sixth petition?*

A. In the sixth petition, which is, "*And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,*" we pray that God would either keep us from being tempted to sin, or support and deliver us when we are tempted.

Q. 107. *What doth the conclusion of the Lord's prayer teach us?*

A. The conclusion of the Lord's prayer, which is, "*For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.*" teacheth us to take our encouragement in prayer from God only, and in our prayers to praise him, ascribing kingdom, power, and glory to him; and in testimony of our desire and assurance to be heard, we say, *Amen.*

◆

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS XX.

God spake all these words, saying, I *am* the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness *of any thing* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God *am* a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me: and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day *is* the sabbath of the Lord thy God; *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that *is* within thy gates: for *in* six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that *is* thy neighbor's.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MATTHEW VI.

OUR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as *it is* in heaven: give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

THE CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell:* the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

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* i. e. Continued in the state of the dead, and under the power of death, until the third day.

THE END.

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